



Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old when the atomic bomb fell on his home town of Hiroshima. A professional cartoonist, he has devoted his life to telling the story of that terrible event as seen through the eyes of young Gen, the barefoot hero of this book.

Barefoot Gen (Hadashi no Gen) was originally serialized in a Japanese children's comic weekly, and later compiled into four book-length volumes. Volumes One and Two have been translated into English by Project Gen, a group of volunteers dedicated to making Gen's story available to people around the world.

BAREFOOT GEN

A Cartoon Story of Hiroshima

KEIJI NAKAZAWA

VOLUME TWO



BAREFOOT GEN

(HADASHI NO GEN)

a cartoon story of Hiroshima

by Keiji Nakazawa

Translated by Dadakai

and Project Gen

VOLUME TWO

PROJECT GEN
TOKYO

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Project Gen staff

Yukio Aki, Alan Gleason, Katsuhiko Mochizuki,
Noriko Nakamoto, Masahiro Oshima, Jim Peck, Akiko Sugiura,
Toshihide Suzuki, Dadakai (Jared Cook and Fred Schodt),
Janet Ashby, Donna Cooper, Nancy Cox, Carol Darmody
Ann Gleason, John Harris, Kinya Hiraishi, Megumi Ito, Eiji Kai,
Patty Kim, Jim Morgan, Hiroyo Mori, Motoyoshi Oshima,
Mariko Tajiri, Minoru Tamaki, Peter Howlett.

IMAGINE YOURSELF

A LITTLE BOY.....

by Barbara Reynolds
Wilmington Peace
Resource Center, USA

If you read Volume I of **Barefoot Gen**, you already know that this is not an ordinary comic book. In the first place, it is true. Everything that Keiji Nakazawa describes really happened — to him or to people like you and like me. And it happened to thousands and thousands of them, all of whom were plunged in a single instant from a known and predictable world into a flaming hell.

In the second place, this comic book was not written as entertainment but out of the author's desperate need to communicate to others what had happened, what he had experienced, so that those of us who have never known war might understand — and learn.

It was not written originally for Americans, although we, of all people, most need to know about the atomic bomb and its effects. It was written for Japanese young people because Nakazawa was distressed to find that twenty years after the war most students knew nothing about the atomic bombs and that many teachers were not sure how to teach their students about such subjects since they themselves had no experience of war.

Nakazawa did not begin the task of writing **Barefoot Gen** for his own pleasure. Every memory was painful and he wanted only to forget. But these memories would not remain buried. They contained a lesson that had to be passed on to succeeding generations, a lesson that must be learned and taken to heart if mankind is not to repeat the tragedy. Unless we can learn from history, human beings are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past and Keiji Nakazawa determined that the testimonies of those who had survived the A-bomb must not be lost. I am grateful that he has continued to write and to publish the story of **Gen** and I am grateful to the people, Japanese, Americans, and others, who have devoted many months and even years to preparing this translation so that you, English-speaking readers, might also hear Nakazawa's urgent plea for NO MORE WAR.

Nakazawa is not alone in his decision to communicate his experiences. Almost from the beginning, while they were still struggling to stay alive, there were those who tried to convey the reality of the atomic bombing. At first, they were forbidden by the U.S. Occupation to write or to publish anything but still they persisted. Later, after the peace treaty had been signed, they began to publish but by that time very few people would listen. Japanese were busy rebuilding their disrupted lives and didn't want to be reminded of the war. No one seemed able to understand that, for the **hibakusha** (survivors of atomic war), there was no end to their suffering.

Americans, in particular, did not want to hear about "Hiroshima". Photographs, documentary films, poetry, and art — as well as first person accounts when they did become available in translation — served only to inspire fear or awaken defensive guilt. Parents who were alive at the time of the bomb did not want to discuss it with their children. If the subject came up, they hastened to justify the dropping of the atomic bombs by saying, "What about Pearl Harbor? Don't forget who started it!" or "It saved half a million lives."

I have good reason to know about the deep resistance of Americans to the appeals of Hiroshima for I myself unconsciously closed my mind and refused to understand. Like most Americans who were alive in 1945 when the first atomic bombs were dropped, I was not greatly disturbed when I heard about them. War dulls people's sensitivities and we had come to accept mass bombings of civilian populations as a necessary part of the war effort. The destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki — cities I had never heard of — seemed justifiable, especially since they brought an end to the war. Few of us understood what this new type of bomb really was. We were told that Hiroshima, a city of some 68,000 people, had been totally destroyed, that it had become an "atomic desert" where nothing would grow for 75 years. But we were also told that this bomb — and the second one, dropped on Nagasaki — had not only ended the present war but had made all future wars unthinkable. Moreover, the peacetime uses of atomic energy were going to open up tremendous benefits for all mankind — or so we were told. I, along with most Americans, believed it because we wanted to believe.

I gave no thought to Hiroshima or Nagasaki. Two cities had been alive and now they were dead. The thought that any might

have survived, that thousands of men, women, and children — desperately injured and without medicine, food, or even shelter — were struggling to live, to find their loved ones, in a world that had been turned in a single moment into hell on earth, did not occur to me. It was not until six years later, when I went to Hiroshima with my husband and children, that I began to learn something about those who had survived. Even then, I did not really try to understand. I was embarrassed to ask questions directly of the Japanese — and there was no **Barefoot Gen** to help me. It took many years of personal contact with **hibakusha** and their problems before the significance of their persistent appeal broke through my defenses. Theirs is not a message of hatred or blame, such as most Americans expect. Instead, it is one of deep concern which seeks only to save all humanity from their fate.

"Let us be the only ones," they say. "In war, we have all been aggressors and we have all been victims. We pray that the lesson of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will reverse the arms race and put an end to war itself."

It is this lesson that **Barefoot Gen** presents with moving simplicity. As you read it, you who have never experienced war, try to put yourself in Gen's place. Imagine yourself a little boy, suddenly faced as he was with the sudden and terrifying loss of your entire world — your family blown apart, your home destroyed, neighbors and friendly merchants and even familiar streets and neighborhoods vanished. Who, we may ask ourselves, was to blame? Gen himself had nothing to do with the war. He had only trusted and obeyed his parents who, in their turn, had trusted and obeyed those in authority over them — block leaders, politicians, militarists, and, finally, the emperor himself who was worshipped as a god.

As you read this book, I urge you to think about what Gen's story says to us. What gods do we worship? What authority do we obey? Have we perhaps created a nuclear god whom we trust and to whom we pay tribute, a god whom we dare not criticise lest we be accused of blasphemy? Or are we worshipping a god of materialism that whispers to us that war is good for the economy and unemployment more to be feared than the possibility that our nuclear arsenal may be used? Do we really believe that nuclear weapons can make us secure? Are we willing to be responsible for preparing to create hundreds of thousands — perhaps millions — like Gen?

Hibakusha, remembering how the sudden and total devastation of the atomic bomb robbed them of all power to respond as human beings to those around them, tell us that the most fearful thing about nuclear weapons is that they will "destroy our humanity". I believe that we, Americans, need to consider whether the shock of hearing about the atomic bomb and its incomprehensible effects, may not have robbed us also of our humanity, resulting in a total inability to respond as human beings. How else can we explain the fact that even now, 34 years after the bombings, we are still refusing to inform ourselves about this most deadly of weapons, still refusing to express grief or regret, still justifying the inhumane use of not one, but two, such terrible bombs. Above all, how else can we explain the fact that we are continuing to develop and pay for the stockpiling of more and more such weapons and ignoring the suffering of those in our own country, as well as in Japan, who have been victims of radiation from these bombs?

Whoever you are, as you read **Barefoot Gen**, I hope you will ask yourself what you can do to join with Keiji Nakazawa and all the other **hibakusha** who are teaching the rest of us what it is to be truly human, truly caring. If you are a student faced with those who seek to recruit you for the armed forces, you may wish to share **Gen** with some of your friends and talk with them about the subtle infiltration of militarism into education. If you are a teacher, you will find **Gen** helpful in presenting the realities of war to those in your classes in order to counteract the one-sided history texts which tend to glorify war. And if you are a parent, I hope you will share **Gen** with your children and help them to understand that each one of us can be part of that spiritual chain reaction which alone can say "NO!" to the physical chain reaction which produced the atomic bomb.

Just because human beings have always accepted war as a "necessary evil" does not mean that we must continue to do so once we realize that it will destroy us, both body and soul, if we continue to worship at its shrine. Mankind did not reach the stars by digging tunnels underground and mankind will not eliminate war until we believe in the possibility of peace and demand that our governments join together to find how it can be achieved.

TO BECOME LIKE GEN

by Noboru Nishio
Peoples Research Institute
On Energy and Environment
Tokyo, Japan

When I traveled abroad, one thing that struck me was how little the world knows about Japan. Other than the fact that the Japanese were the first people to become victims of the atomic bomb, and the fact that many people died, not much is known about the realities of nuclear bombs among the people of the world.

In 1978 we took a photograph exhibit titled "Atomic Bomb Pictures" to over ten places all over France. Many of the people in local action groups showed a real interest in this exhibit, and many said they had never realized that this experience was so tragic. They were also surprised to hear that many who survived the bombing have since died of radiation disease and cancer, and that even today, 30 years later, there are 350 thousand victims of the atomic bomb still suffering, with no atomic bomb victim protection law yet enacted.

In **Barefoot Gen** the author, who himself experienced the atomic bomb, has vividly portrayed the tragedy through his pictures. Through the flow of these pictures he has also been able to bring to life some of the emotions of those who lived through it. I have read and reread this comic book many times and each time I am unable to hold back my tears.

The translation of **Barefoot Gen** into English will enable millions of people in English-speaking countries to learn of the Japanese people's experience with the atomic bomb. By using the form of cartoons, which are a means of communication beyond words, it will enable not only those who can read but also children and non-readers to learn about this tragedy. It can be conveyed to the four billion people living today and to their children and grandchildren.

This is an epoch-making project, not only in format but in content. The main themes of **Gen** are the war and the atomic bomb,

but when one looks at it in detail it also confronts many issues that accompany this experience. It describes and condemns, for example, discrimination against atomic bomb victims, the handicapped, orphans, Koreans, women and the poor. It also exposes the reality of those who were starving and homeless and those who on the other hand had more than enough and were wasting what they had. Today this type of waste can be seen in the overheating of buildings, in the quickly discarded toys and clothes of our children, in fields where vegetables rot when prices fall.

Gen also describes the history of the common people whose lives have been constantly trampled on. How was life for ordinary people under the militarist state which carried out this war? Through **Gen** we can tread on some of this same ground and experience their anger and sorrow.

Today we can hear kindergarten children blithely yelling "I'll kill you" or "You die"; we find life-endangering chemicals being used in our foods and radioactive wastes being spewed into our environment. Industrial plants which have been forbidden to operate in Japan are constructed in Southeast Asia, and nuclear power plants more dangerous than Three Mile Island's are being built one after the other in this overcrowded country. How have we come to this point? These acts, which will deny life and joy to us and our descendants for decades to come, can only be seen as signs of madness.

I feel that this discrimination, wastefulness and belittlement of life in our present society are clear indications of what "war" is. Today when we look around us we can see these signs everywhere. Atomic bombs and nuclear power plants are good examples of this. Are we not in the midst of a war today?

The past ten years of Japan's rapid economic growth has to a large extent been thanks to the demand created by the Vietnam War for weapon parts and toxic chemicals. When I recall these facts and realize that Japan was actually a participant in this war, it saddens me to know that even though those of us in the Vietnam Peace Movement cried out against it, our actions cannot be a pardon for the participation of Japan in the war. Today these same industrial and political structures remain unchanged: we are still in this condition of war.

One thing we can do today is to introduce **Gen** to the people of

the world. We ourselves must become like **Gen**, and put an end to the proliferation of atomic bombs and nuclear power plants. **Barefoot Gen** can help provide us with energy for this task.

ABOUT PROJECT GEN

Project Gen was formed in November 1976 by some Japanese participants in the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice which crossed the United States that year. On the way they met many Americans who wanted to know more about the experiences of victims of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki A-bombs, and a Japanese comic book called **Hadashi no Gen (Barefoot Gen)** proved a uniquely effective tool for telling the story. On their return to Japan they talked to the author, Keiji Nakazawa, and got his permission to begin translating **Gen** into other languages. The initial goal was an English translation of the first four volumes, 1100 pages in all, which had originally been serialized in a weekly children's comic magazine.

The first year of effort by an all-volunteer staff yielded two 32-page digests of the entire series. Finally, in May 1978, Volume One of **Barefoot Gen** was published in Tokyo after over a year of translating, lettering, layout, fundraising, and the time-consuming task of reversing the cartoon sequence so that it could be read by Western readers. 5000 copies were printed and distributed around the world, mostly through individual friends and groups involved in the peace and environmental movements. Work began on Volume Two in the fall of 1978 and the final manuscript was ready for publication in May 1979.

We would like to thank **Dadakai**, a group of Americans engaged in translating Japanese comics into English, for doing the draft translation of Volume Two. Special thanks are also due the many people around the globe who helped distribute Volume One and gave us their support and advice. With the publication of this second volume, Project Gen would like to enlist the aid of people in non-English speaking countries in translating **Barefoot Gen** into other languages. If time and funding permit, we would also like to continue our own work of translating a third volume of **Gen** into English. We need any assistance you can give us in these endeavors or in distributing Volume Two. We feel it is more urgent than ever that the facts about nuclear war — as seen through the eyes of the first victims — be conveyed around the world, and we think that

Barefoot Gen can serve in this effort. If you agree and would like to help, please contact Project Gen at the addresses below.

PROJECT GEN

(Japan)

c/o Masahiro Oshima
5-4-3 Shinmachi
Hoya-shi, Tokyo, Japan 202

(USA)

c/o Jim Peck
War Resisters League
339 Lafayette Street
New York, New York 10012

A WORD FROM THE TRANSLATORS

In Volume One of **Barefoot Gen**, author Keiji Nakazawa begins his semi-autobiographical story by introducing the Nakaoka family in wartime Hiroshima. In addition to enduring almost constant air raids and lack of food in a nation on its knees, the family is forced to suffer ostracism and persecution because of Mr. Nakaoka's opposition to the war—a war few people then dared or thought to question. Life is not easy for a family of seven in Japan in 1945: the eldest son, Koji, reports for duty at the Youth Training Corps of the Imperial Navy's Air Corps; Akira is evacuated to the countryside; and Eiko, Gen and Shinji remain in the city with their father and pregnant mother. Gen, in the second grade of primary school, is the hero of the story and it is his indomitable spirit in the face of constant hunger and injustice that helps sustain the family.

Through thick and thin the Nakaokas survive as Japan's war situation deteriorates—until 8:15 a.m., August 6, 1945. At that instant the heavens shook to the sound of mankind's ultimate insanity—the explosion of the atomic bomb—and the result was a devastation unparalleled in the annals of warfare. The Nakaokas are spared instant annihilation, but by a cruel twist of fate Mr. Nakaoka, Eiko, and Shinji perish in flames, trapped in the rubble of their home, while Mrs. Nakaoka and Gen watch helplessly. That same day, in the midst of a living hell, Gen's mother gives birth to a baby girl.

Volume Two is the story of young Gen, his mother and her baby, and their struggle to survive in the wake of the atomic blast—in a nightmare of total destruction, starvation, radiation sickness, and social breakdown. It is a situation guaranteed to bring out the ugliest aspects of society and man, and yet also one in which love, compassion, and perseverance shine through like the sun. Throughout everything, little Gen never gives up, and he serves as an inspiration to all of us.

Barefoot Gen (Hadashi no Gen) is a classic among Japanese comic books, and it has profoundly moved its readers with its uplifting but starkly realistic themes. It was originally serialized in **Shukan Shonen Jampu**, the largest weekly comic in Japan with a circulation

today of almost two million (in fact, one of the largest selling weekly magazines in the world) and has since been compiled into more than one edition of four volumes.

Western readers are likely to be astounded by both the length and content of a "comic" book like **Barefoot Gen**. To further the reader's comprehension of the story it should be noted that "comics" in Japan have become a far more integral part of the overall culture than is true in any other nation. In Japan, **everyone** reads comics, from elementary schoolchildren to company presidents; the average comic "book" is around 300 pages long as opposed to 20 in the United States, and is read usually in about 30 minutes. **Barefoot Gen**, therefore, is not the property of an isolated subculture.

In translating comic books, as opposed to other written material, an entirely unique set of problems is encountered. The pictures themselves are the primary medium, and the words are supplementary, but while the words may be translated into a foreign language, the pictures themselves must usually remain in their original form. Normally this poses no problems, but at times cultural differences such as facial expressions or body language do become apparent. In such cases we have taken the liberty of altering or expanding the information available so the English reader will encounter a minimum of difficulty. The emphasis on translation has been on fluidity and readability in English while retaining the essence of the original Japanese meaning.

The reader may be disturbed by the frequency with which characters slap or knock one another, or perplexed when Gen bursts out singing in the face of adversity. In the first case, violence is a form of exaggeration commonly used in the Japanese comic idiom for dramatic effect; it also reflects the tensions in people's lives at the time. In the second case another sort of caricature is used to reflect Gen's indomitable spirit. We are convinced, however, that differences such as these will present no obstacle to enjoyment of the story and an appreciation of its major themes.

Barefoot Gen is the saga of a triumph of human spirit in the midst of one of the world's greatest tragedies. It is a story and a message which we believe must be told to the world—the story of Gen, and the message of "No More Hiroshimas".

DADAKAI

BAREFOOT GEN

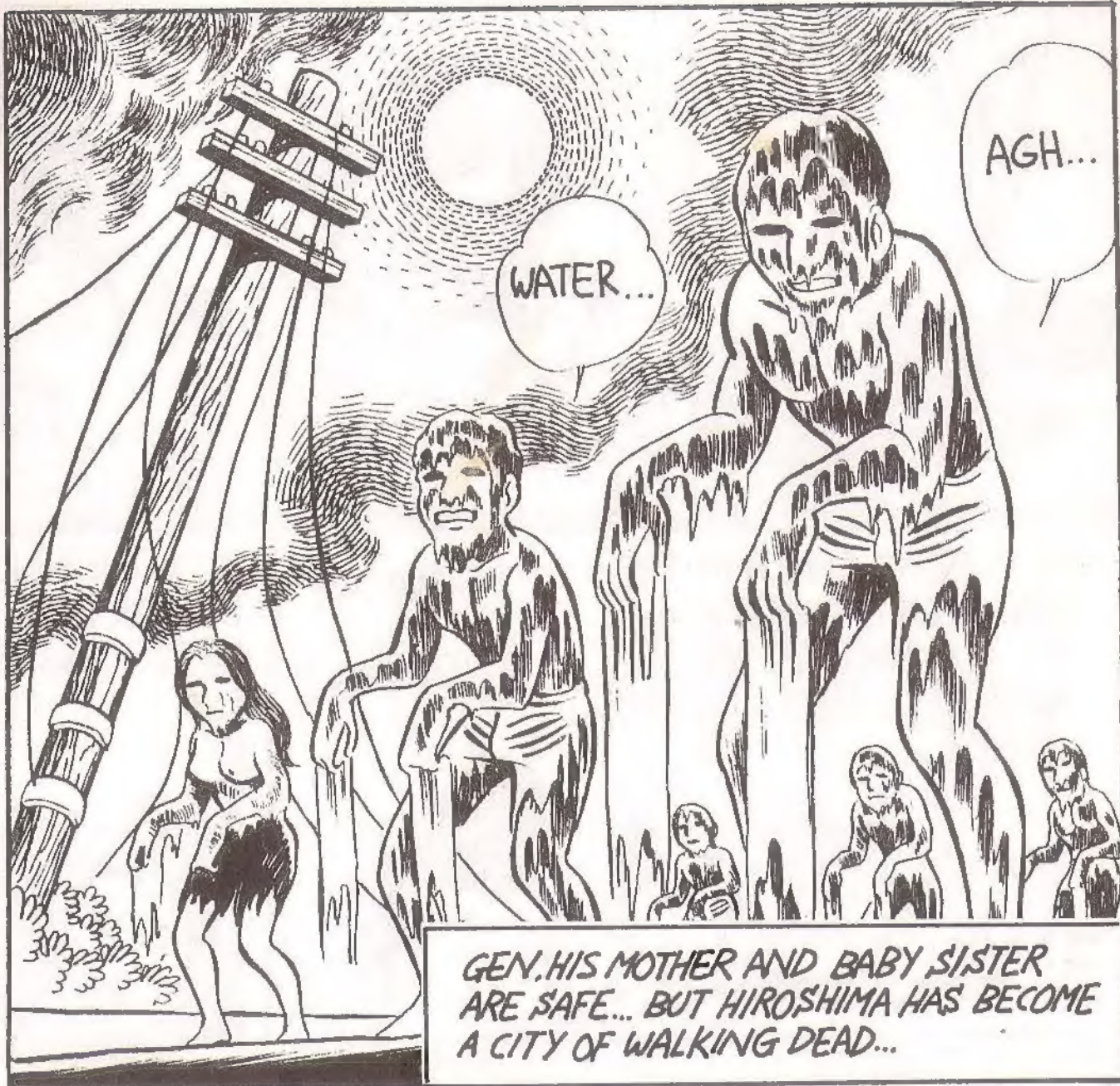
(HADASHI NO GEN)

a cartoon story of Hiroshima

VOLUME TWO

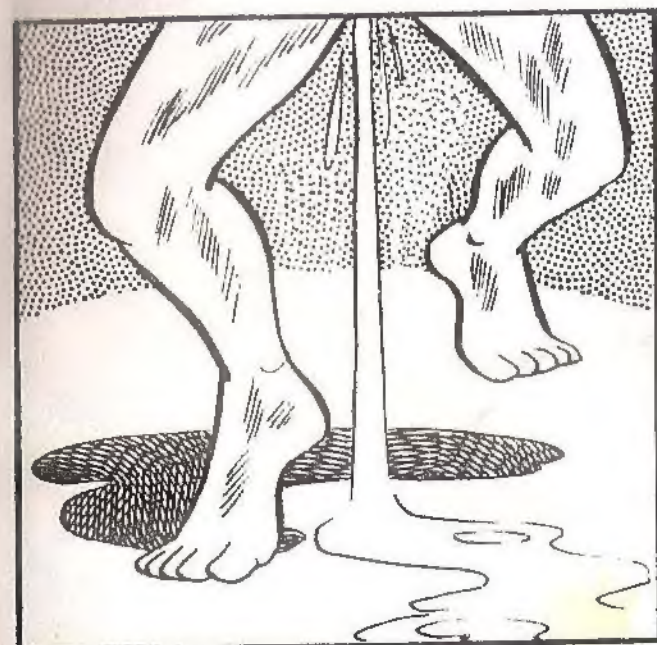
HIROSHIMA,
AUGUST 7, 1945...

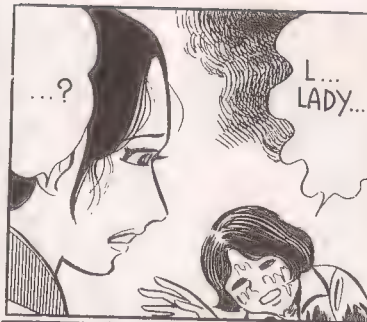
ONE DAY AFTER THE
DROPPING OF THE
ATOMIC BOMB...



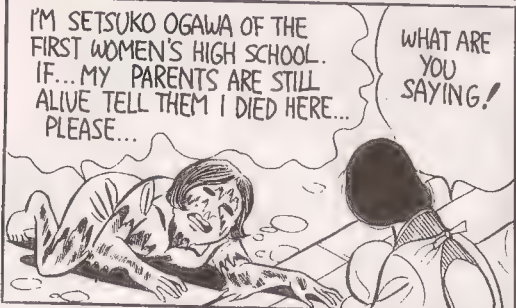
THAT BOMB
WAS
DIFFERENT
FROM
THE OTHERS!

MAMA,
THOSE PEOPLE'S
SKIN... IT'S
FALLING OFF!



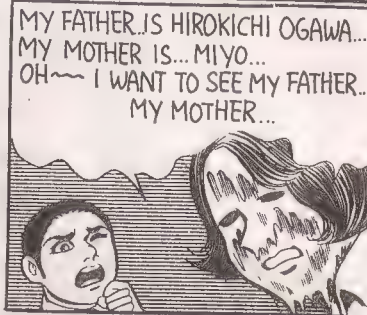


...?
L...
LADY...



I'M SETSUKO OGAWA OF THE
FIRST WOMEN'S HIGH SCHOOL..
IF... MY PARENTS ARE STILL
ALIVE TELL THEM I DIED HERE...
PLEASE...

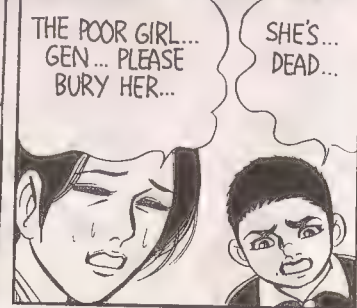
WHAT ARE
YOU
SAYING!



MY FATHER IS HIROKICHI OGAWA...
MY MOTHER IS... MIYO...
OH~ I WANT TO SEE MY FATHER...
MY MOTHER...

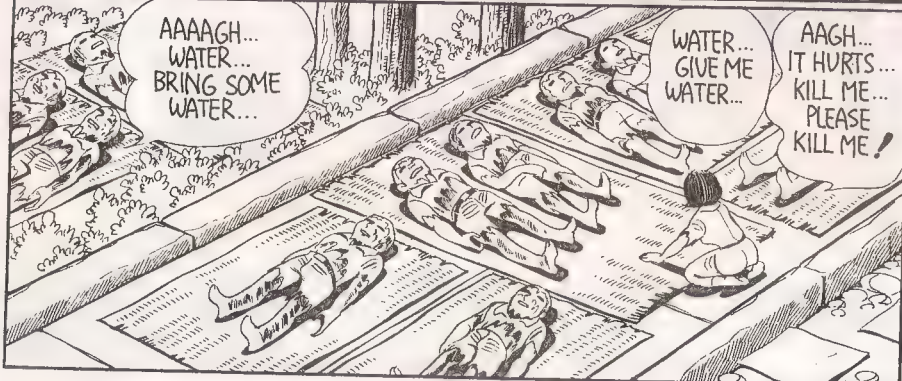


HOLD ON!
DON'T
GIVE UP!



THE POOR GIRL...
GEN... PLEASE
BURY HER...

SHE'S...
DEAD...



AAAAGH...
WATER...
BRING SOME
WATER...

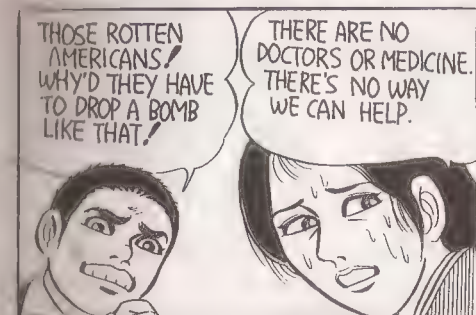
WATER...
GIVE ME
WATER...

AAGH...
IT HURTS...
KILL ME...
PLEASE
KILL ME!



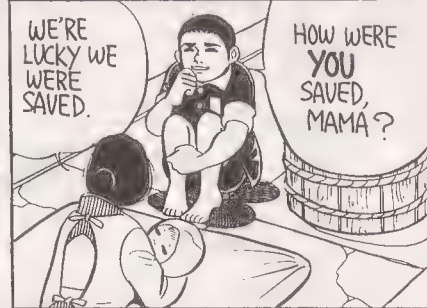
THE BODIES
SMELL SO BAD
IT'S MAKING
ME SICK!

GEN, THERE ARE MOUNTAINS
OF BODIES EVERYWHERE...
HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED?
HIROSHIMA HAS BECOME
A HELL...



THOSE ROTTEN
AMERICANS!
WHY'D THEY HAVE
TO DROP A BOMB
LIKE THAT!

THERE ARE NO
DOCTORS OR MEDICINE.
THERE'S NO WAY
WE CAN HELP.

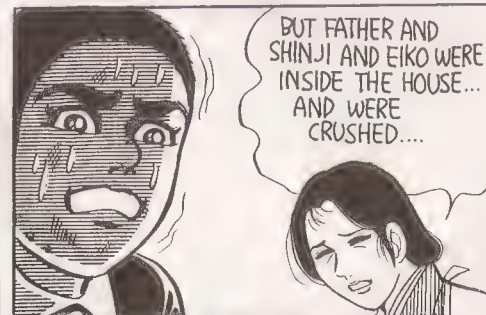


WE'RE
LUCKY WE
WERE
SAVED.

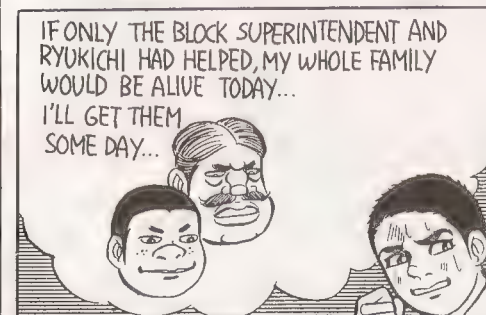
HOW WERE
YOU
SAVED,
MAMA?



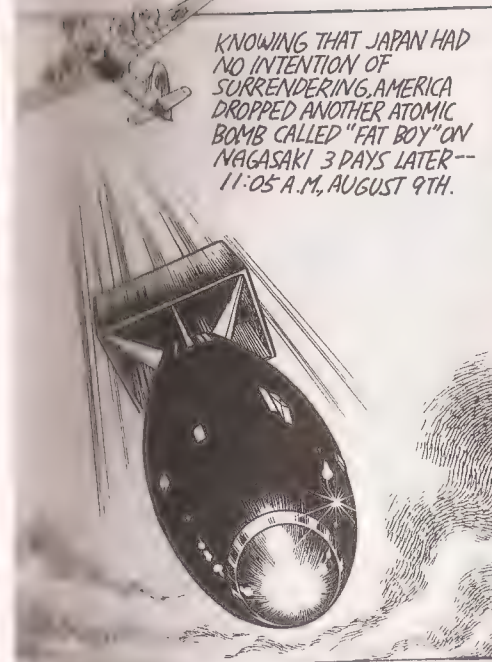
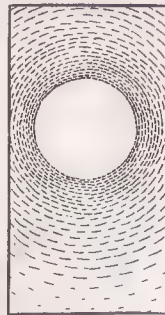
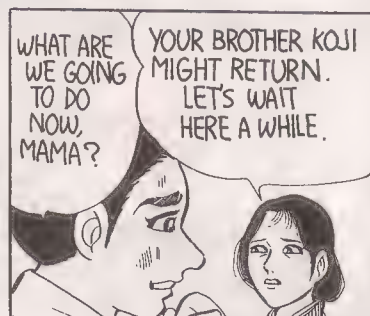
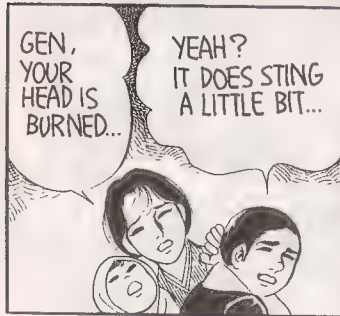
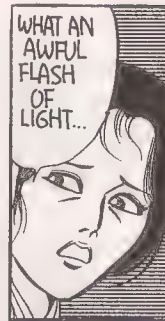
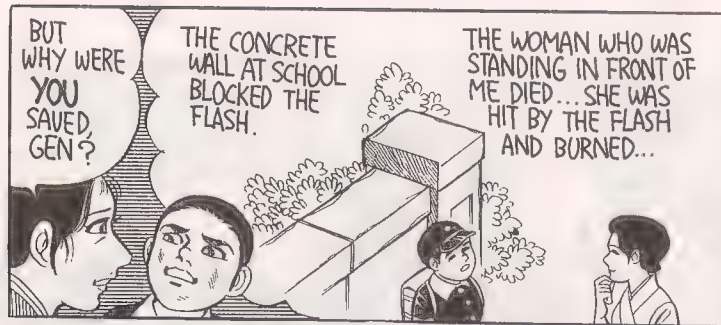
I WAS ON THE ROOF HANGING
CLOTHES WHEN THE BOMB EXPLODED...
THE ROOF PROTECTED ME FROM
THE FLASH...



BUT FATHER AND
SHINJI AND EIKO WERE
INSIDE THE HOUSE...
AND WERE
CRUSHED....

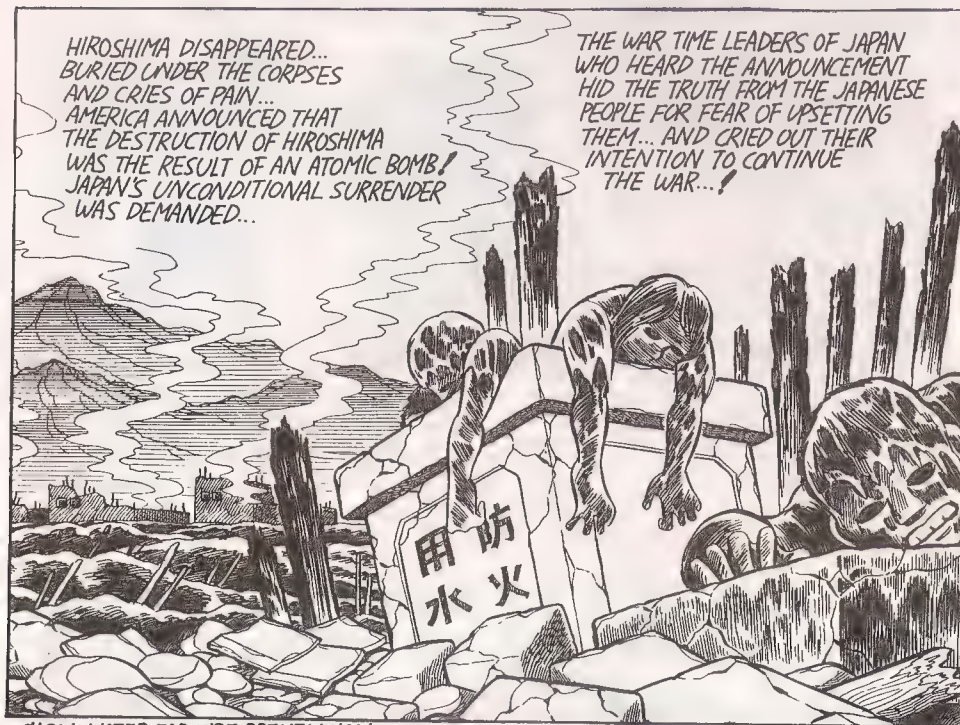


IF ONLY THE BLOCK SUPERINTENDENT AND
RYUKICHI HAD HELPED, MY WHOLE FAMILY
WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY...
I'LL GET THEM
SOME DAY...



HIROSHIMA DISAPPEARED... BURIED UNDER THE CORPSES AND CRIES OF PAIN... AMERICA ANNOUNCED THAT THE DESTRUCTION OF HIROSHIMA WAS THE RESULT OF AN ATOMIC BOMB! JAPAN'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER WAS DEMANDED...

THE WAR TIME LEADERS OF JAPAN WHO HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT HID THE TRUTH FROM THE JAPANESE PEOPLE FOR FEAR OF UPSETTING THEM... AND CRIED OUT THEIR INTENTION TO CONTINUE THE WAR...!

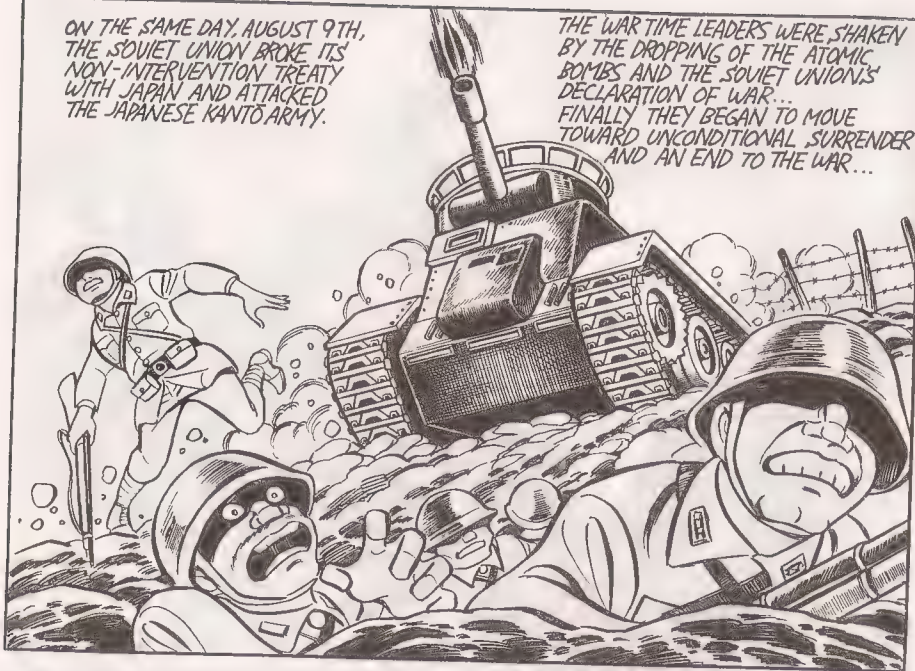


SIGN: WATER FOR FIRE PREVENTION



ON THE SAME DAY, AUGUST 9TH,
THE SOVIET UNION BROKE ITS
NON-INTERVENTION TREATY
WITH JAPAN AND ATTACKED
THE JAPANESE KANTO ARMY.

THE WAR TIME LEADERS WERE SHAKEN
BY THE DROPPING OF THE ATOMIC
BOMBS AND THE SOVIET UNION'S
DECLARATION OF WAR...
FINALLY THEY BEGAN TO MOVE
TOWARD UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
AND AN END TO THE WAR...



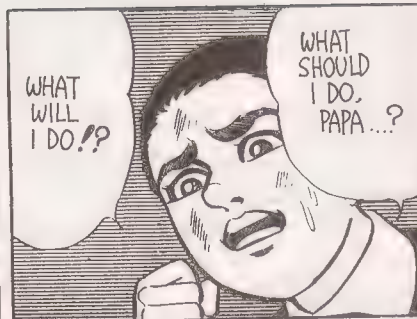
EVERYONE
IS
GONE...

NOTHING
REMAINS...
IT'S ALL
GONE...

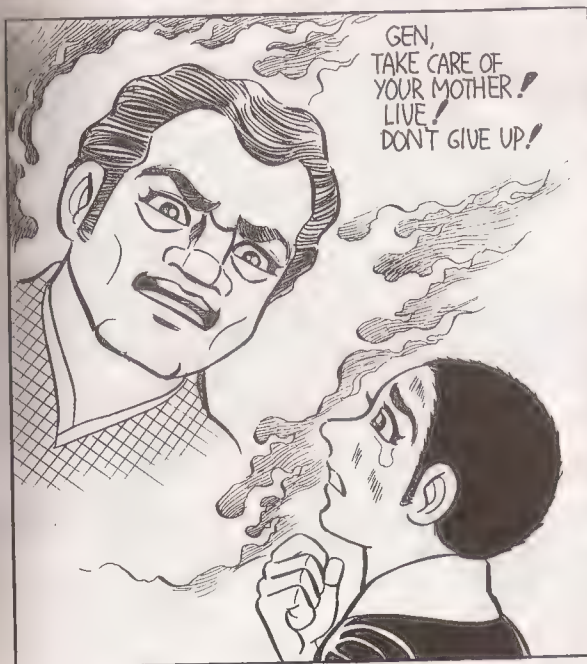


WHAT
WILL
I DO!?

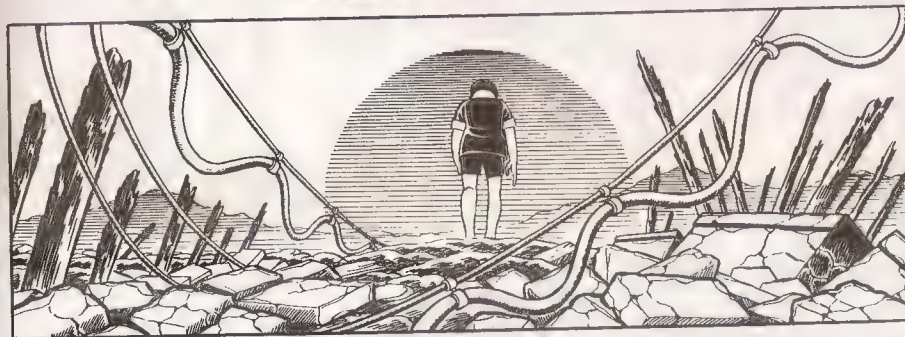
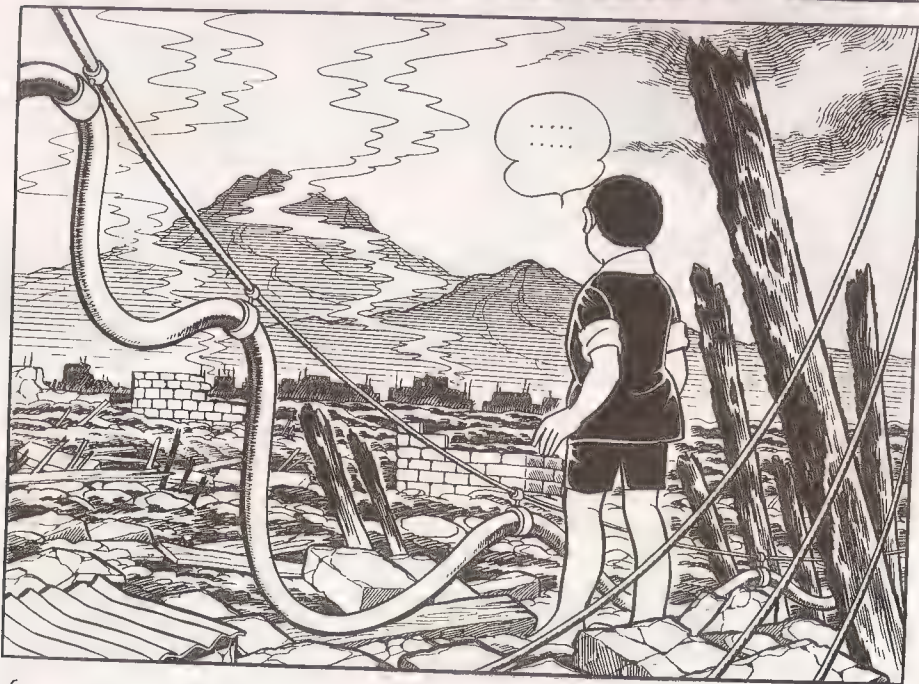
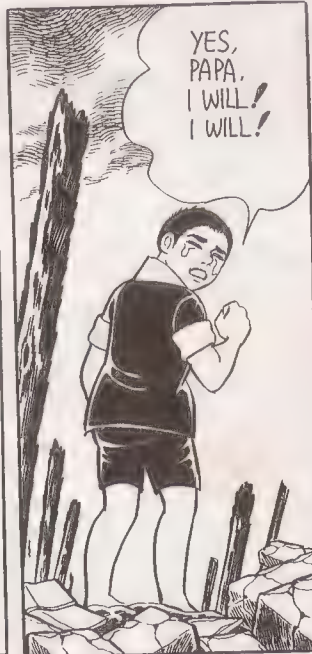
WHAT
SHOULD
I DO, PAPA...?

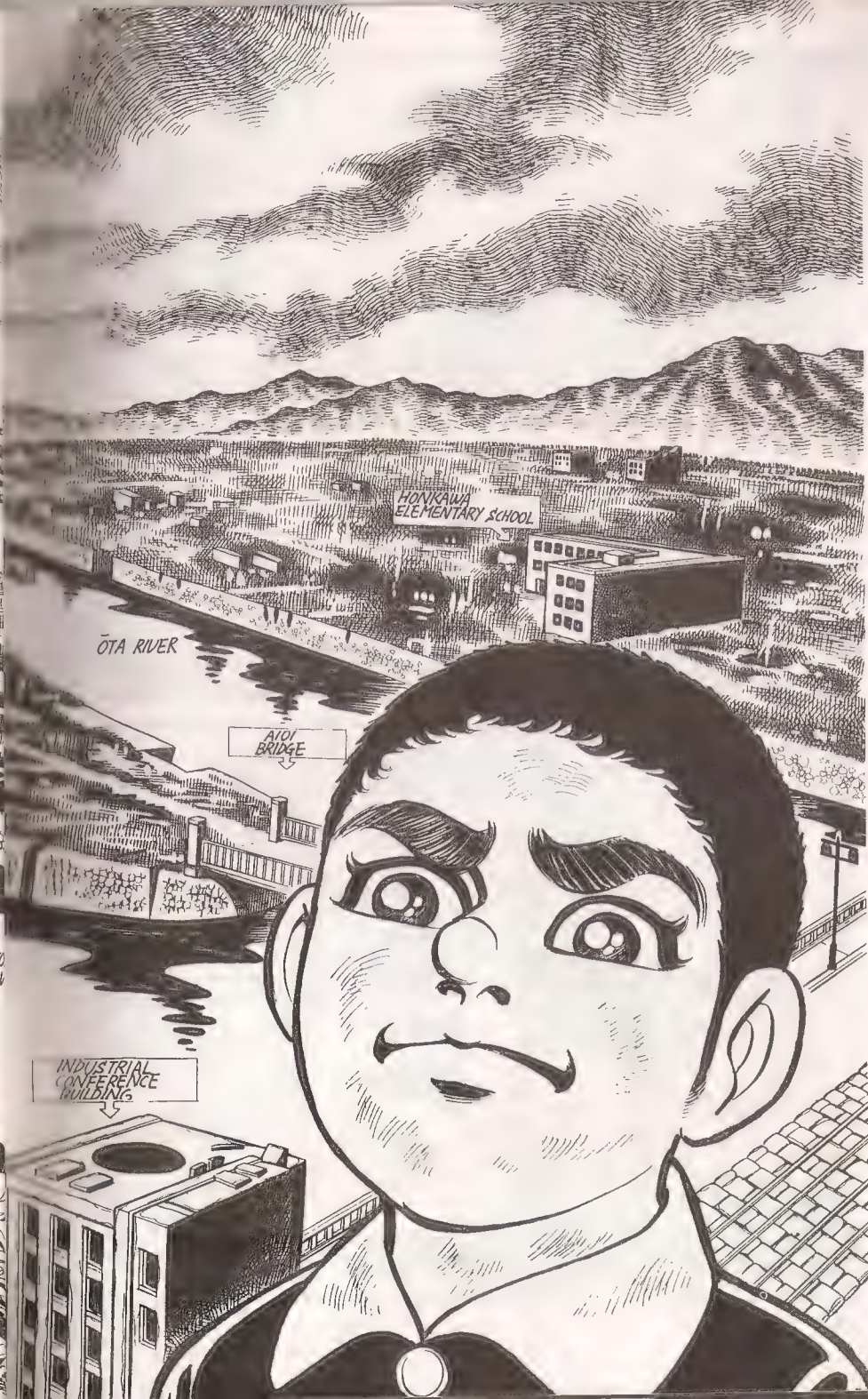
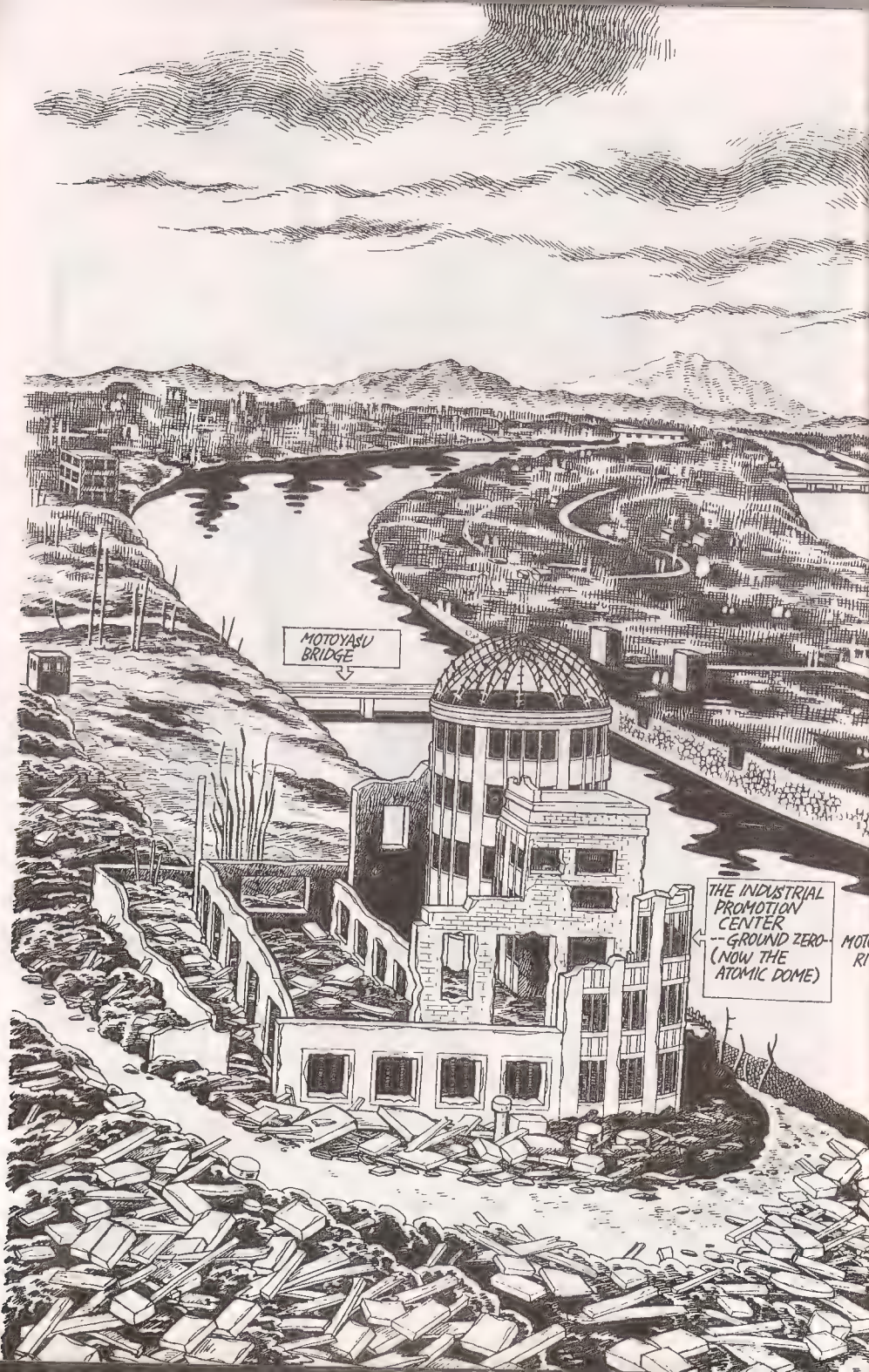


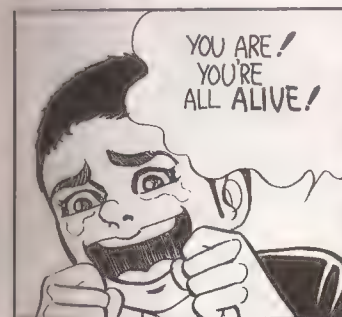
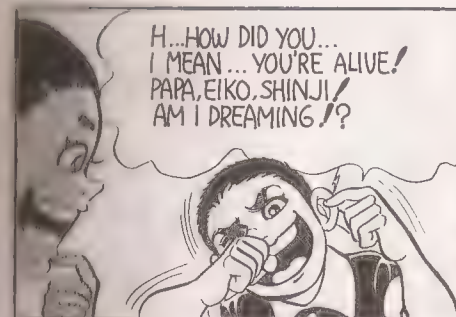
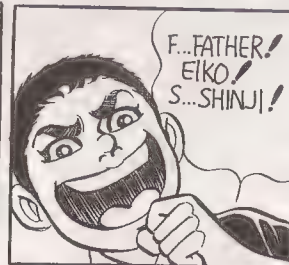
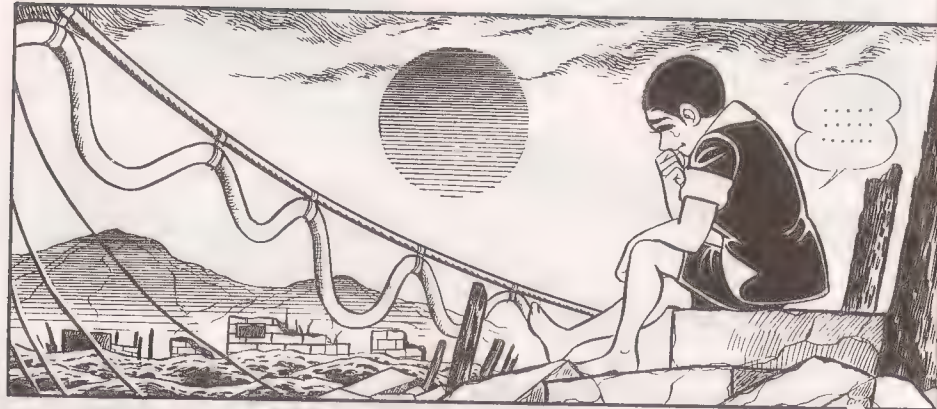
GEN,
TAKE CARE OF
YOUR MOTHER!
LIVE!
DON'T GIVE UP!

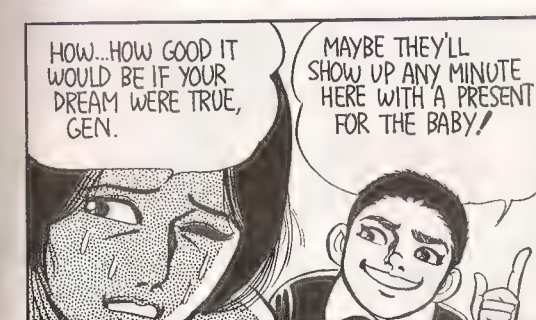
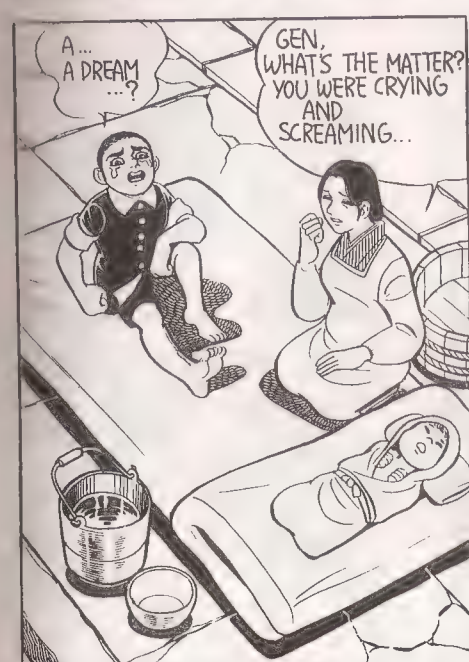
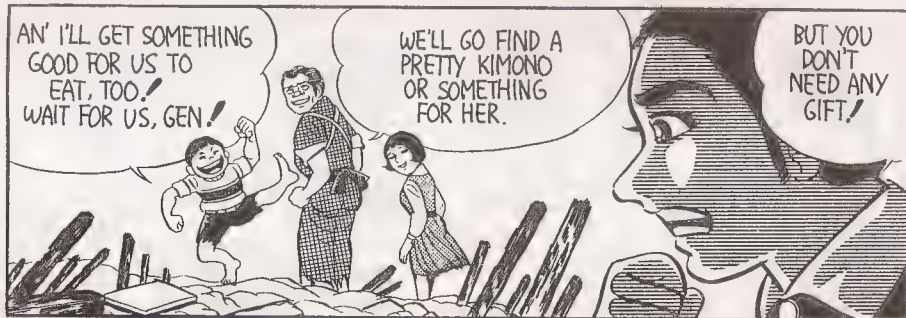
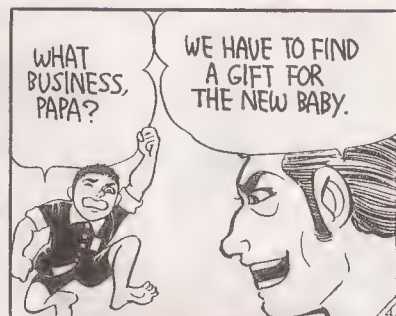
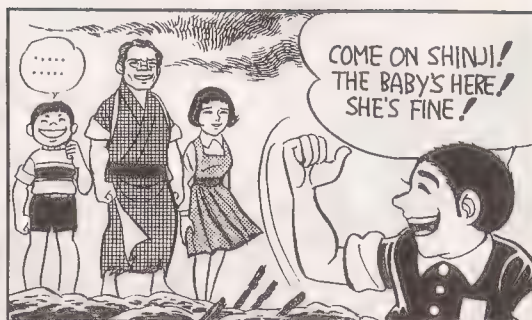
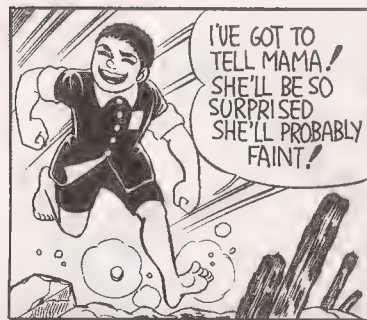


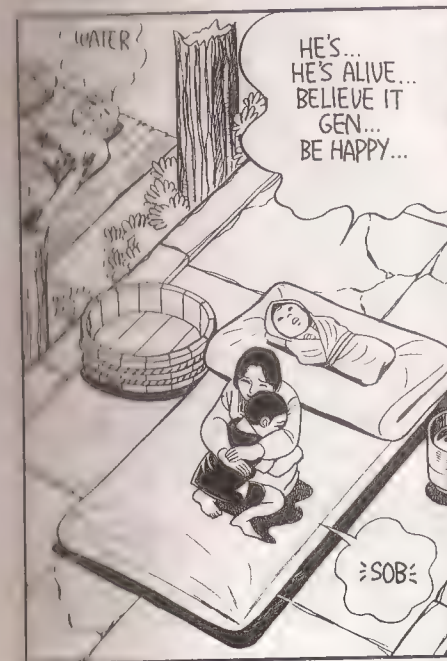
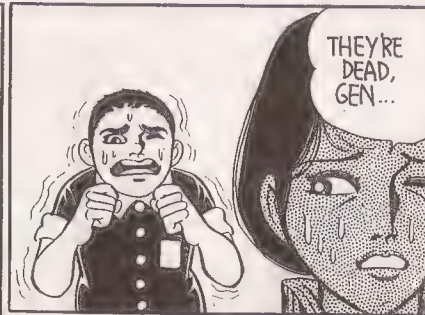
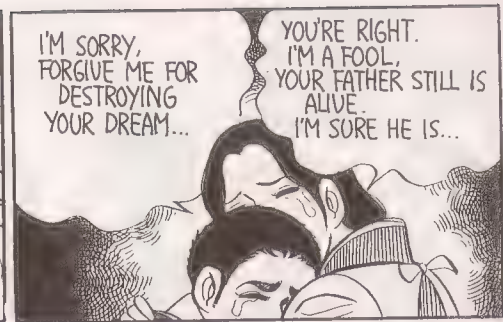
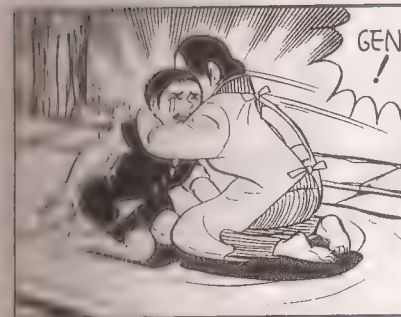
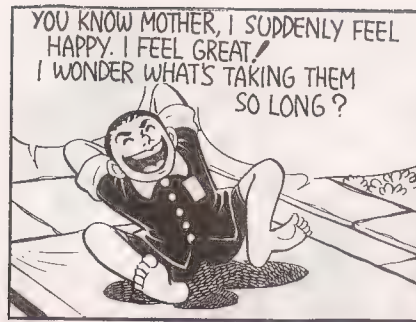
YES,
PAPA,
I WILL!
I WILL!

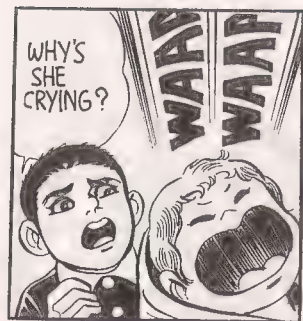












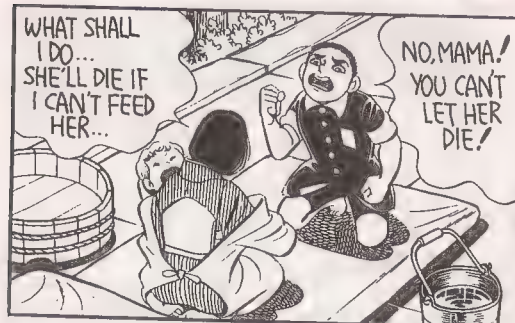
WHY'S SHE CRYING?



GEN.
I'VE NO MORE MILK!

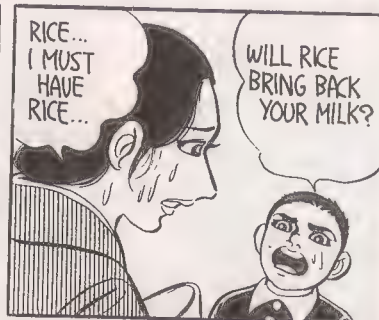


I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS...
I HAVEN'T EATEN
IN 3 DAYS...



WHAT SHALL
I DO...
SHE'LL DIE IF
I CAN'T FEED
HER...

NO, MAMA!
YOU CAN'T
LET HER
DIE!



RICE...
I MUST
HAVE
RICE...

WILL RICE
BRING BACK
YOUR MILK?

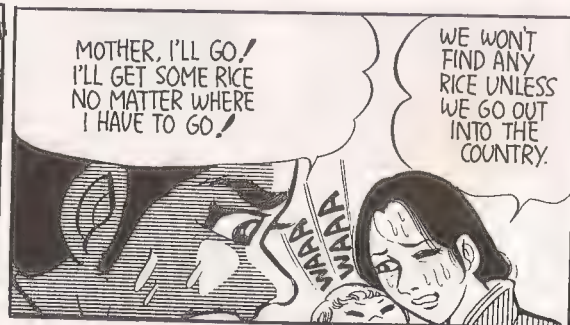
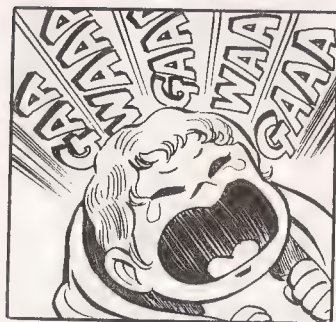


IF I POUND IT
AND MAKE RICE
BALLS, IT WILL
GIVE ME MILK...

AND RICE GRUEL
WOULD HELP
TOO...

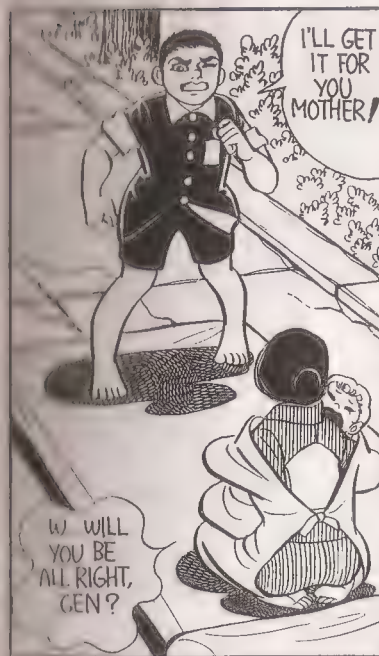


BUT EVERYONE
IS DEAD...
THERE'S NO WAY
WE CAN GET
ANY RICE!



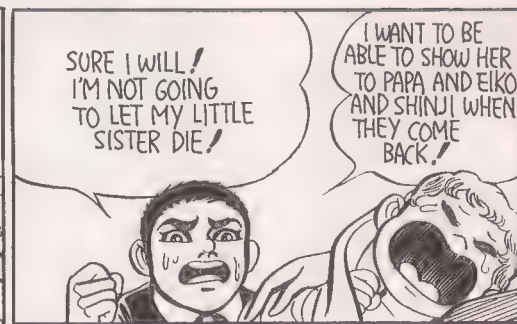
MOTHER, I'LL GO!
I'LL GET SOME RICE
NO MATTER WHERE
I HAVE TO GO!

WE WON'T
FIND ANY
RICE UNLESS
WE GO OUT
INTO THE
COUNTRY.



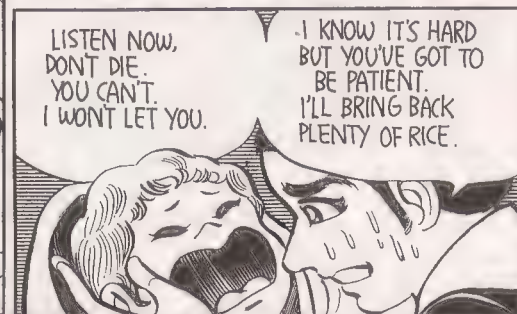
I'LL GET
IT FOR
YOU
MOTHER!

WILL
YOU BE
ALL RIGHT,
GEN?



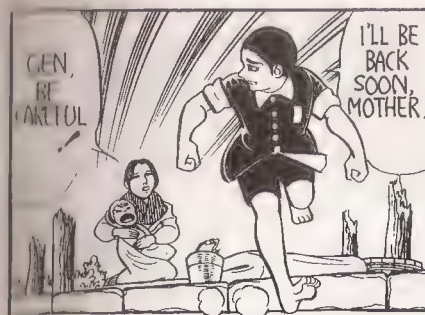
SURE I WILL!
I'M NOT GOING
TO LET MY LITTLE
SISTER DIE!

I WANT TO BE
ABLE TO SHOW HER
TO PAPA AND EIKO
AND SHINJI WHEN
THEY COME
BACK!



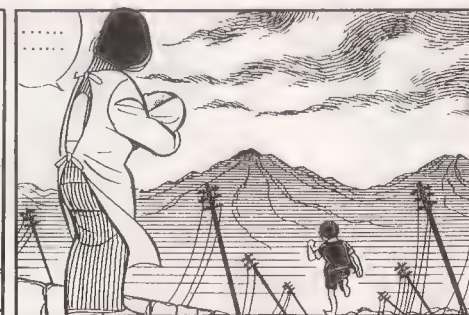
LISTEN NOW,
DON'T DIE.
YOU CAN'T.
I WON'T LET YOU.

I KNOW IT'S HARD
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO
BE PATIENT.
I'LL BRING BACK
PLENTY OF RICE.

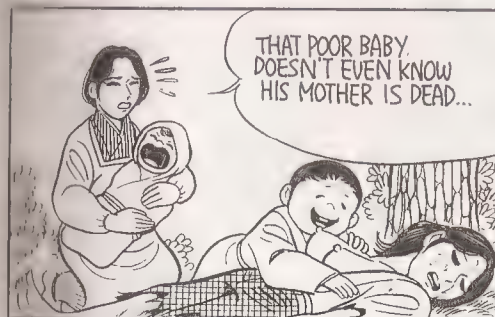
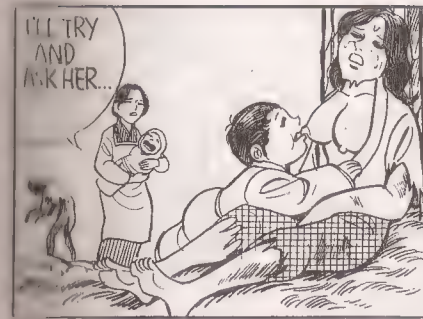
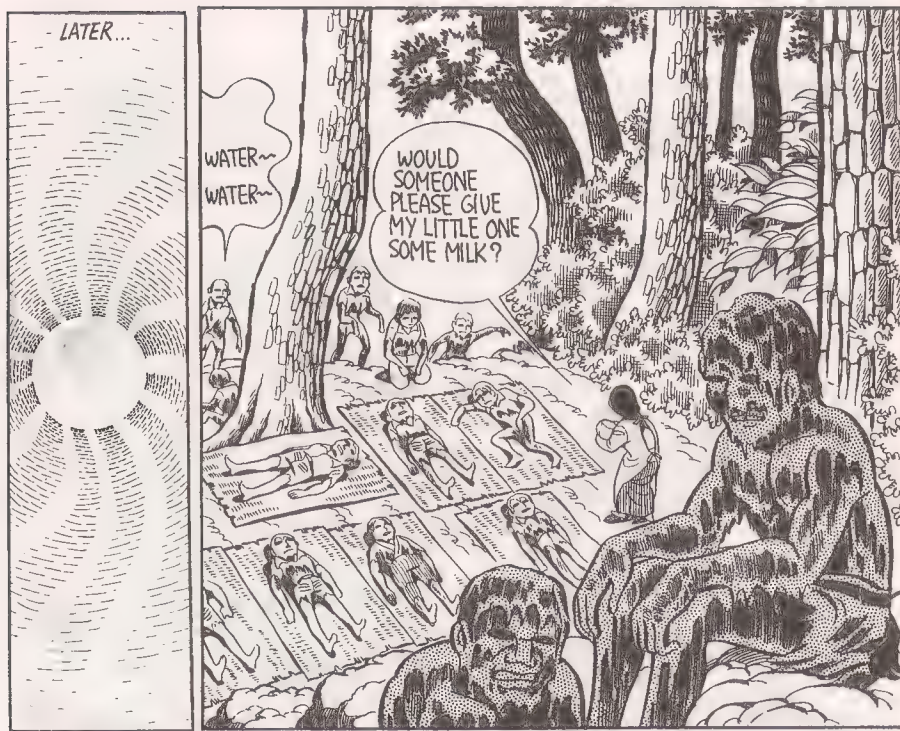


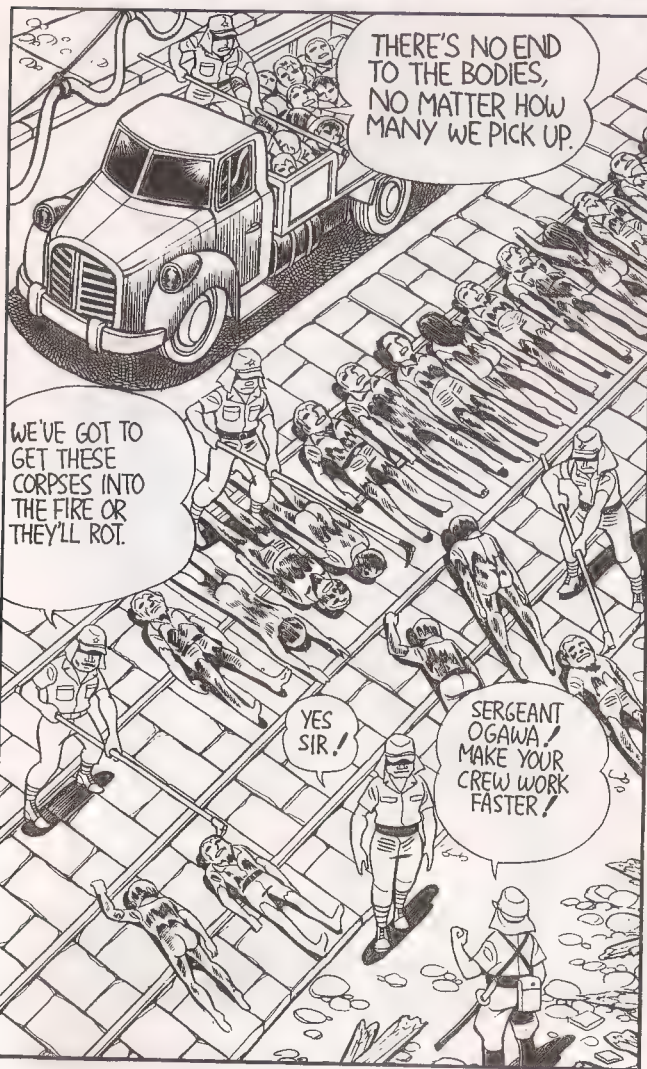
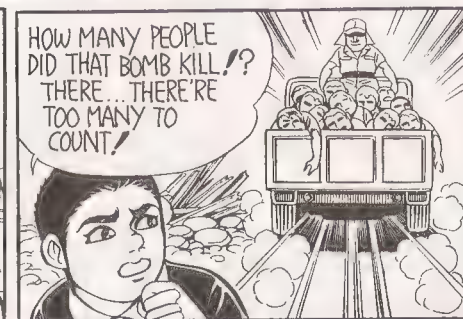
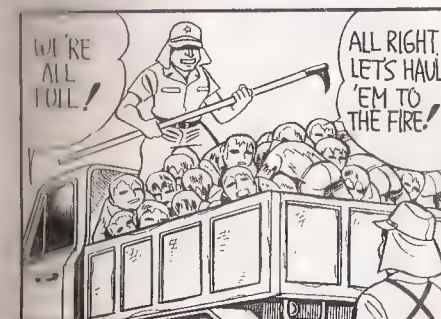
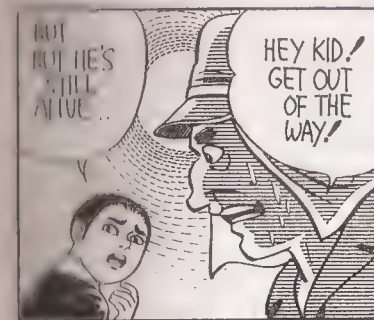
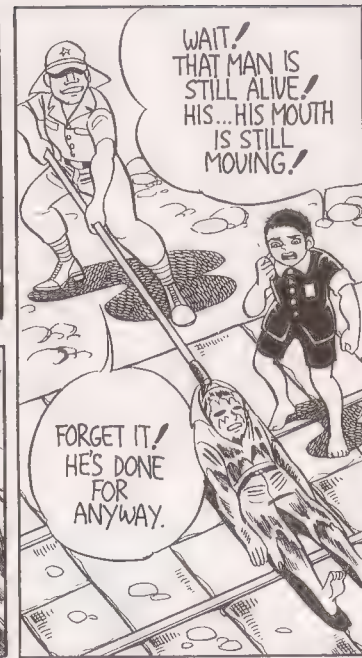
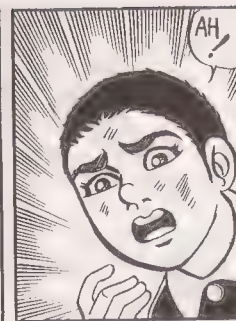
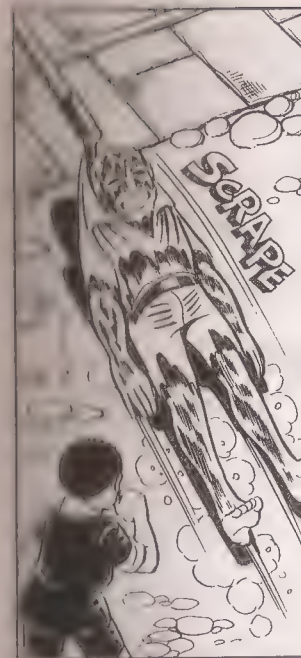
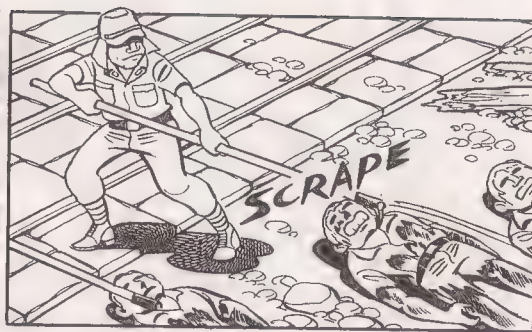
GEN,
BE
CAREFUL!

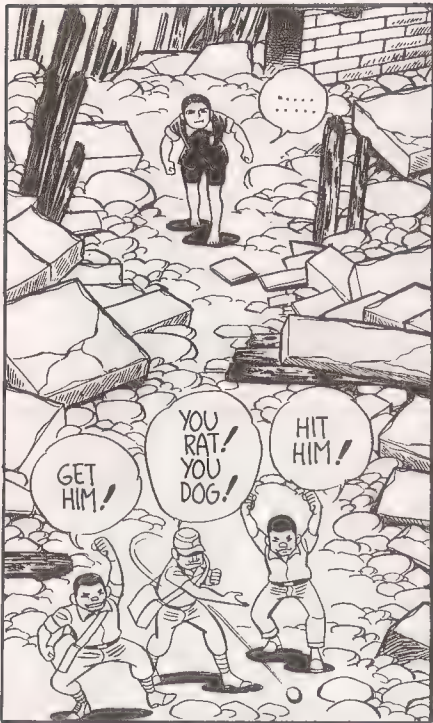
I'LL BE
BACK
SOON,
MOTHER.



DEAR, OUR SON HAS
BECOME A STRONG
YOUNG MAN...
YOU CAN BE PROUD
OF HIM...



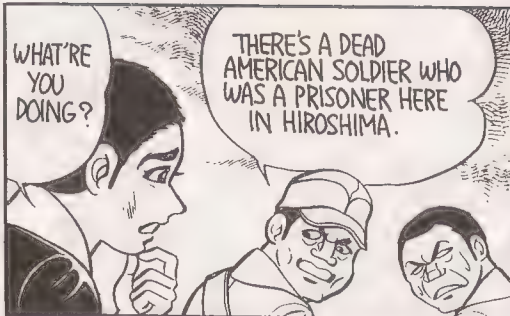




GET HIM!

YOU RAT!
YOU DOG!

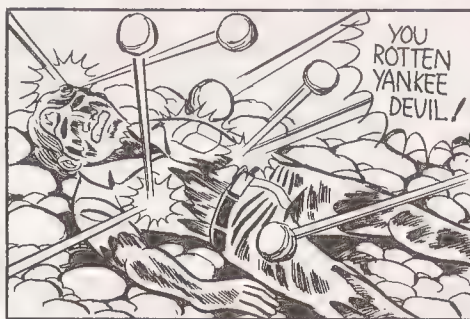
HIT HIM!



IT'S **HIS** FAULT
WE'VE HAD TO
SUFFER!



TAKE THAT!
HERE, SON.
THROW A ROCK
YOURSELF.

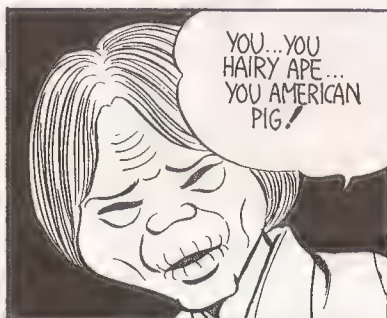


YOU
ROTTEN
YANKEE
DEVIL!



GO AHEAD,
OLD LADY...

LET ME
TAKE A
TURN,
BOYS...



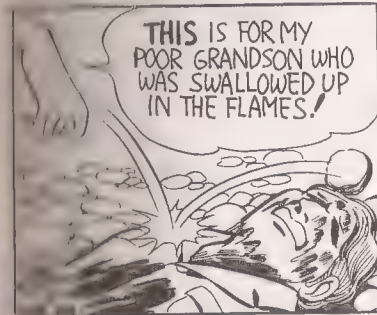
YOU...YOU
HAIRY APE...
YOU AMERICAN
PIG!



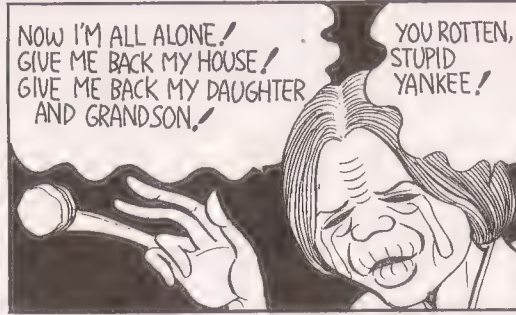
TAKE **THIS** FOR
MY HUSBAND
WHO WAS CRUSHED
UNDER OUR HOUSE!



AND **THIS** IS FOR
MY POOR DAUGHTER
WHOSE SKIN IS
BURNED AND
PEELING!

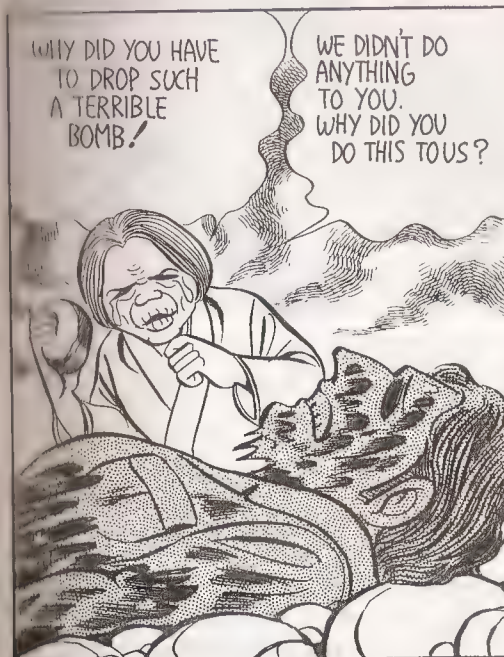


THIS IS FOR MY
POOR GRANDSON
WHO WAS SWALLOWED
UP IN THE FLAMES!



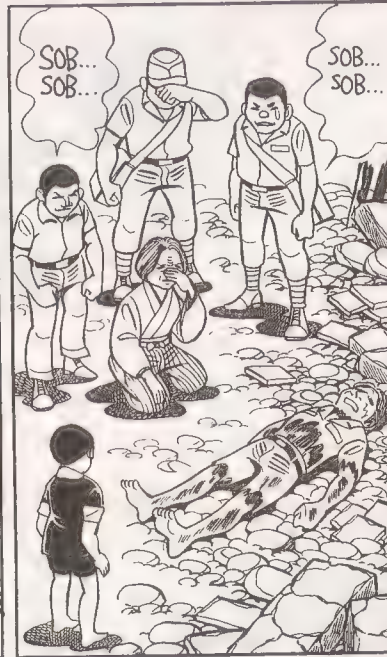
NOW I'M ALL ALONE!
GIVE ME BACK MY HOUSE!
GIVE ME BACK MY DAUGHTER
AND GRANDSON!

YOU ROTTEN,
STUPID
YANKEE!



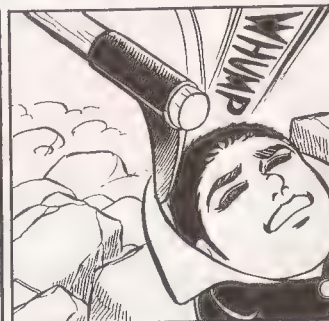
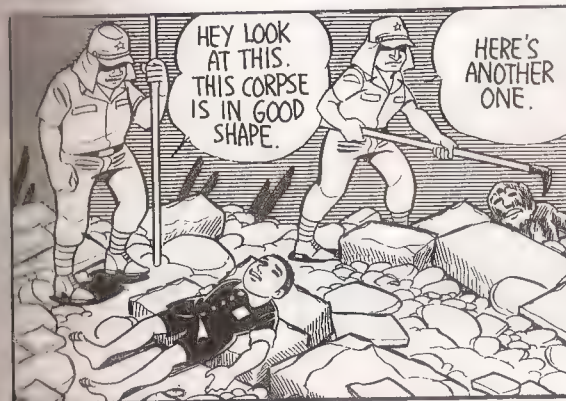
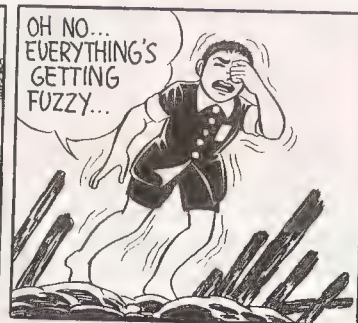
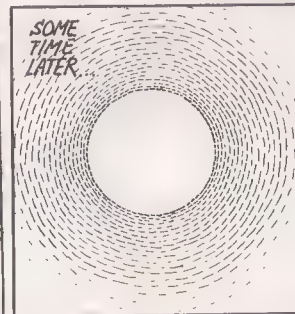
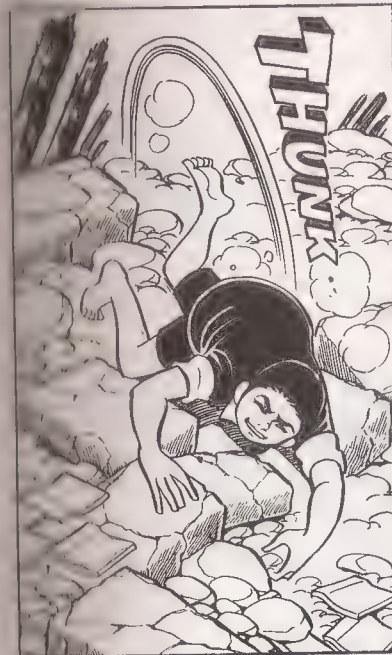
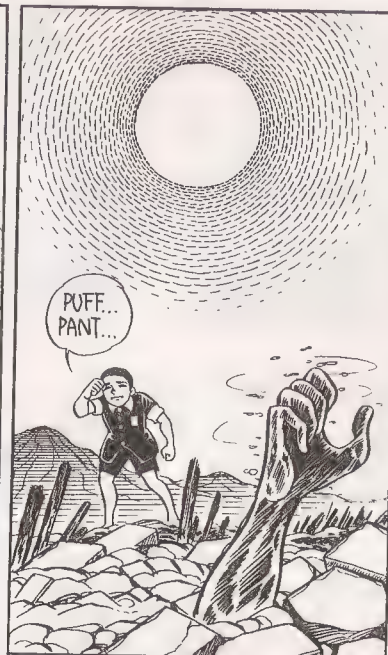
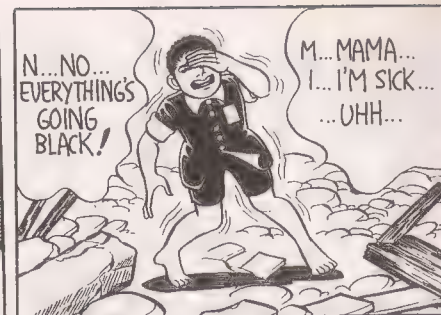
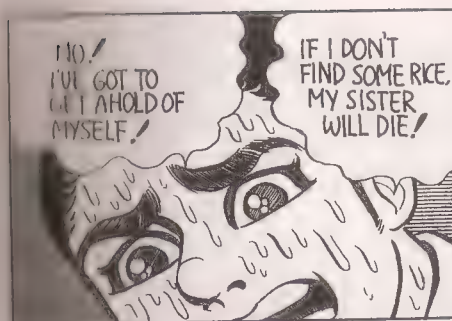
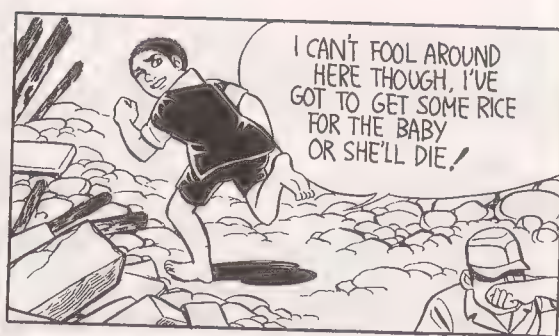
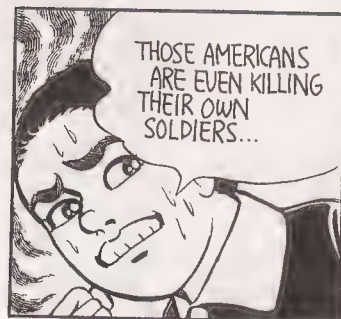
WHY DID YOU HAVE
TO DROP SUCH
A TERRIBLE
BOMB!

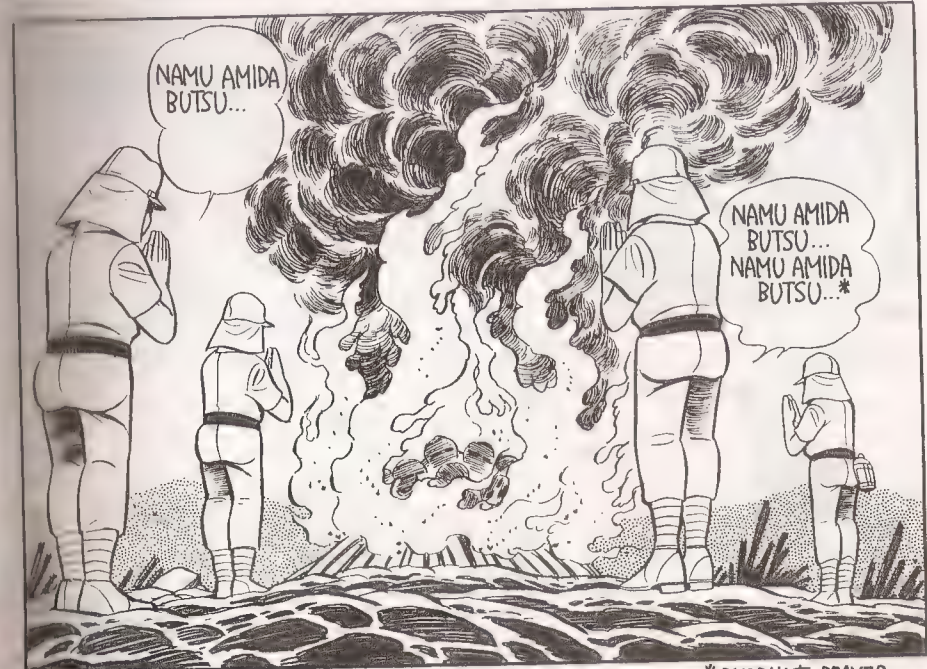
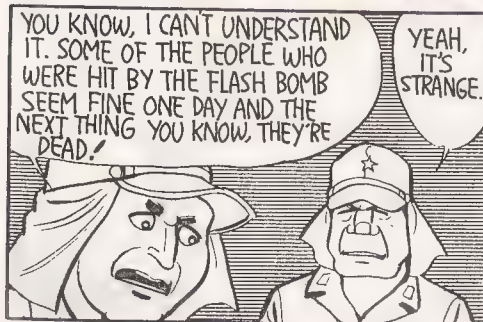
WE DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING
TO YOU.
WHY DID YOU
DO THIS TO US?



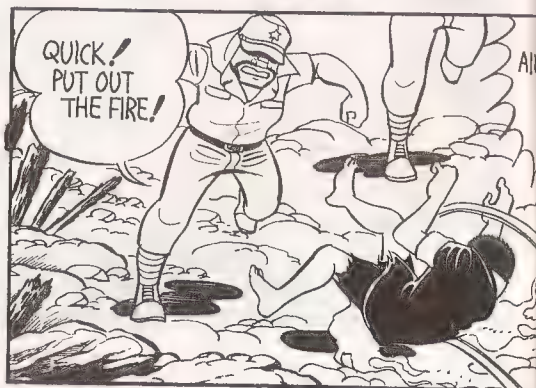
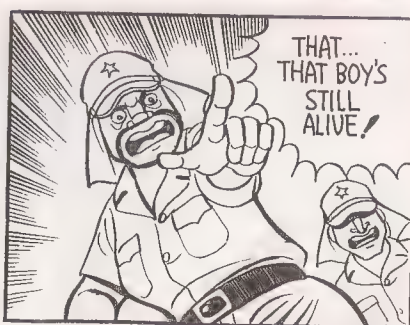
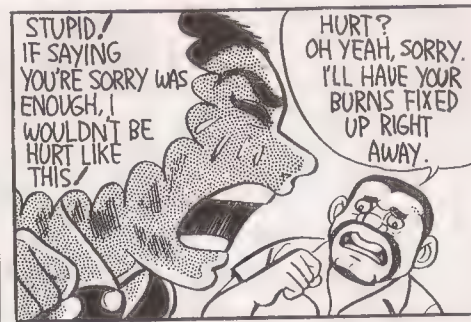
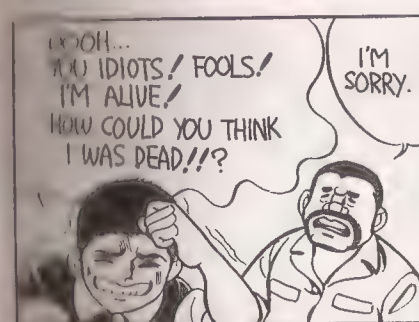
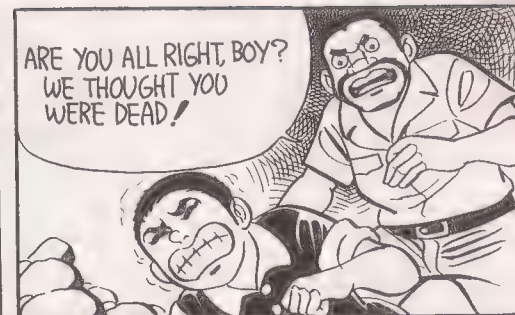
SOB...
SOB...

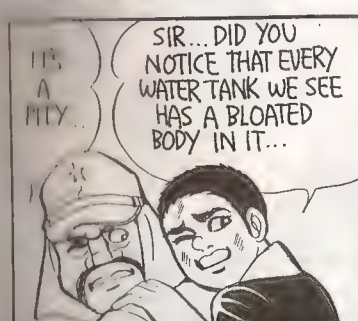
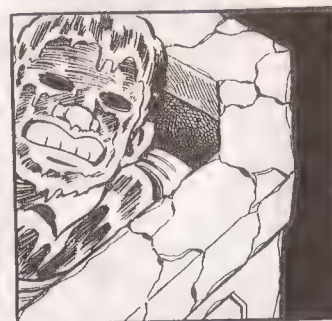
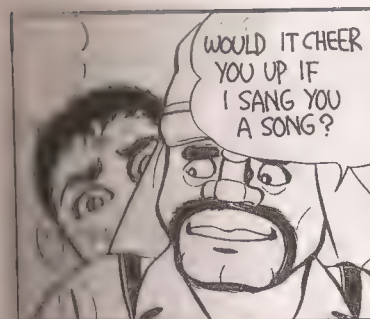
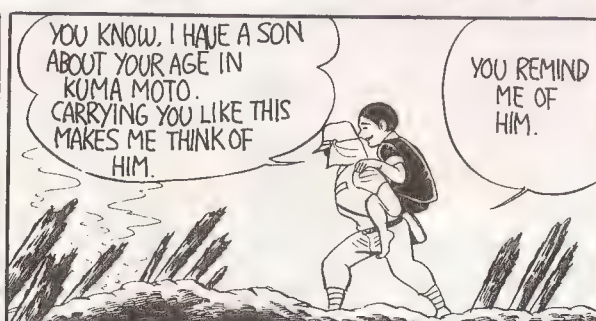
SOB...
SOB...





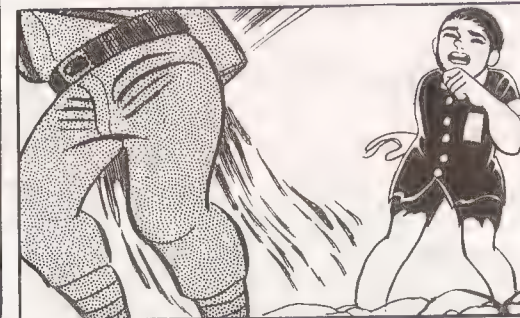
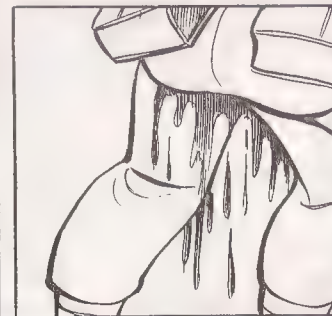
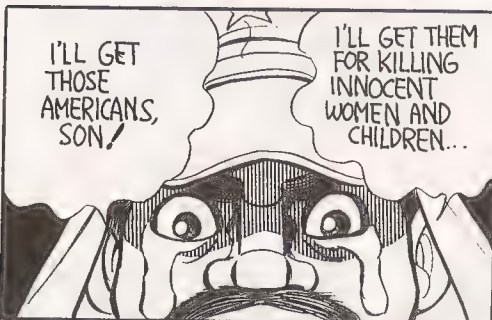
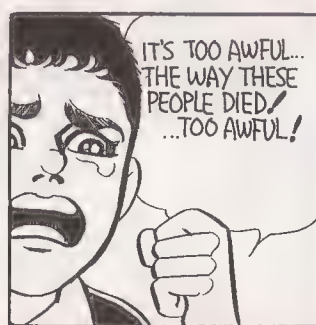
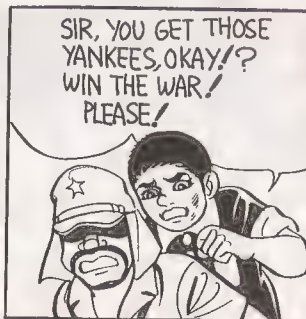
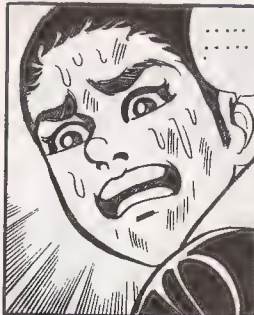
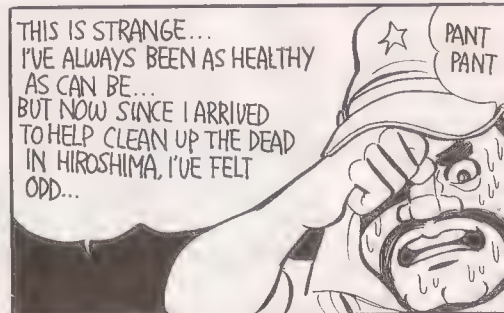
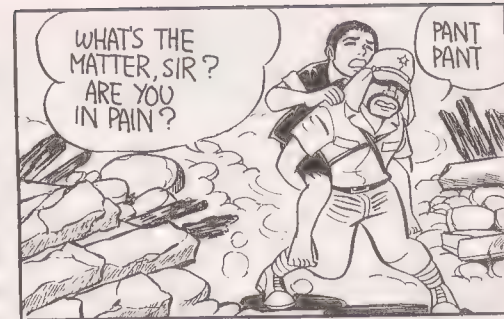
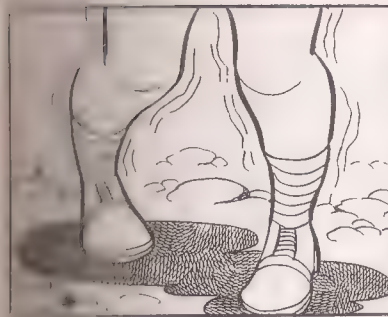
*BUDDHIST PRAYER 27

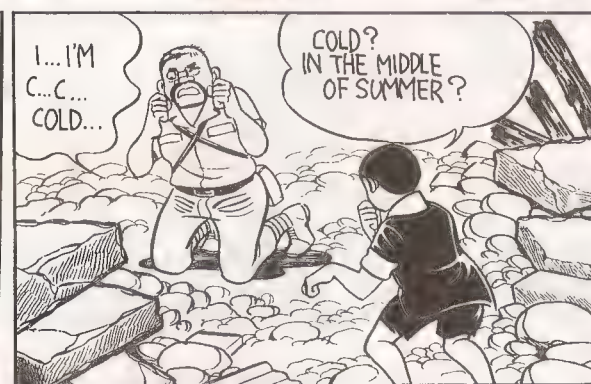
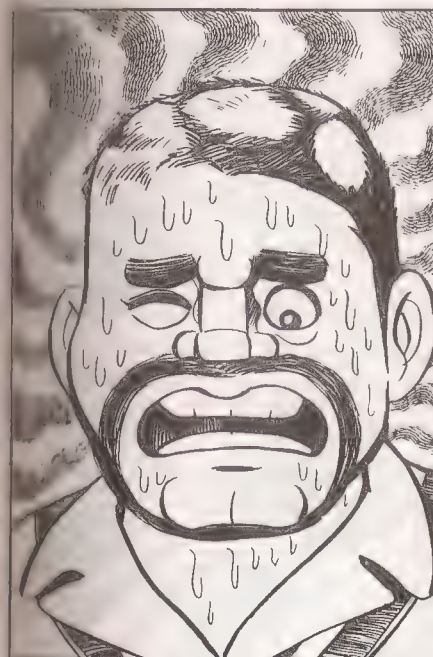
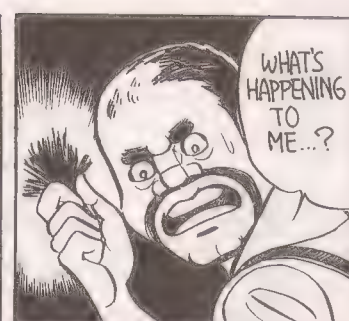
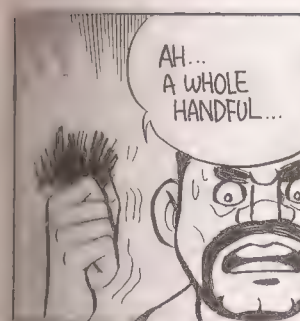
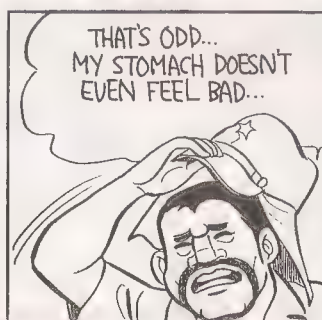
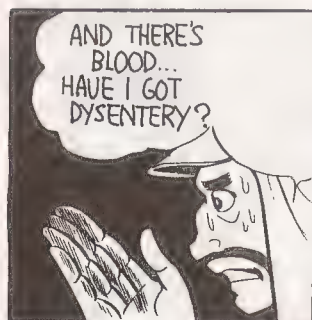
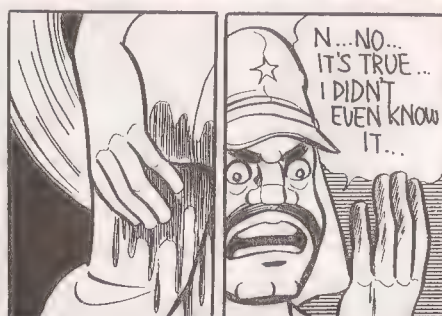


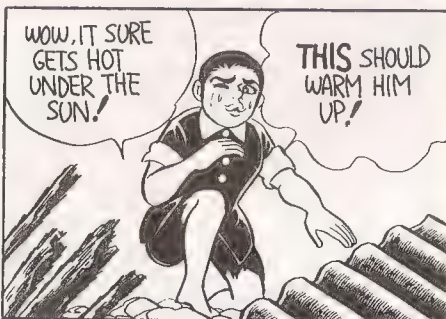
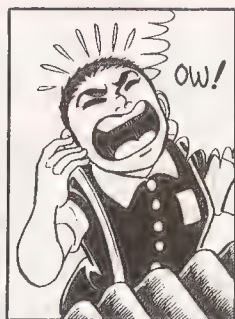
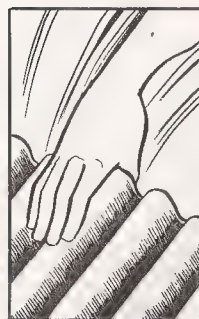
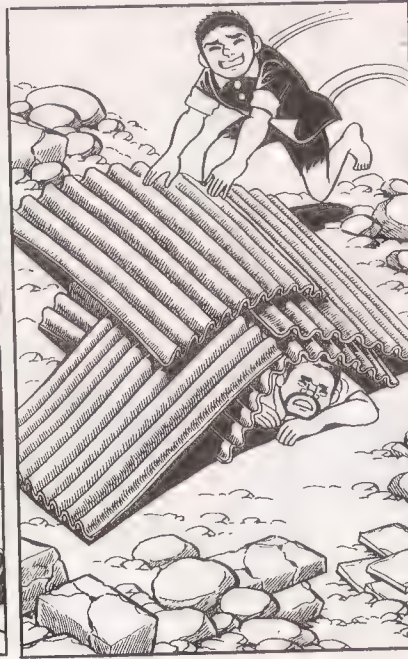
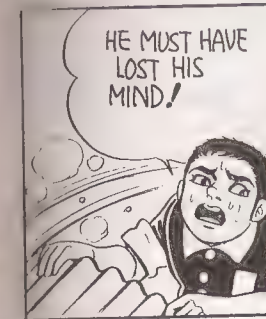
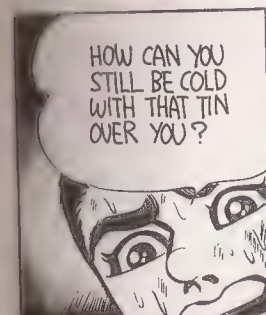
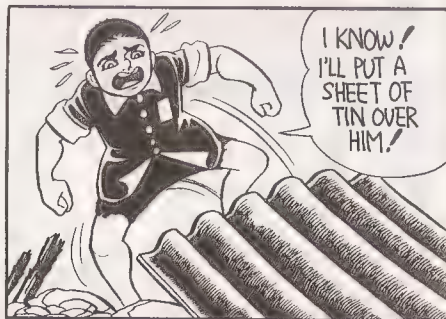
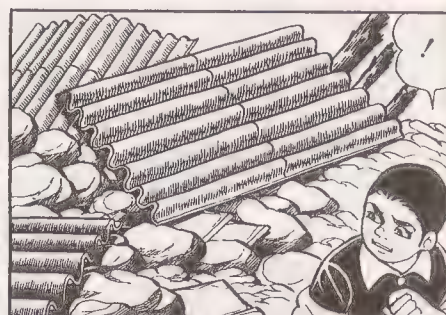
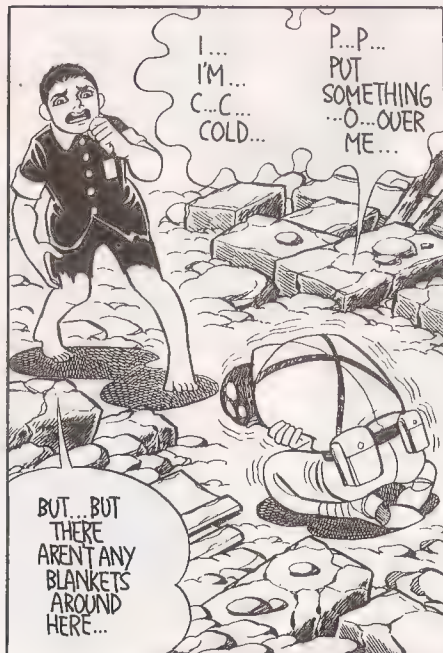
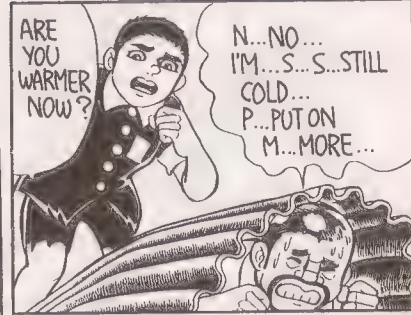
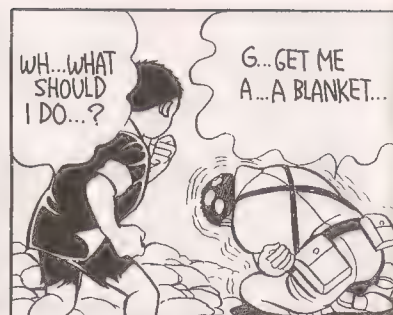
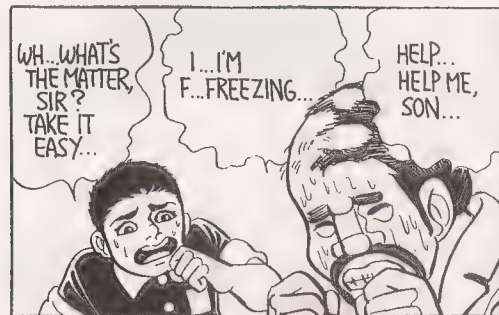


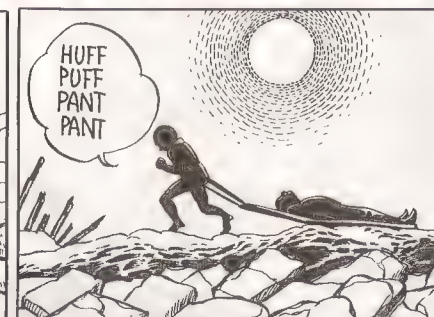
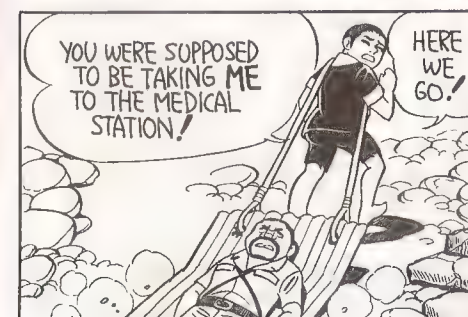
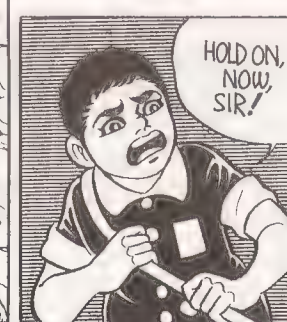
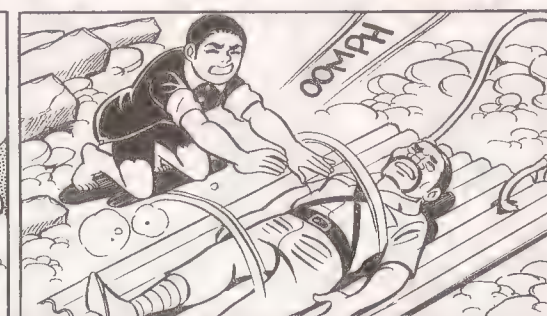
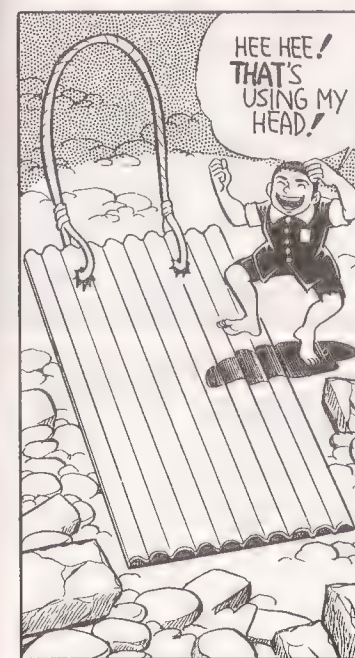
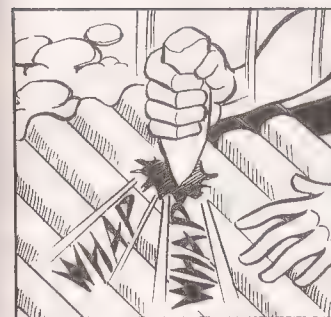
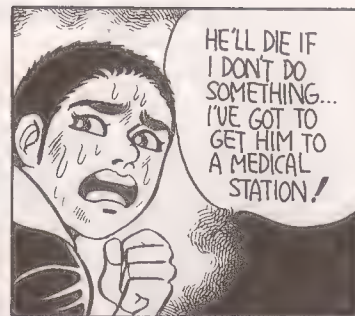


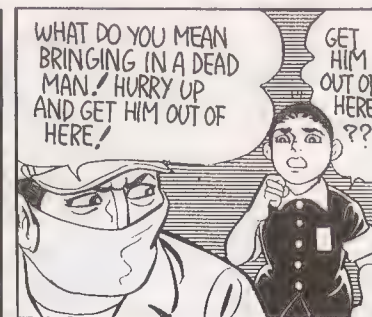
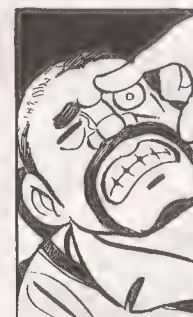
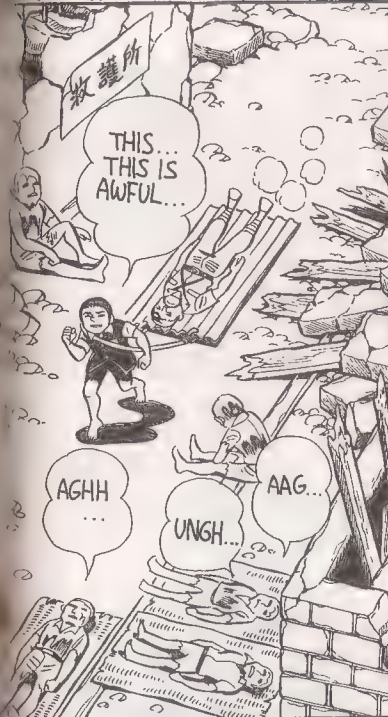
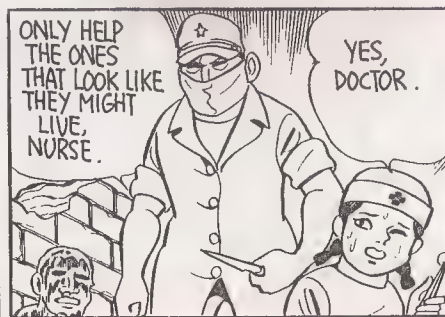
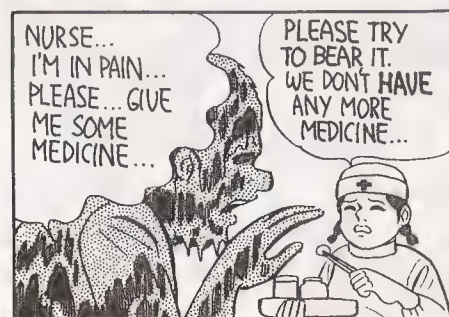
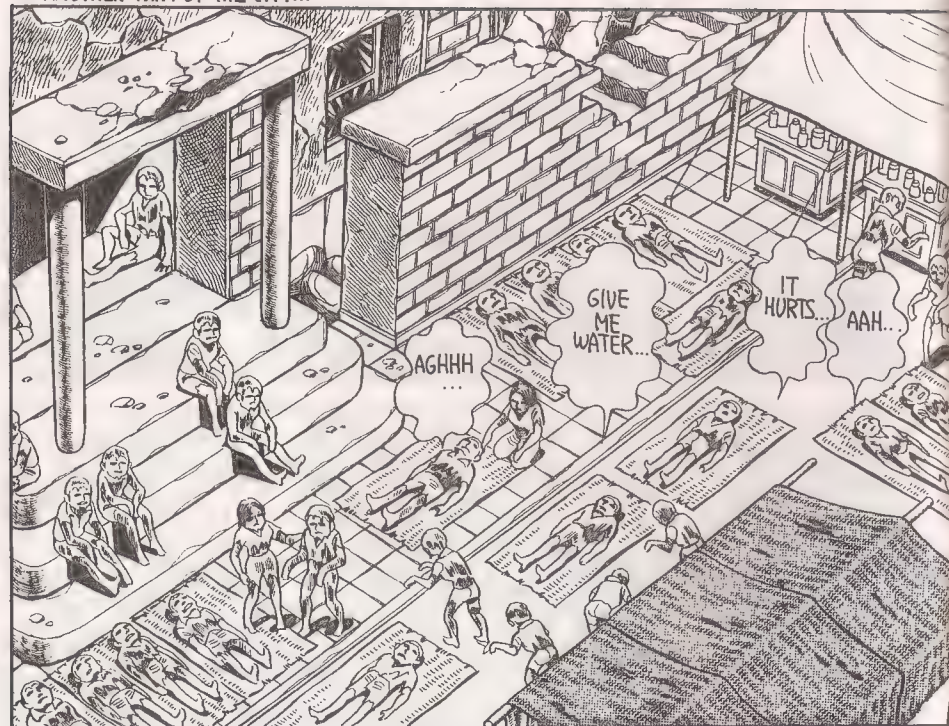
SIGN: FOR FIRE ONLY

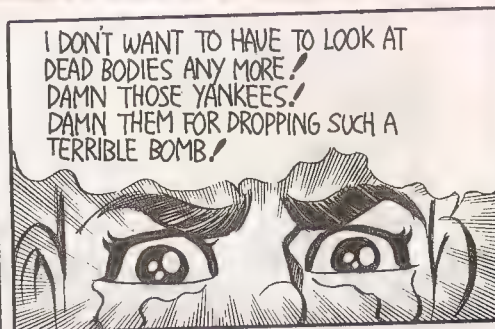
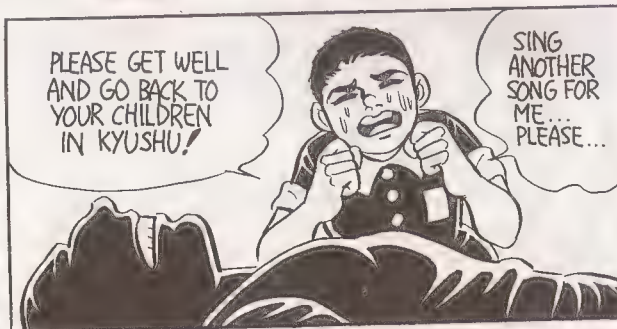
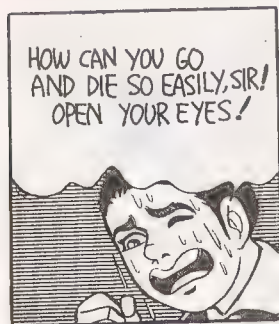
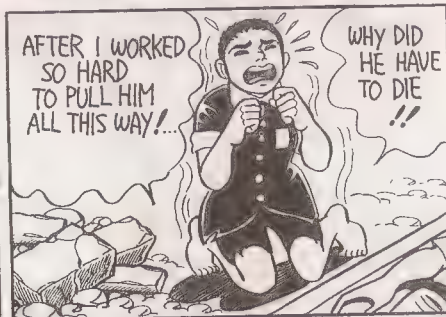
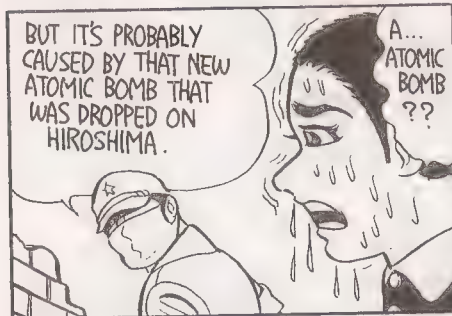
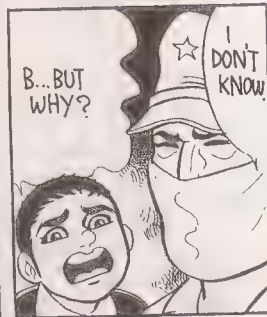
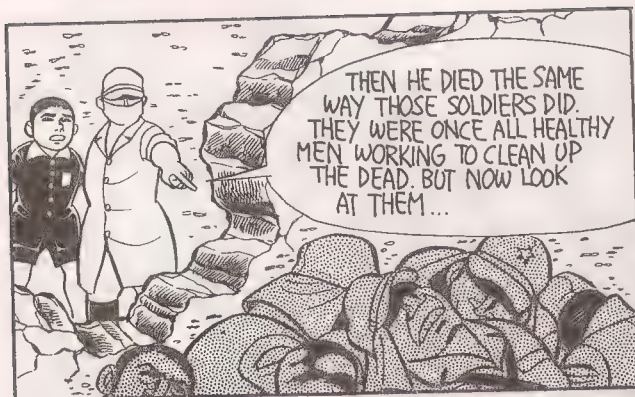




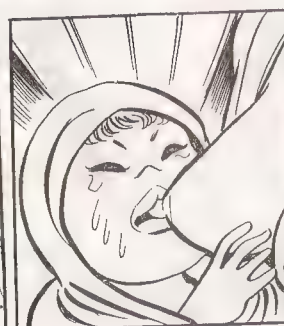
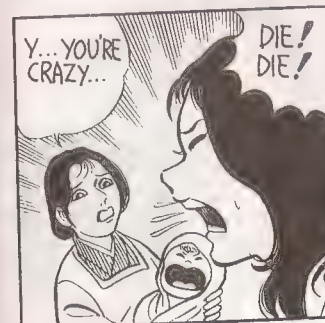
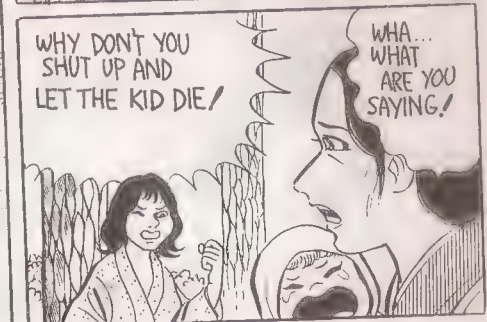


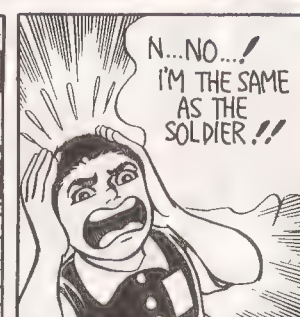
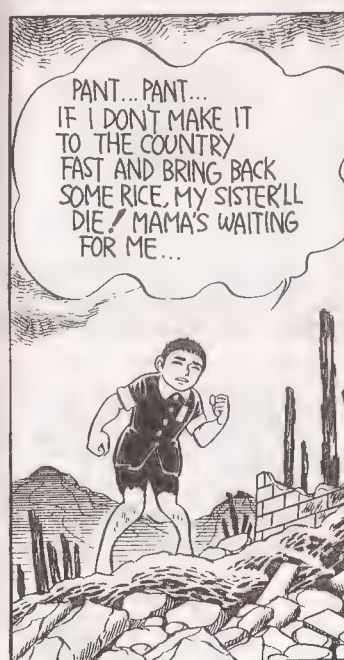
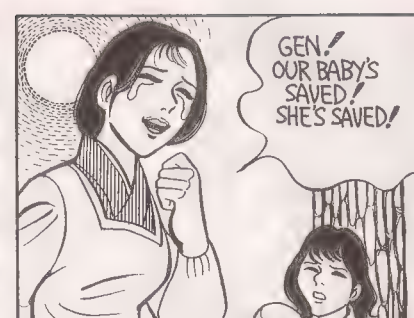
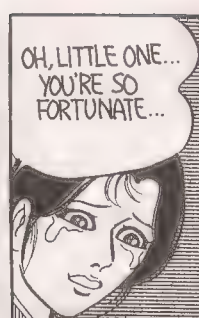
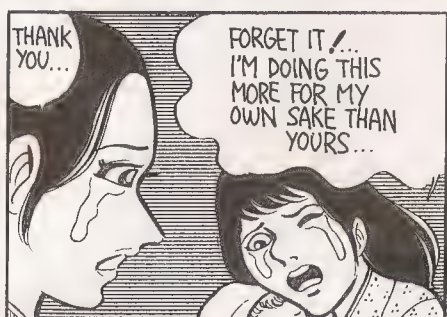
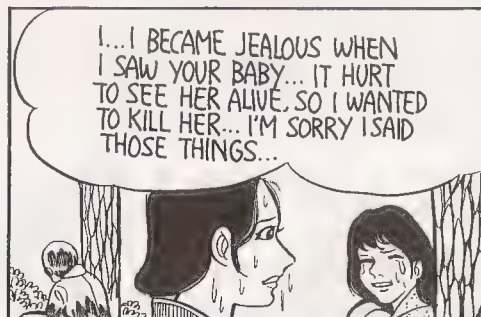
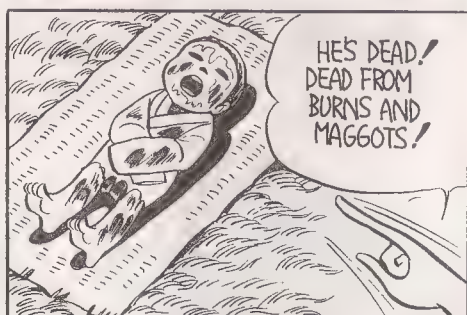
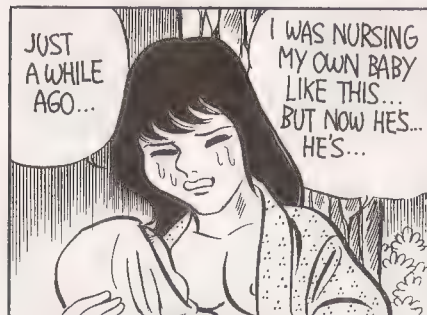


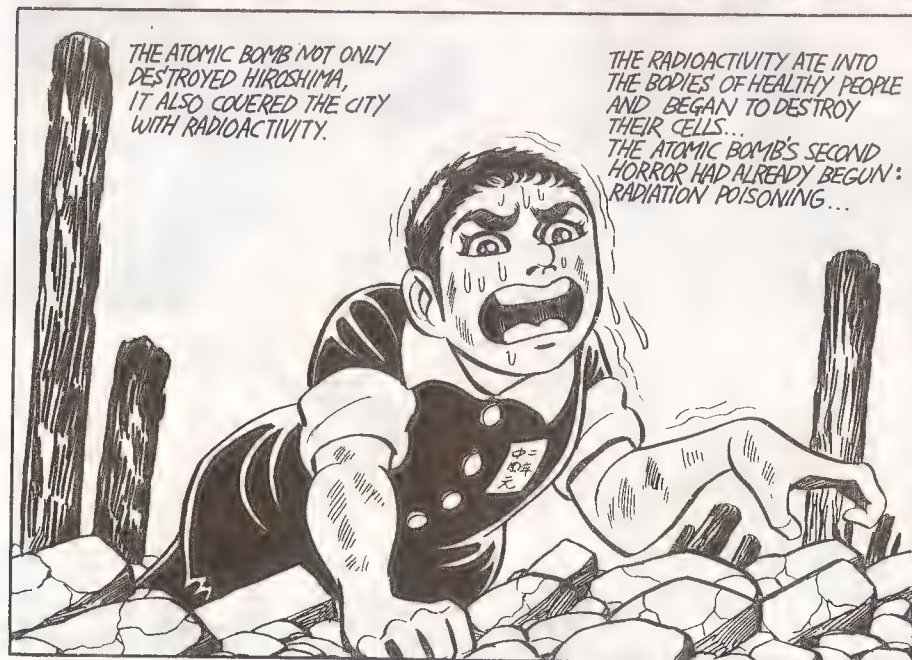
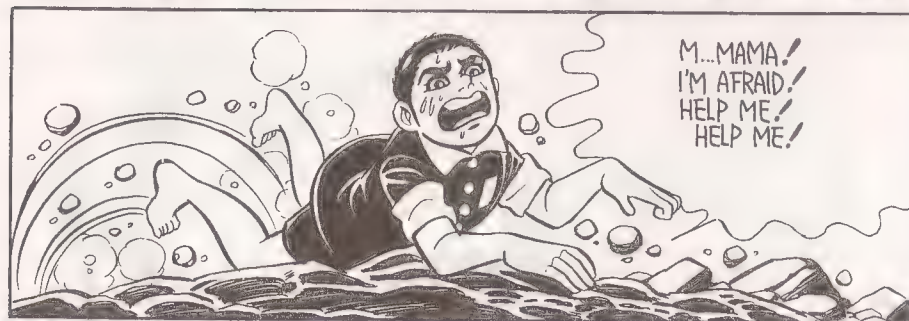
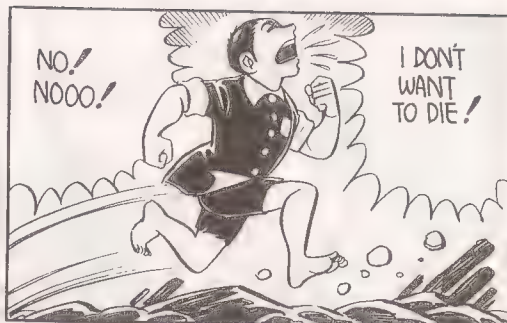




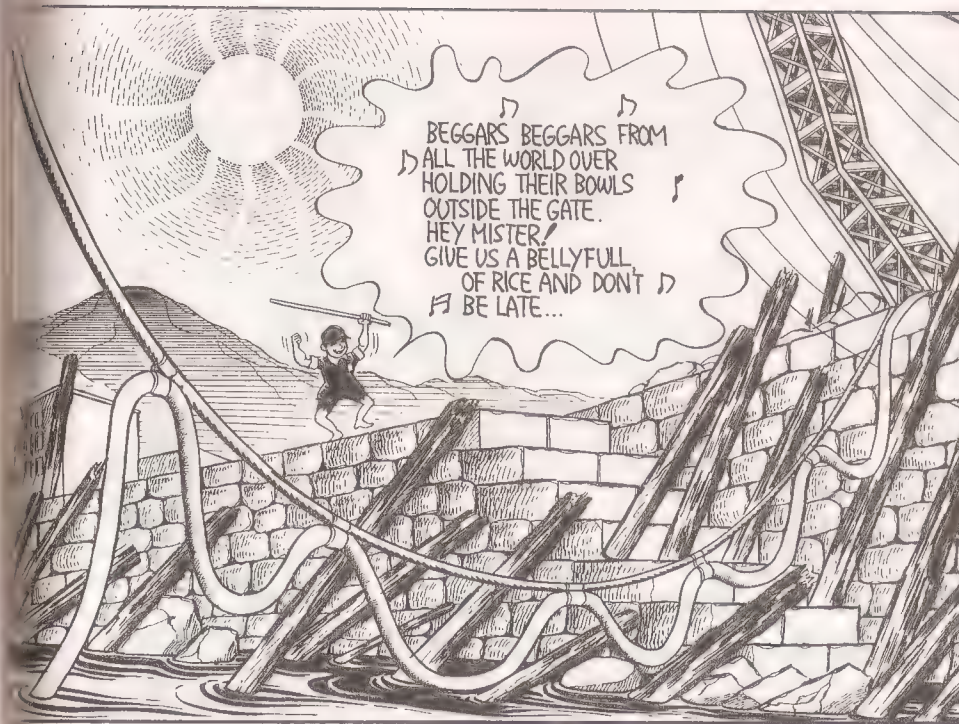
MEANWHILE...

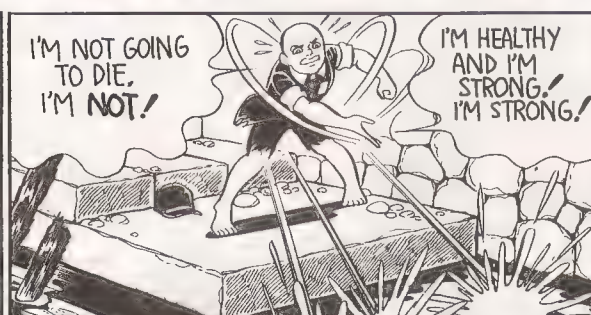
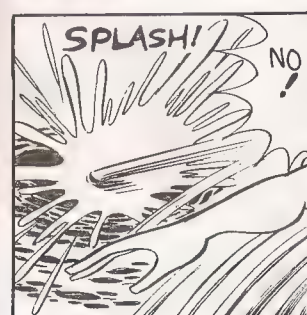
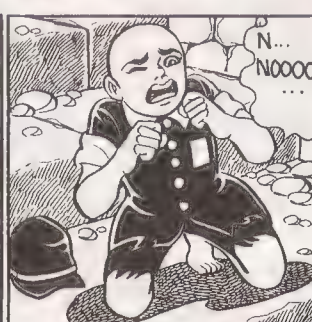
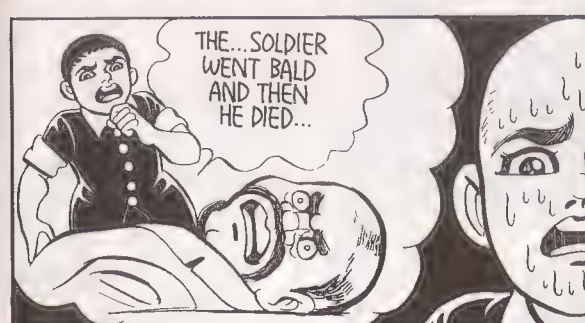
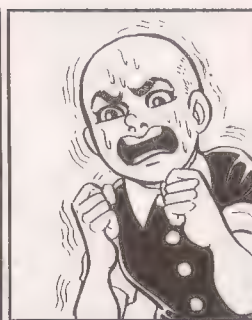
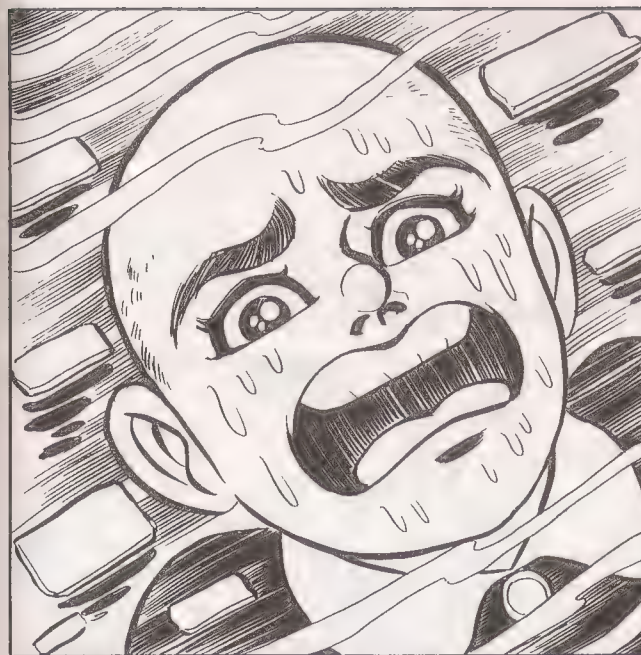
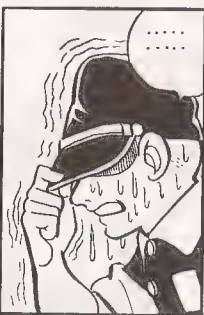


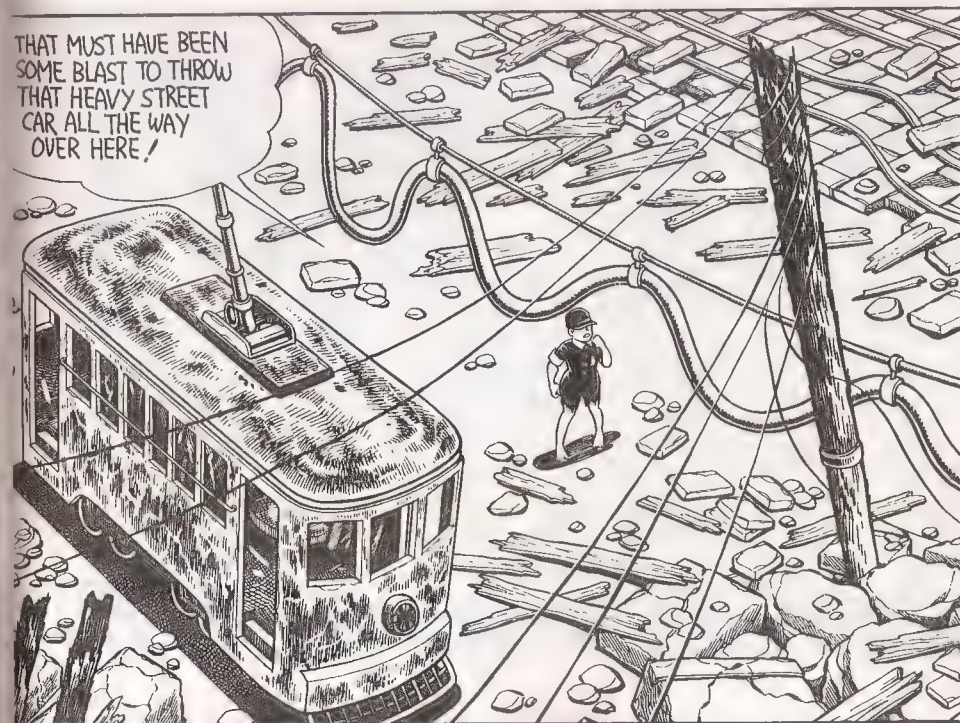
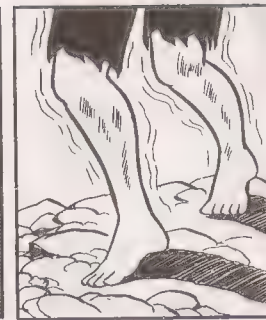
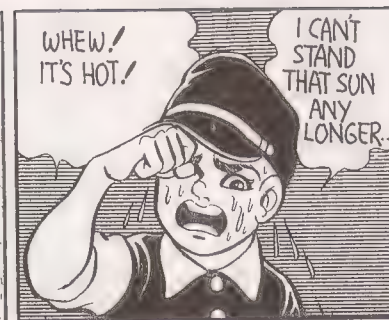
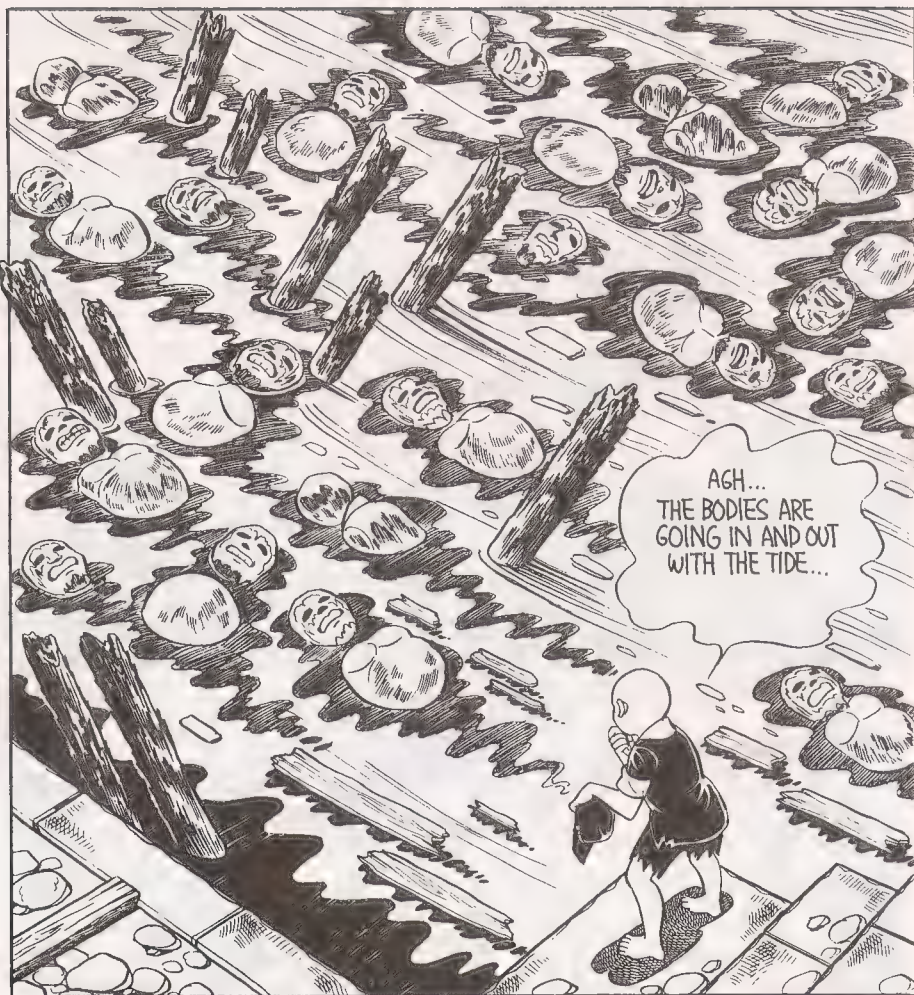


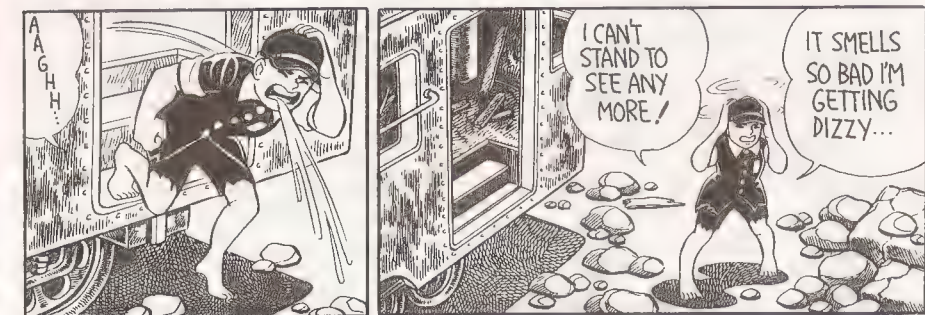
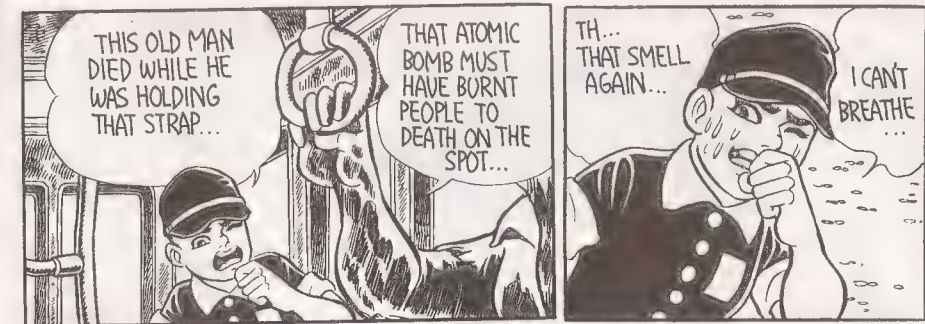
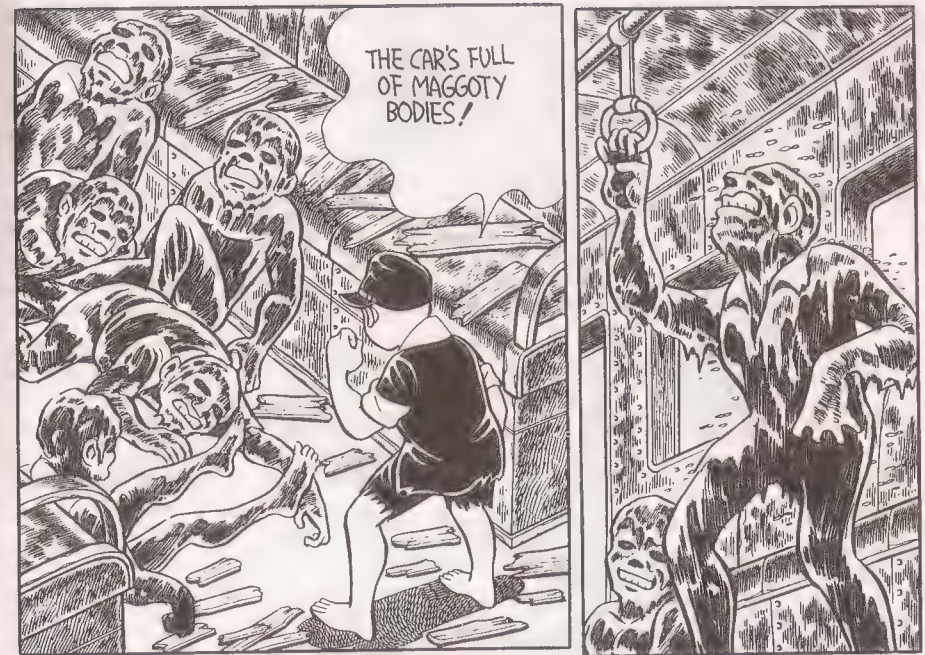


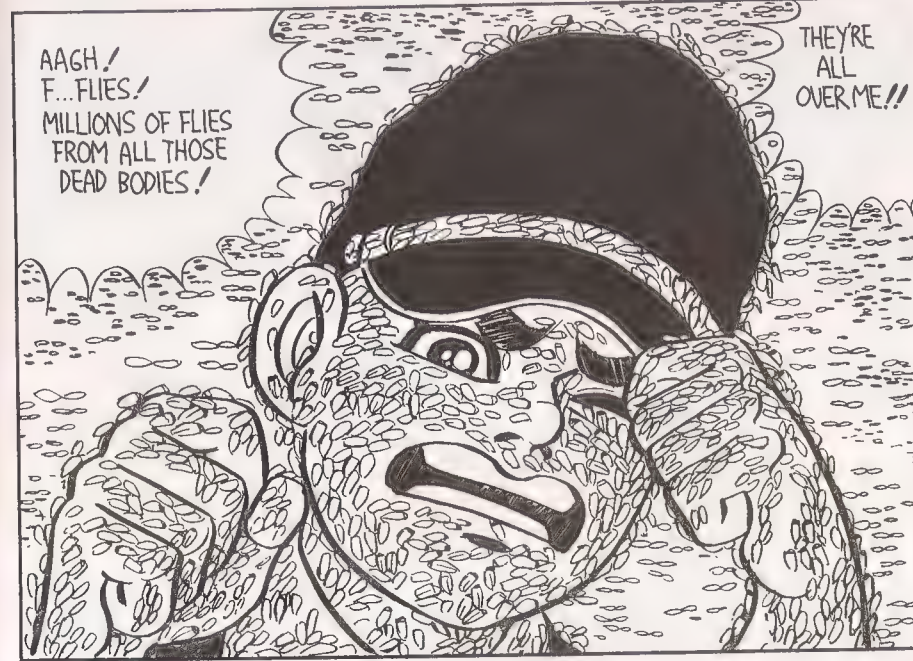
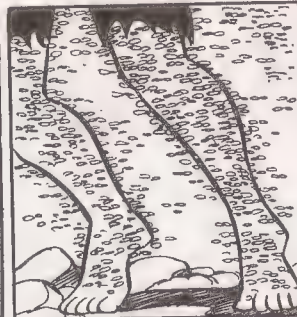
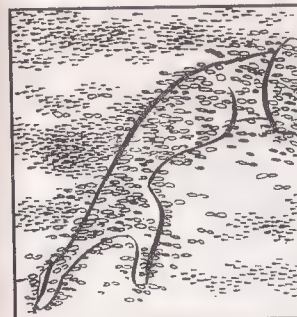
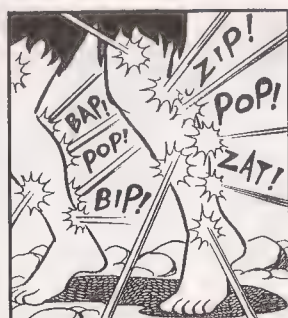
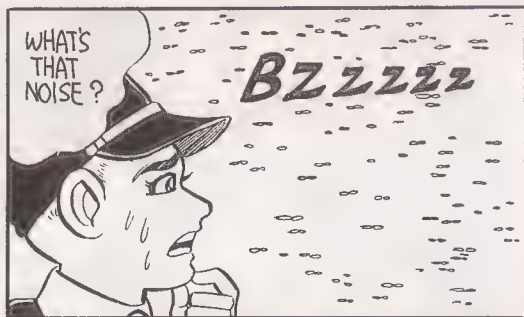
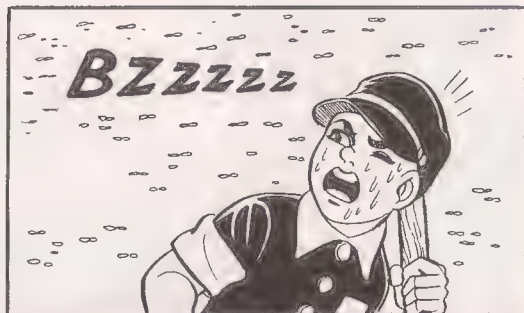
THE RADIOACTIVITY ATE INTO
THE BODIES OF HEALTHY PEOPLE
AND BEGAN TO DESTROY
THEIR CELLS...
THE ATOMIC BOMB'S SECOND
HORROR HAD ALREADY BEGUN:
RADIATION POISONING...







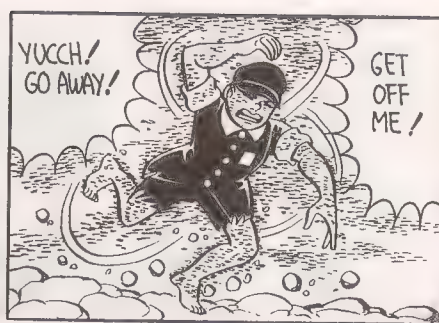






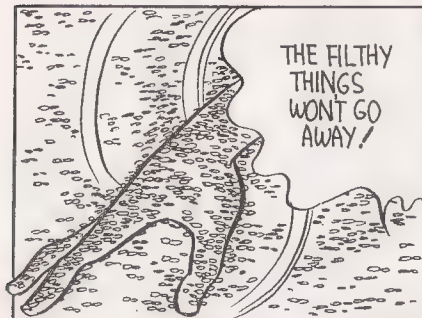
OUCH!
THEY'RE
GETTING IN
MY EYES!

... AND IN
MY EARS,
TOO!

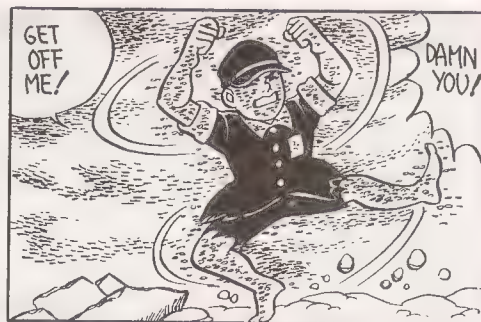


YUCCH!
GO AWAY!

GET
OFF
ME!

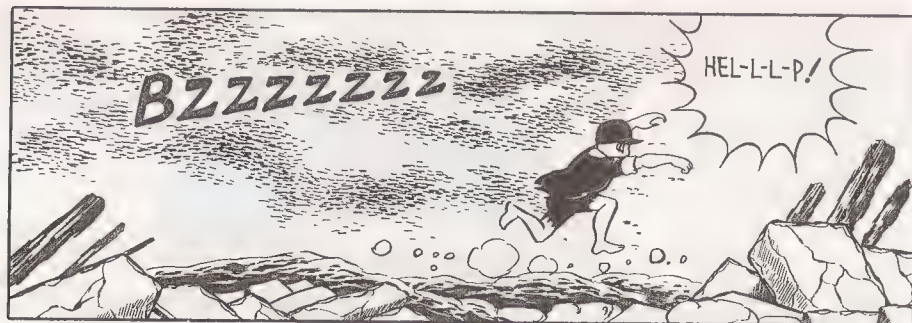


THE FILTHY
THINGS
WON'T GO
AWAY!



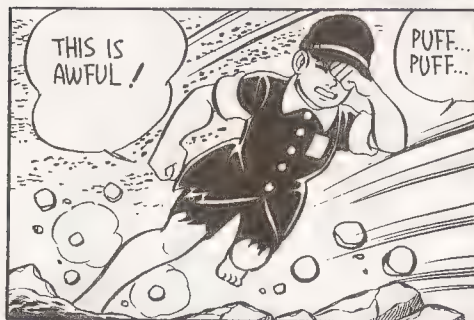
GET
OFF
ME!

DAMN
YOU!



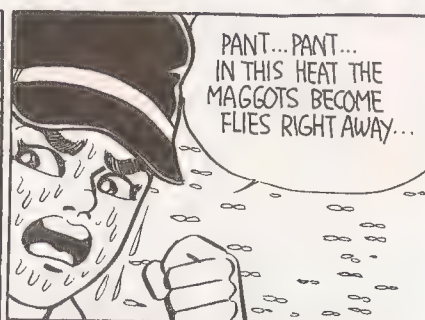
Bzzzzzzzzzz

HEL-L-L-P!

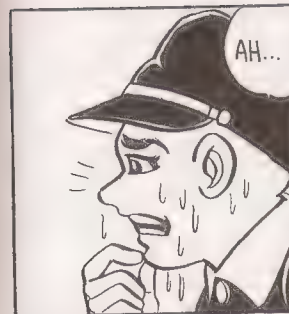


THIS IS
AWFUL!

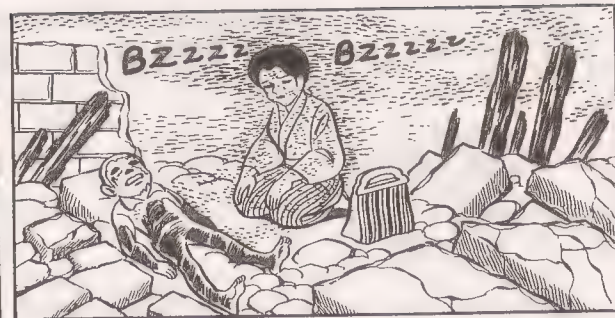
PUFF...
PUFF...



PANT... PANT...
IN THIS HEAT THE
MAGGOTS BECOME
FLIES RIGHT AWAY...

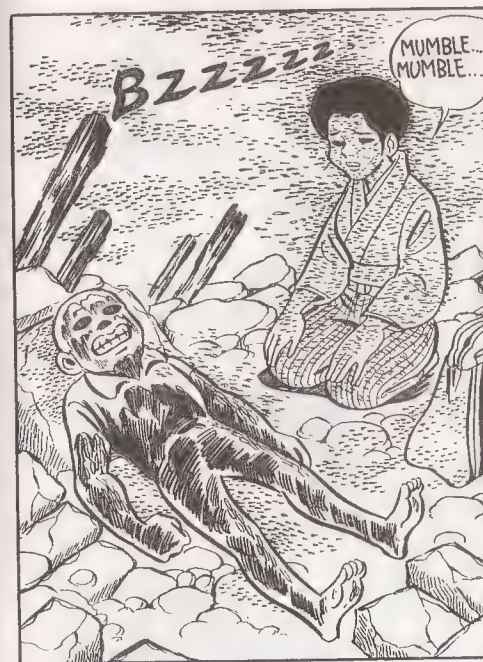


AH...



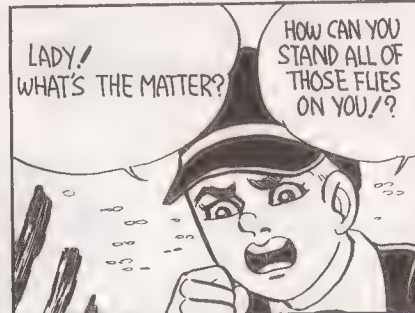
Bzzzzzz

Bzzzzzz



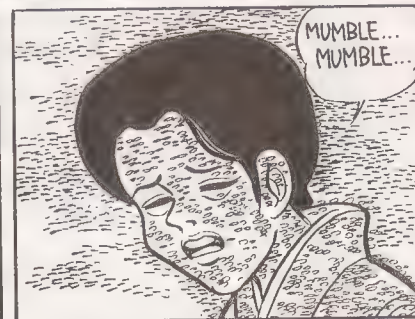
Bzzzzzz

MUMBLE...
MUMBLE...

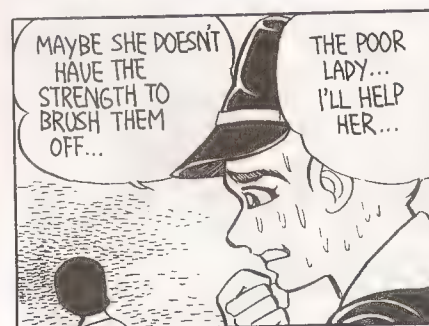


LADY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HOW CAN YOU
STAND ALL OF
THOSE FLIES
ON YOU!?



MUMBLE...
MUMBLE...

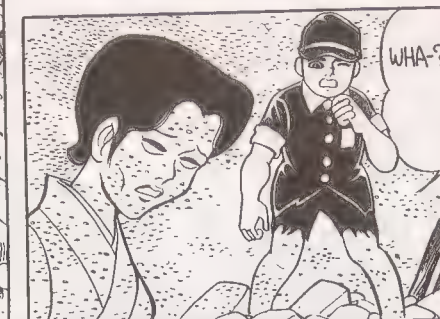
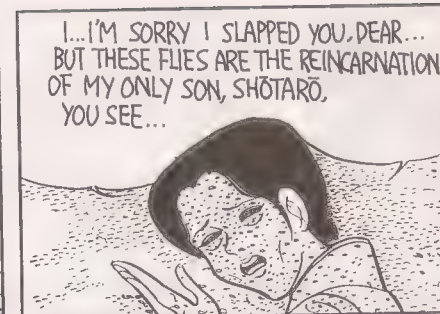
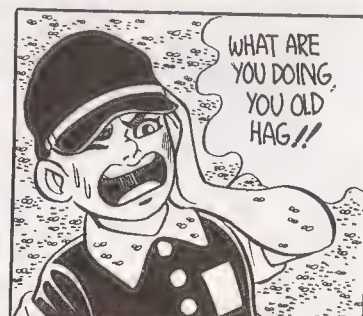
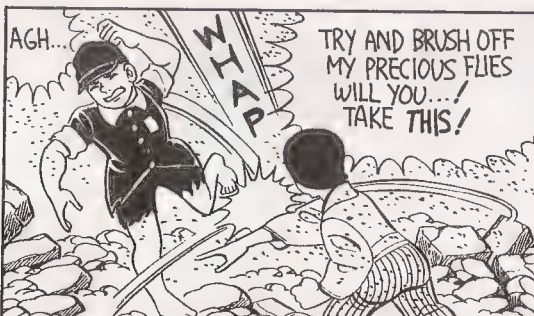
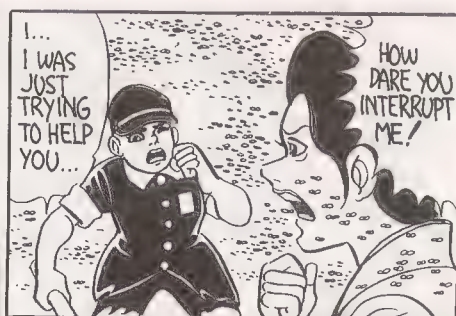
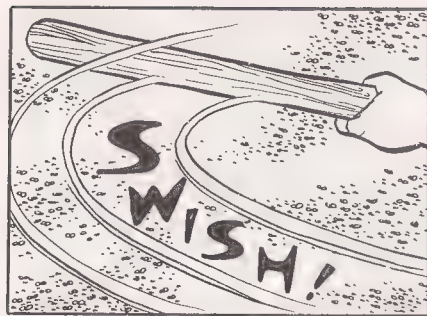


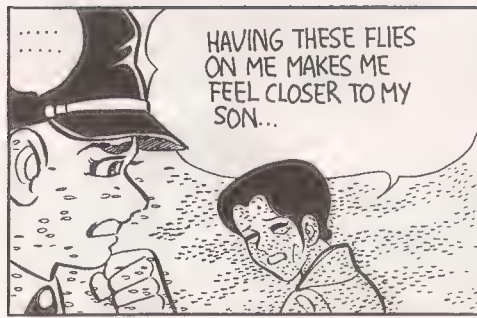
MAYBE SHE DOESN'T
HAVE THE
STRENGTH TO
BRUSH THEM
OFF...

THE POOR
LADY...
I'LL HELP
HER...

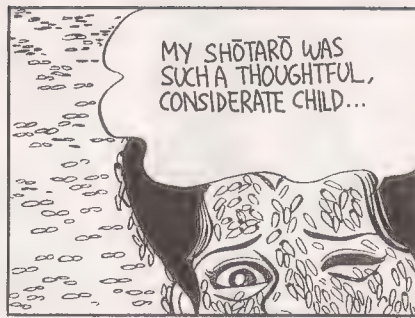


GET AWAY
YOU FLIES!
GET OFF!





.....
HAVING THESE FLIES
ON ME MAKES ME
FEEL CLOSER TO MY
SON...



MY SHŌTARŌ WAS
SUCH A THOUGHTFUL,
CONSIDERATE CHILD...

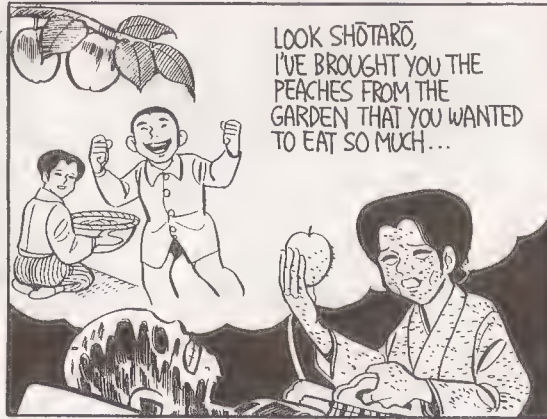


OH...OH...
WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?
MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN THE WAR...
AND NOW MY ONLY SON IS DEAD, TOO.

HOW CAN I
KEEP LIVING...



HE HAD JUST
ARRIVED TO VISIT
RELATIVES IN
HIROSHIMA WHEN
THIS HAPPENED...



LOOK SHŌTARŌ,
I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE
PEACHES FROM THE
GARDEN THAT YOU WANTED
TO EAT SO MUCH...



HE WAS SO
HEALTHY AND
HAPPY ONLY
THREE DAYS AGO...



SHŌTARŌ, PLEASE CALL TO
YOUR MOTHER ONE MORE TIME...
PLEASE...
PLEASE...



HERE...
EAT...



IS IT
GOOD?

I HAVE
MANY,
SO EAT
ALL YOU
WANT...



HERE,
HAVE
ONE.

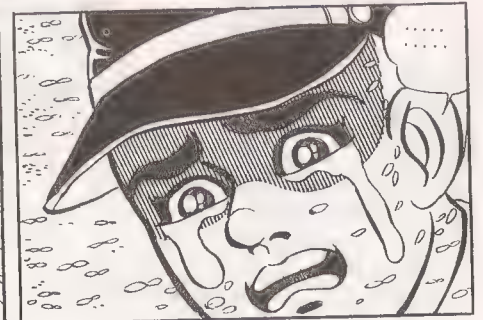
R...REALLY?
IS IT ALL RIGHT
IF I TAKE ONE?



GEE,
I'M SORRY
I CALLED YOU
AN OLD HAG,
MA'AM...

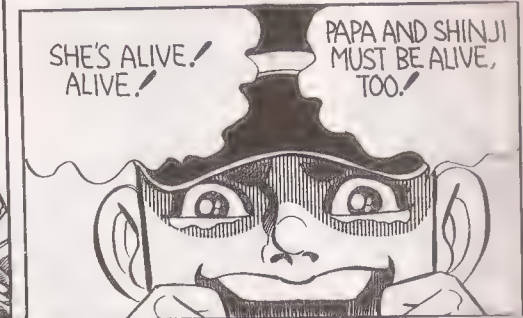
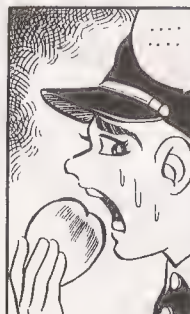
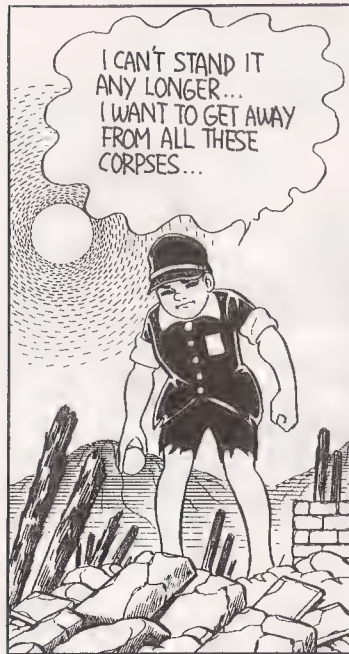
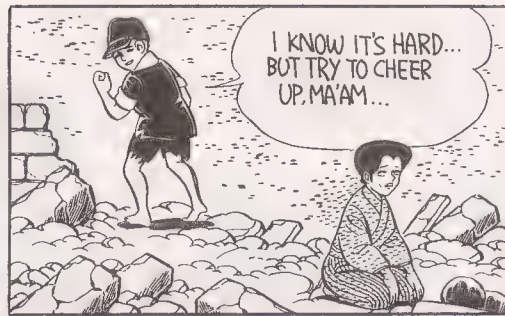


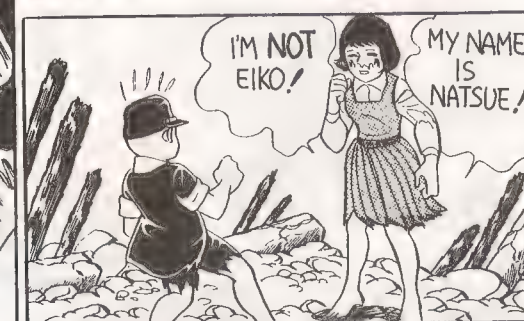
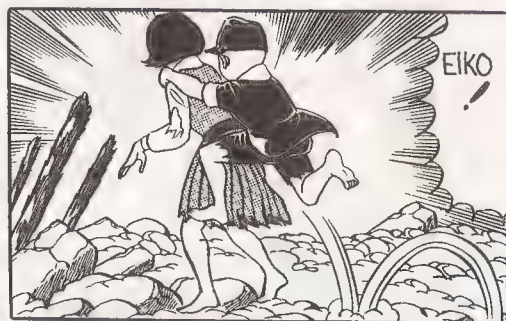
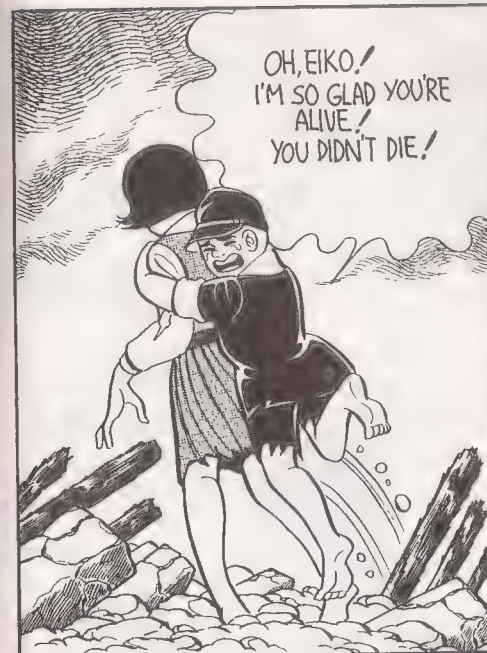
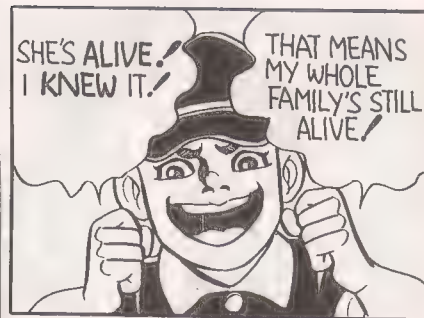
SOB...
SOB...
OH
SHŌTARŌ...

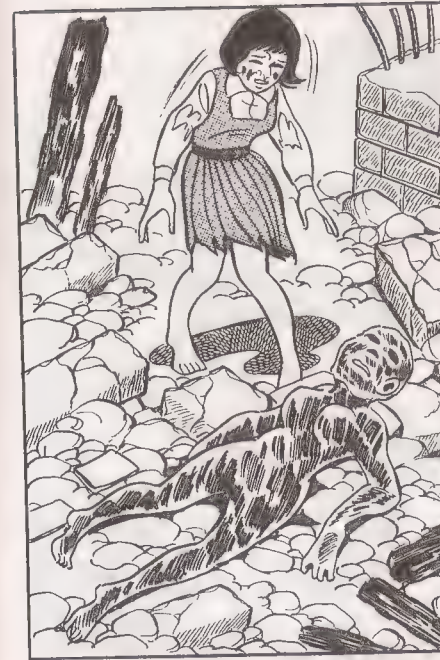
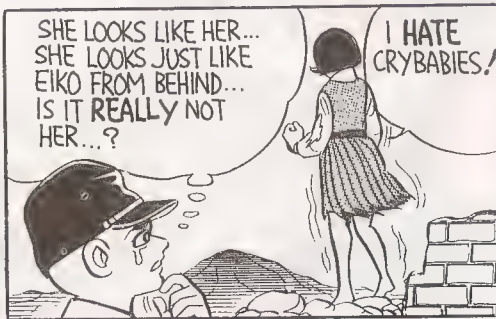
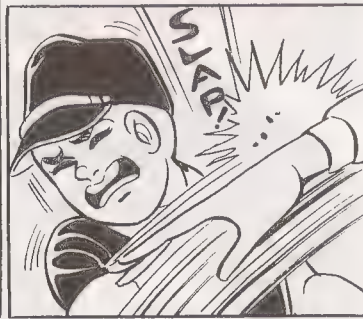
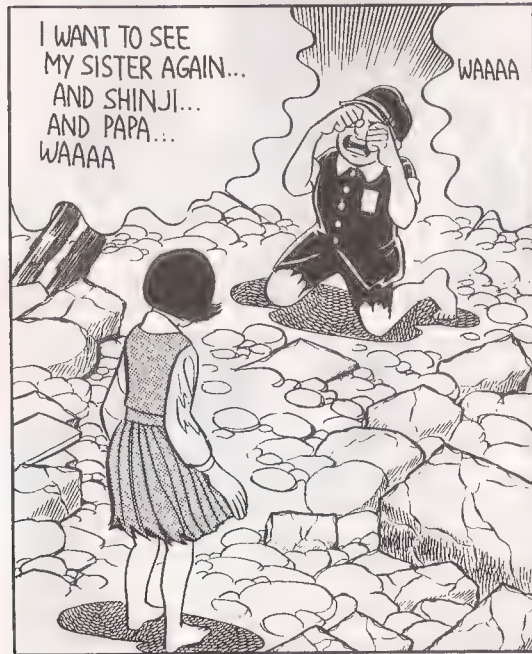
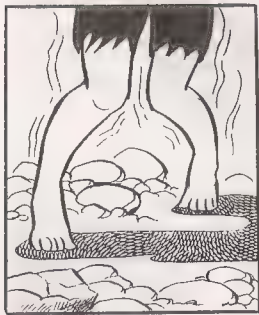


SOB...
S...
SOB...

D...DON'T GIVE
UP, MA'AM...







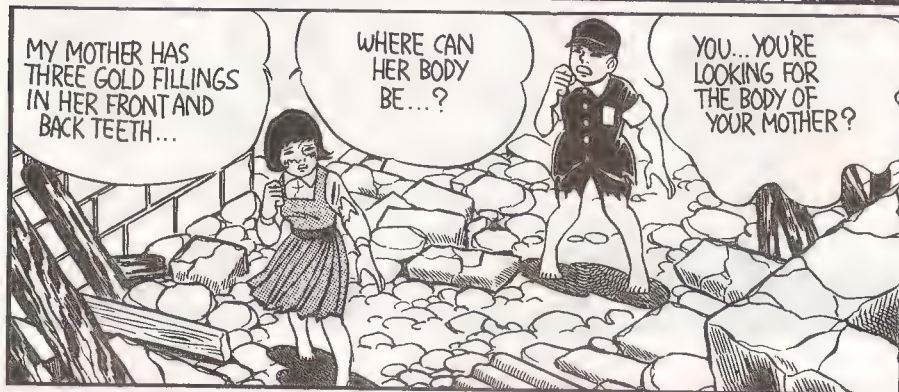


NOT THIS ONE EITHER...



I'VE LOOKED IN HUNDREDS OF MOUTHS BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND HER YET...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



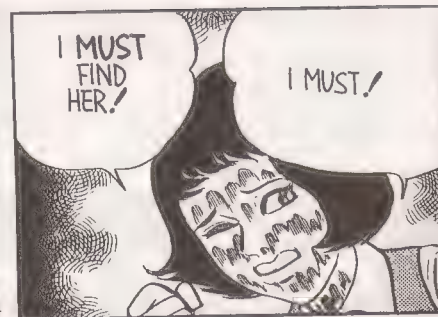
MY MOTHER HAS THREE GOLD FILLINGS IN HER FRONT AND BACK TEETH...

WHERE CAN HER BODY BE...?

YOU... YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE BODY OF YOUR MOTHER?



I'M SURE IT WAS AROUND HERE THAT WE BECAME SEPARATED... SHE SHOULD BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

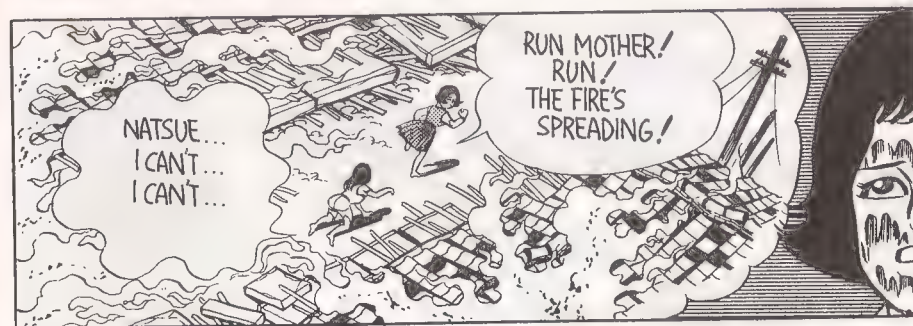


I MUST FIND HER!

I MUST!

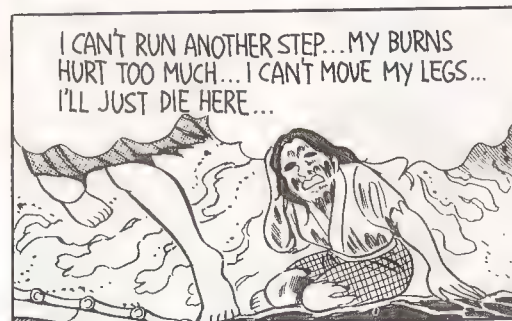


THAT AWFUL FIRE... IT TOOK MY MOTHER...



NATSUE... I CAN'T... I CAN'T...

RUN MOTHER! RUN! THE FIRE'S SPREADING!

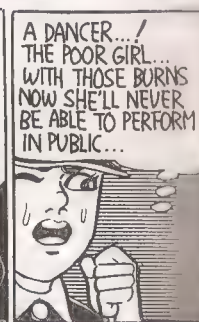
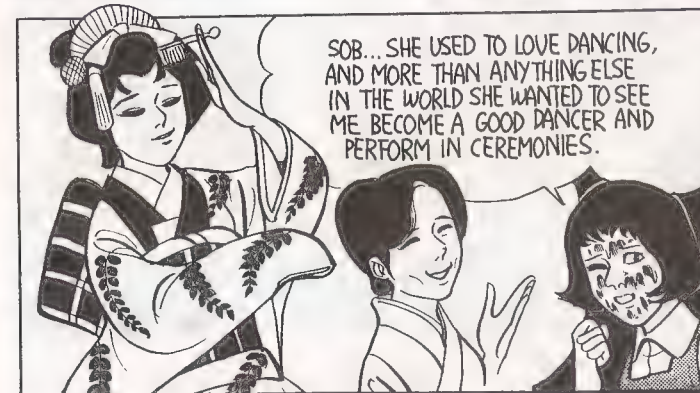
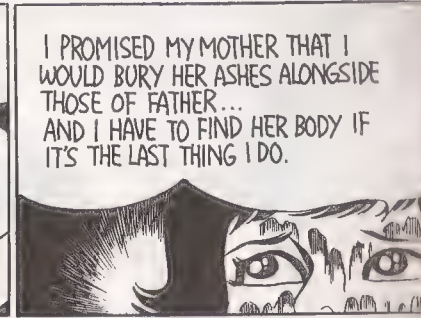
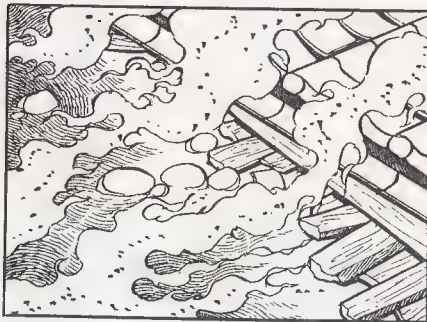
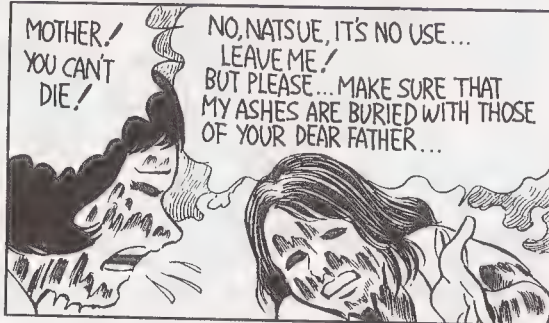
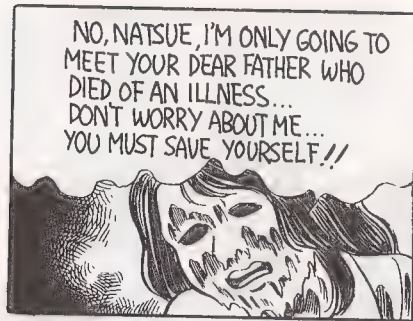


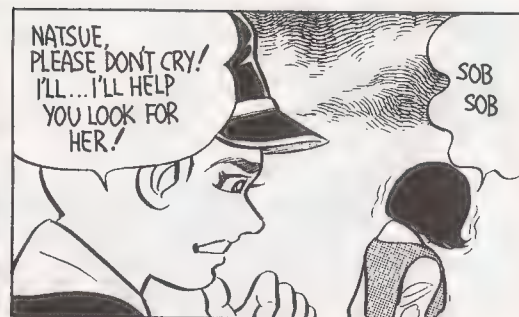
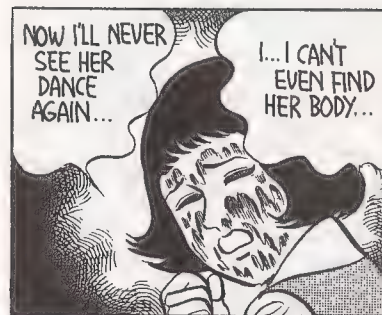
I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER STEP... MY BURNS HURT TOO MUCH... I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS... I'LL JUST DIE HERE...

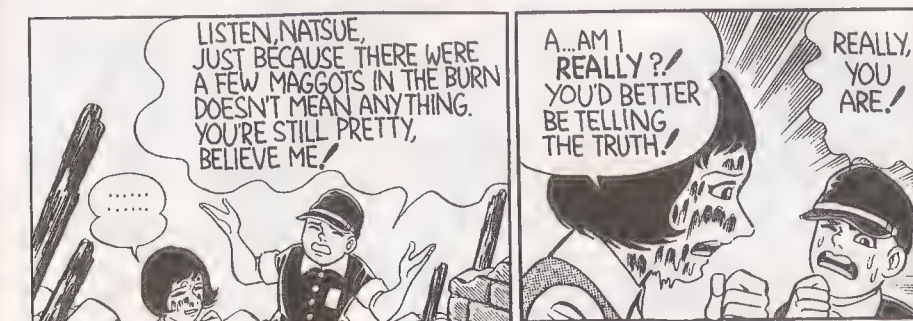
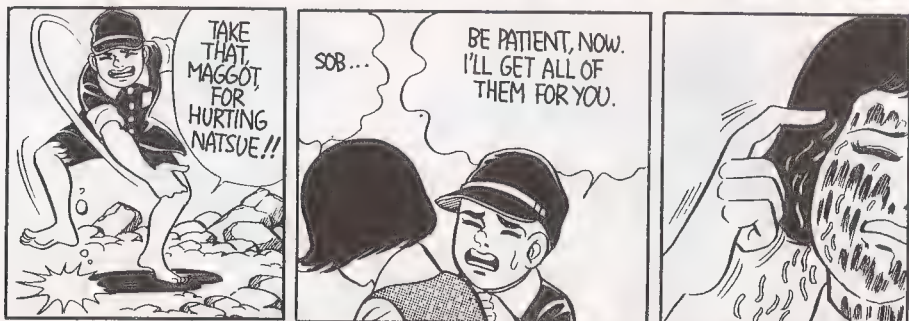
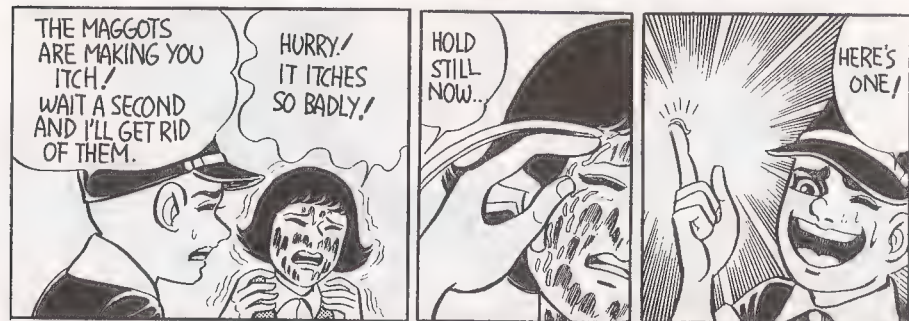


AAGH... NATSUE... PLEASE PUT MY BONES IN THE GRAVE WITH YOUR FATHER...

DON'T SAY THAT MOTHER!

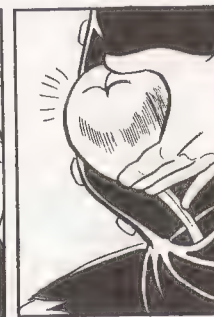
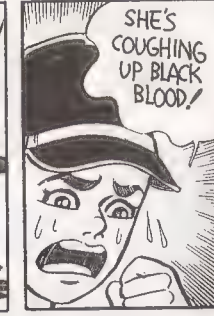
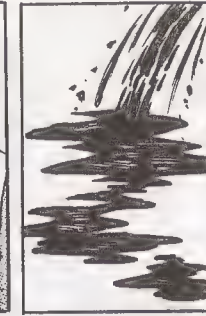


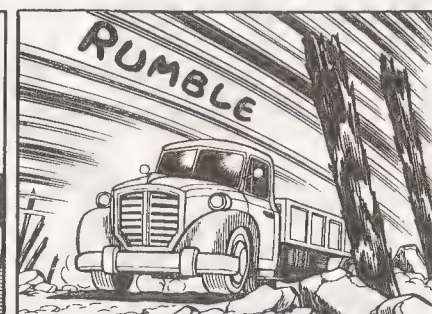
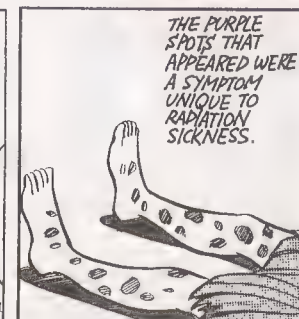
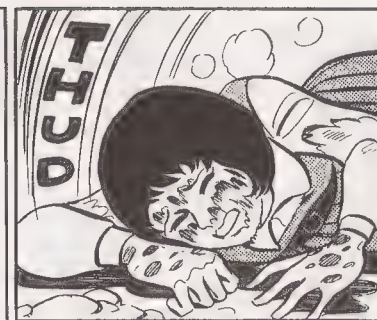


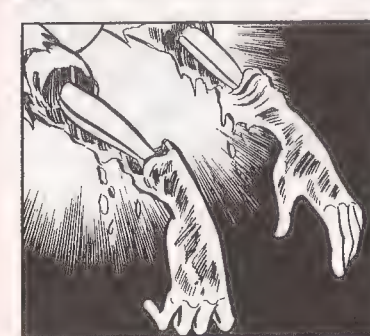
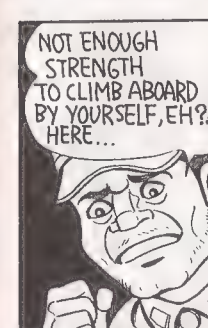
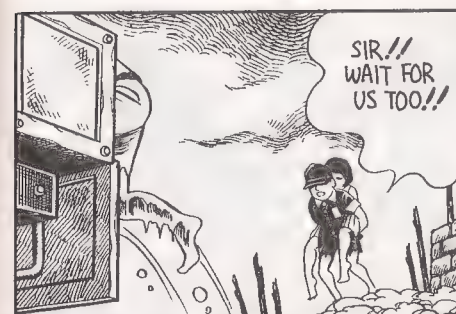
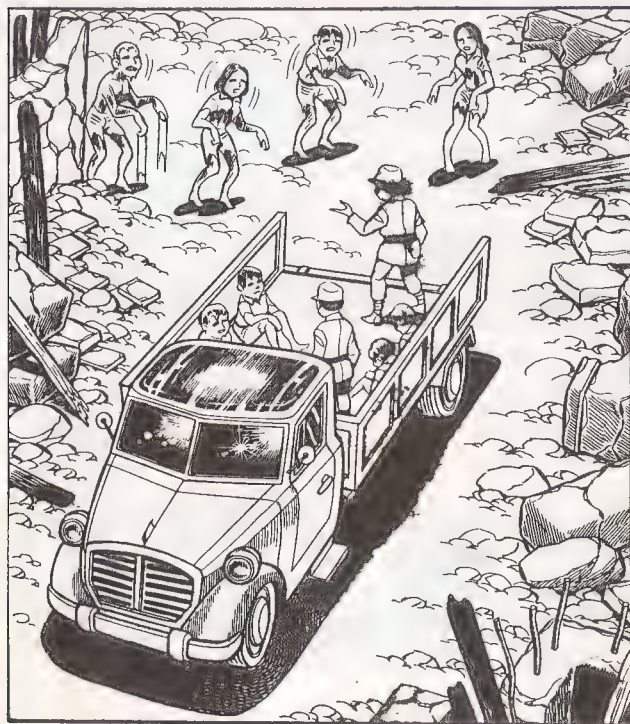
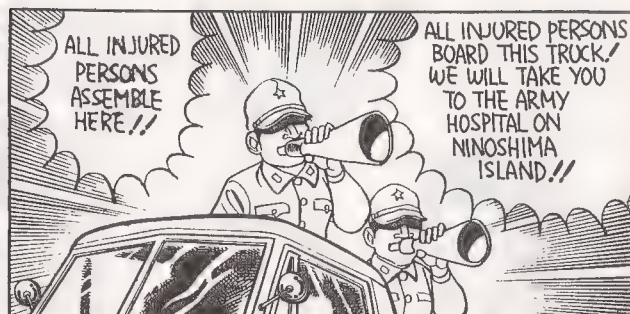
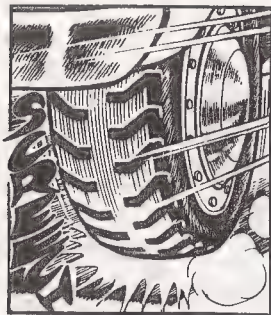


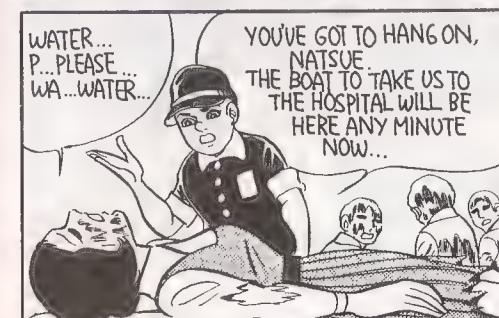
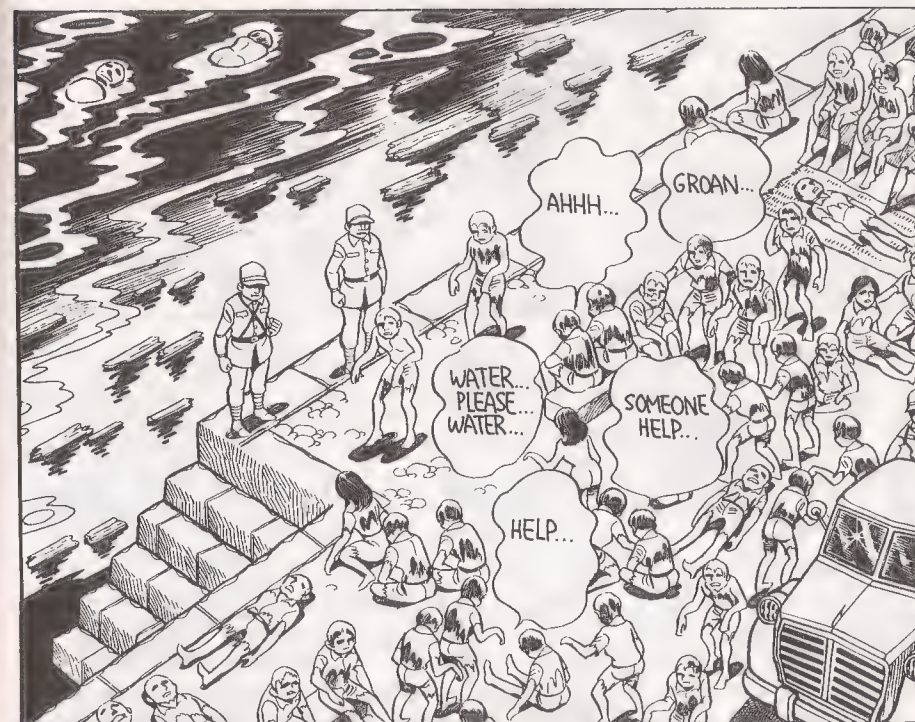
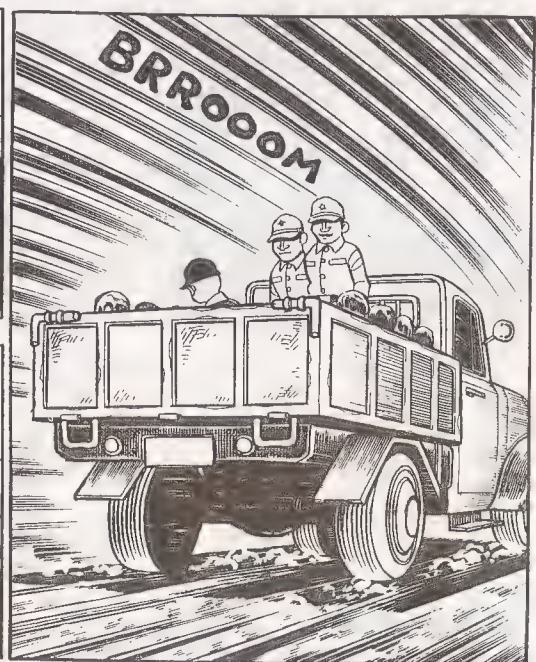
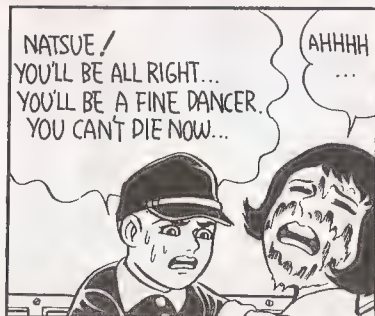


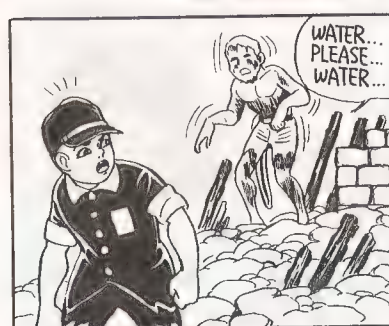
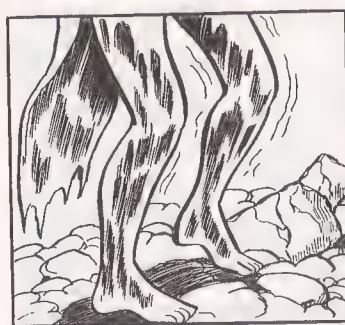
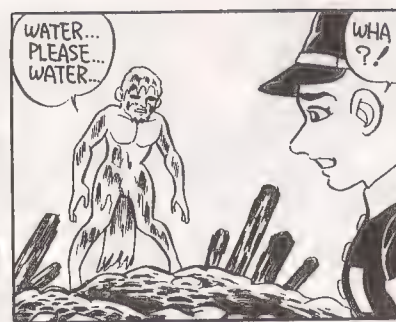
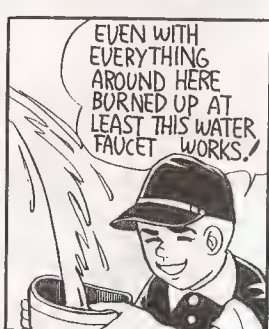
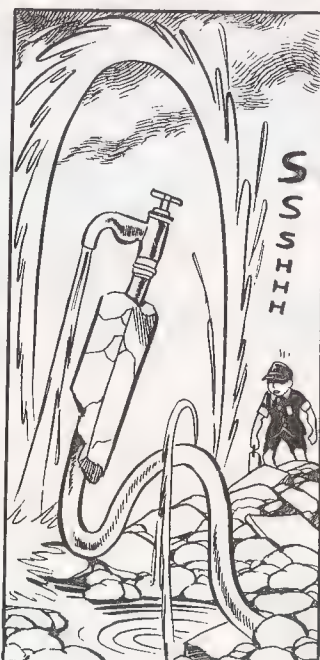
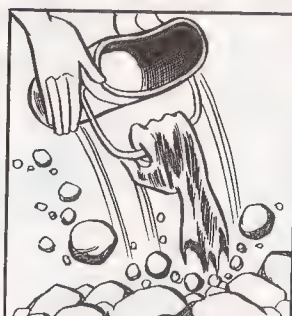
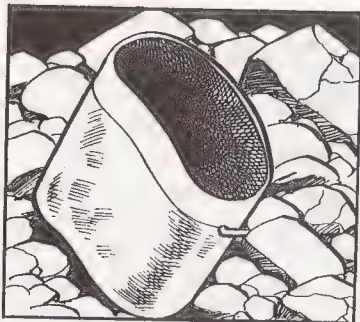
HOURS LATER...

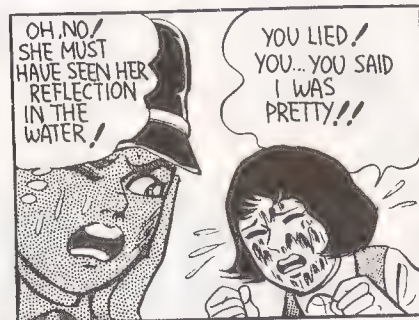
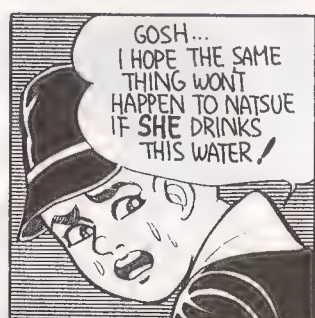
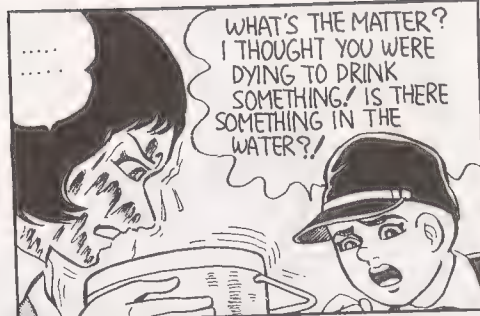


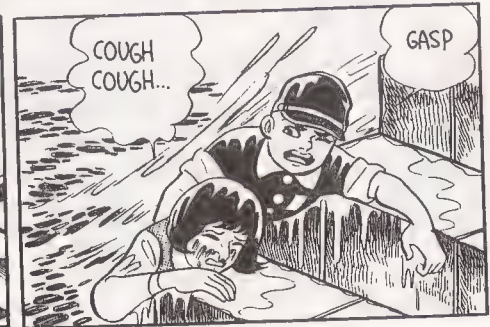
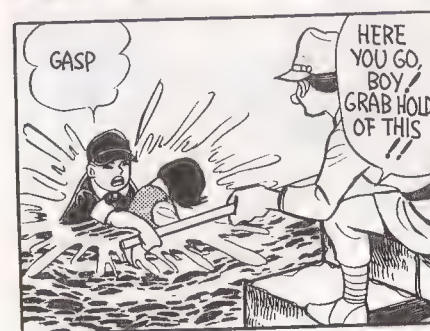
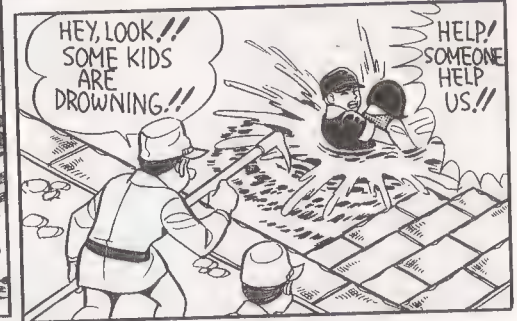
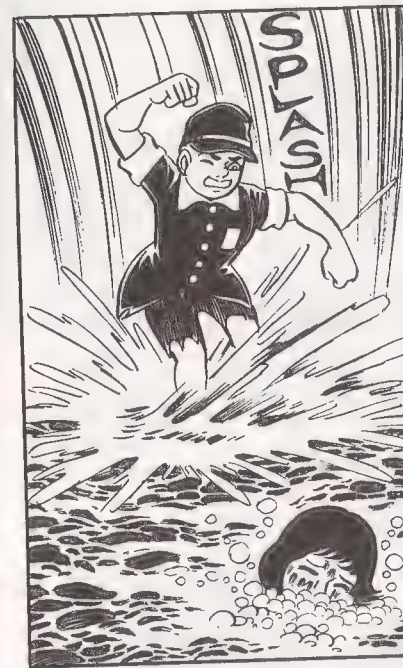
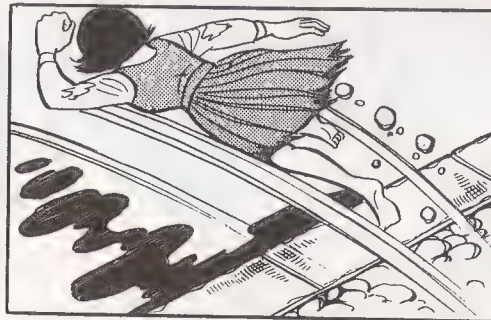


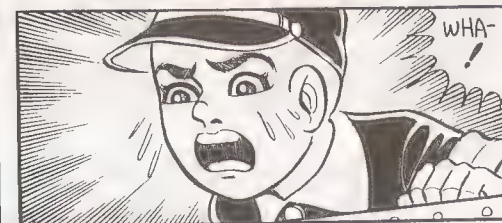
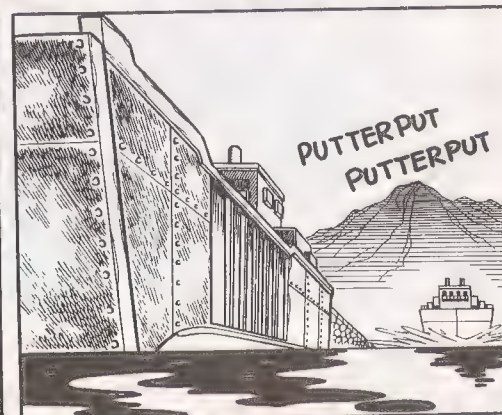
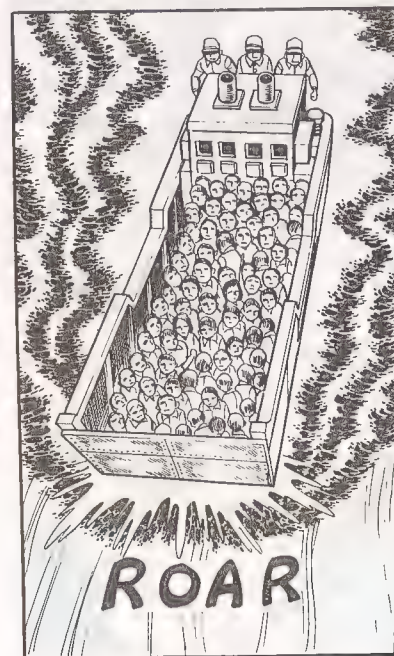
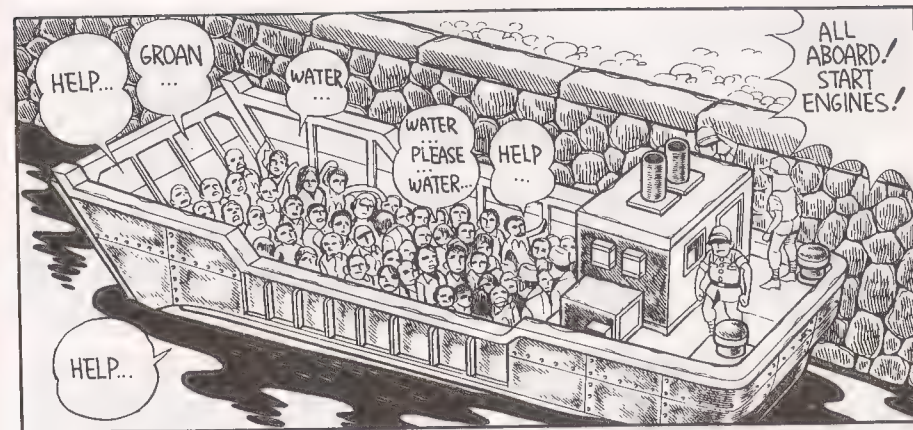
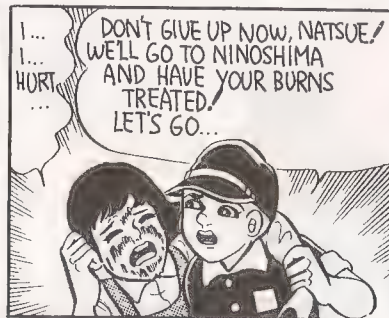
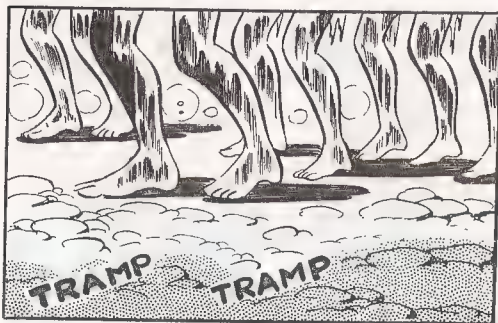
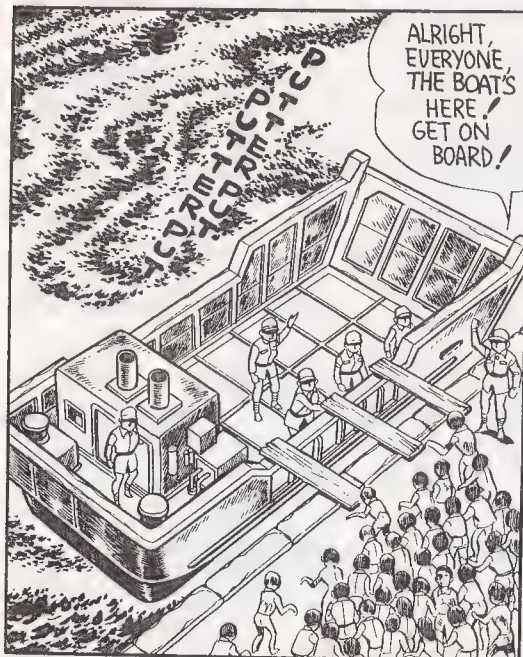
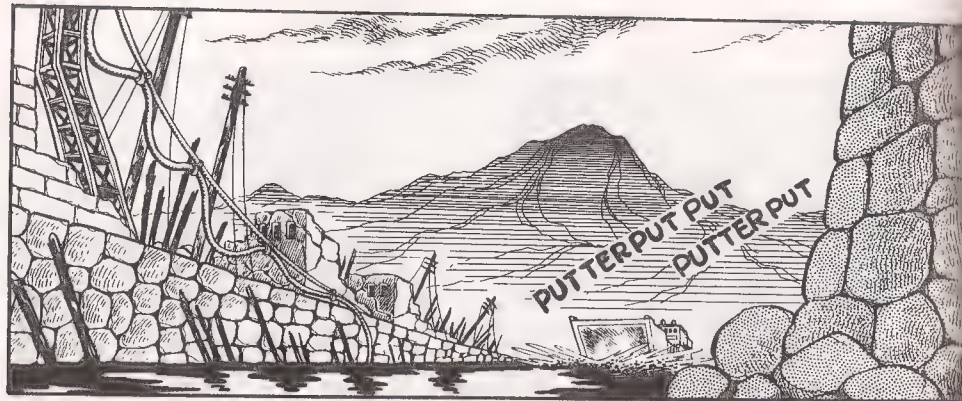


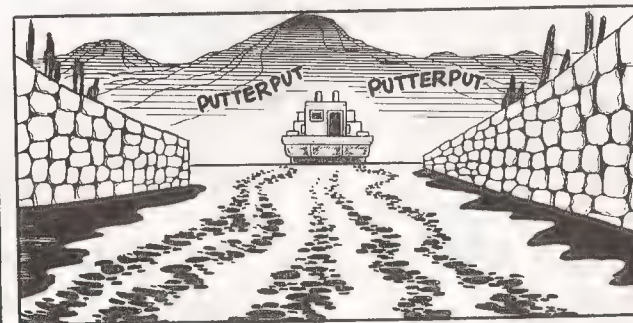
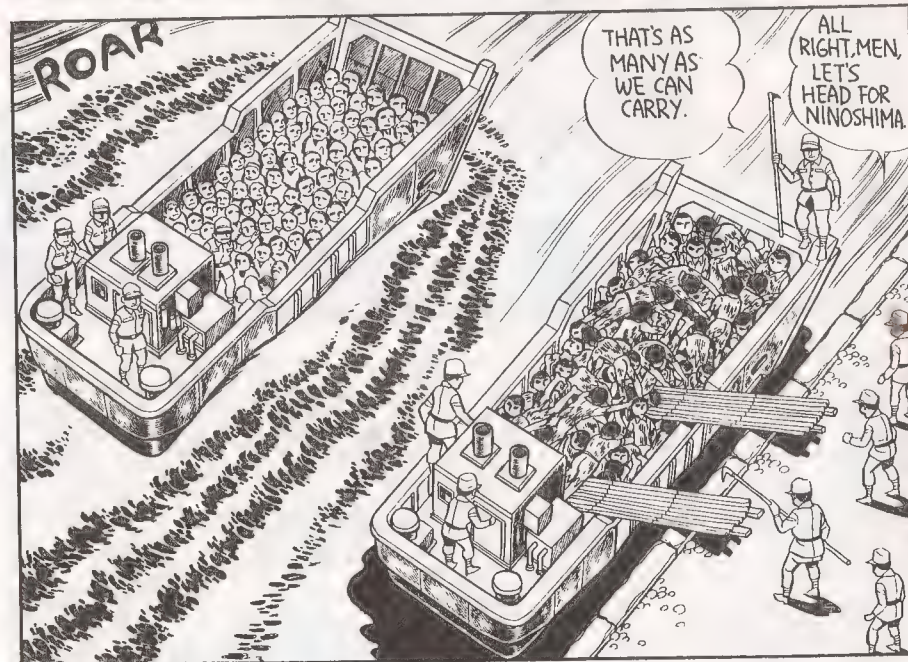
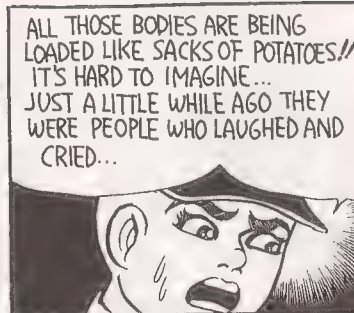
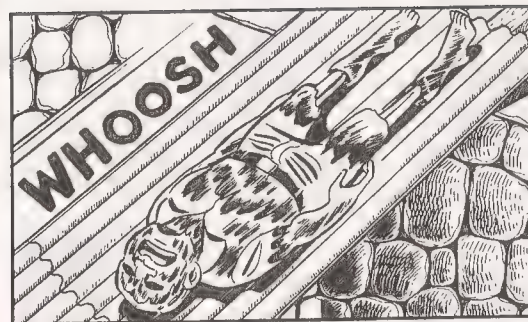
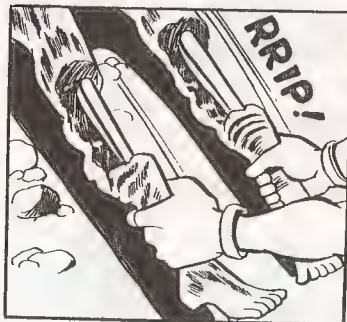
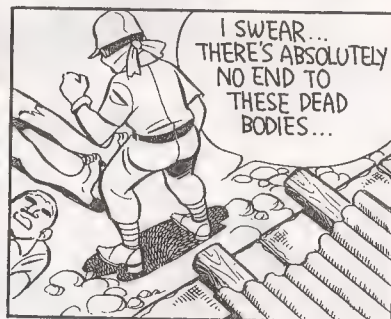


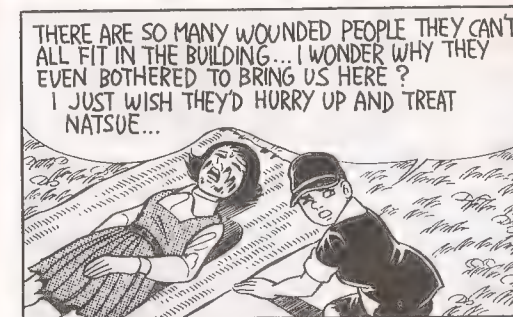
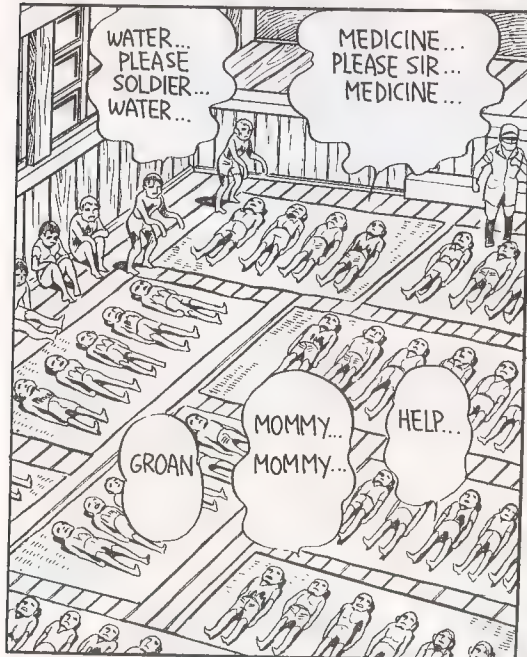
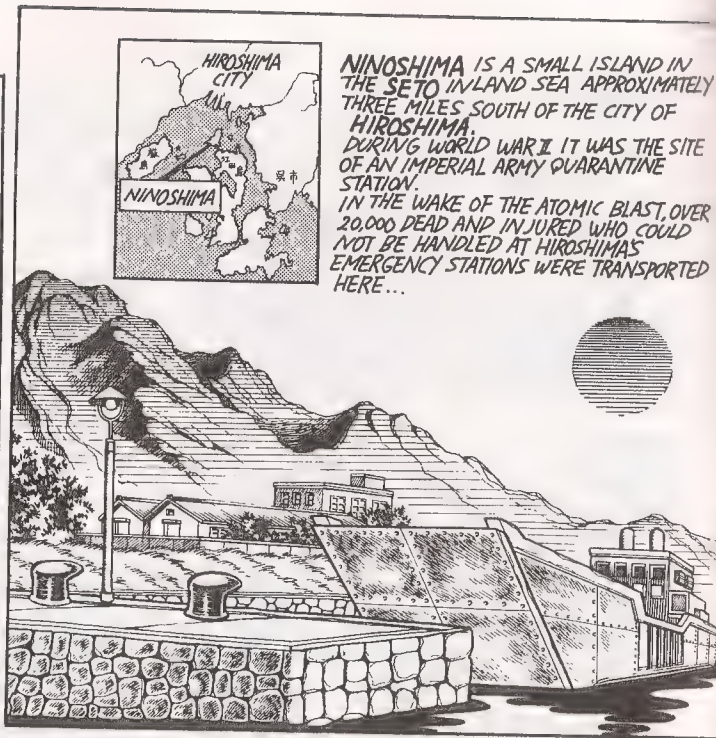


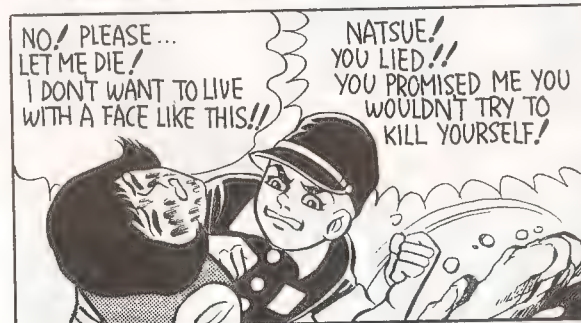
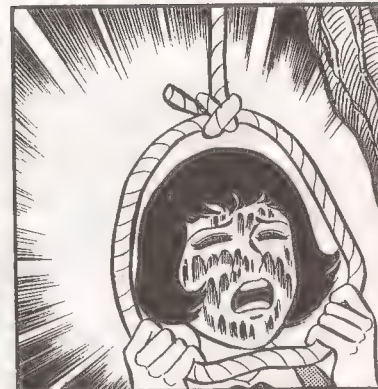
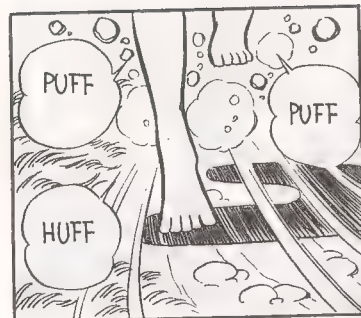
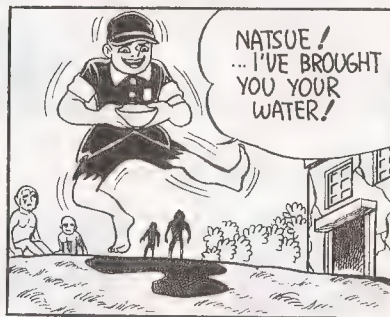


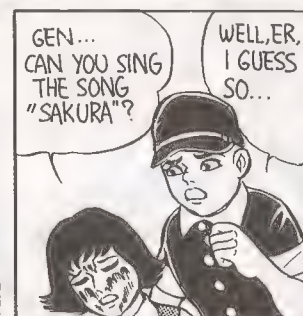
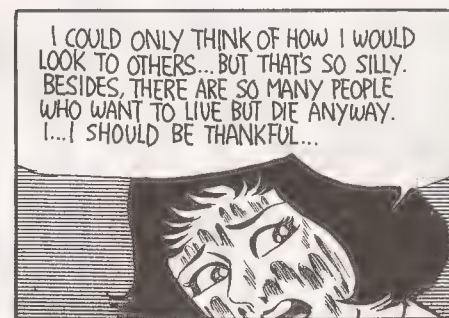
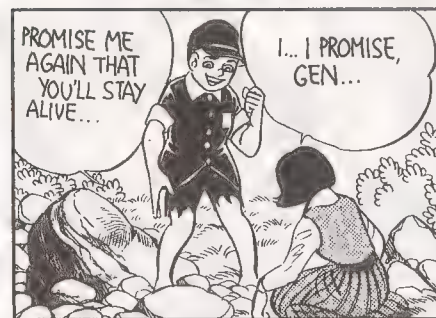
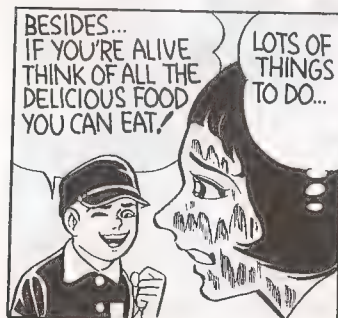
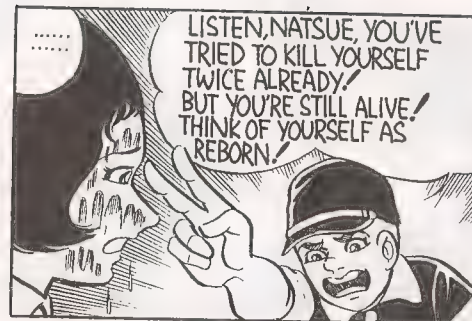












*"SAKURA": ONE OF JAPAN'S MOST BELOVED SONGS, TELLS OF THE BLOOMING OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS (SAKURA) IN EARLY SPRING.



IZAYA
IZAYA



MI~
NI~
YU~
KA~N



WHEW...

HOW
WAS
I?!



NATSUE...
YOU WERE
FANTASTIC
!!

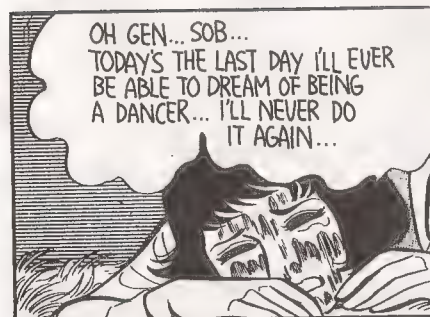


SNIFF...

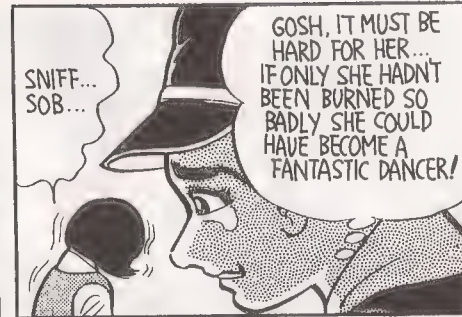


NATSUE!
WHAT'S
THE MATTER
NOW?!

S
O
B



OH GEN... SOB...
TODAY'S THE LAST DAY I'LL EVER
BE ABLE TO DREAM OF BEING
A DANCER... I'LL NEVER DO
IT AGAIN...



SNIFF...
SOB...

GOSH, IT MUST BE
HARD FOR HER...
IF ONLY SHE HADN'T
BEEN BURNED SO
BADLY SHE COULD
HAVE BECOME A
FANTASTIC DANCER!



I KNOW IT'S
HARD FOR
YOU, NATSUE,
BUT YOU'LL
MAKE IT.!!

OH, GEN...
I KNOW...
I'LL STAY
ALIVE...



I'LL STAY
ALIVE NO
MATTER
WHAT!

NATSUE...
I... I
BELIEVE
YOU THIS
TIME...



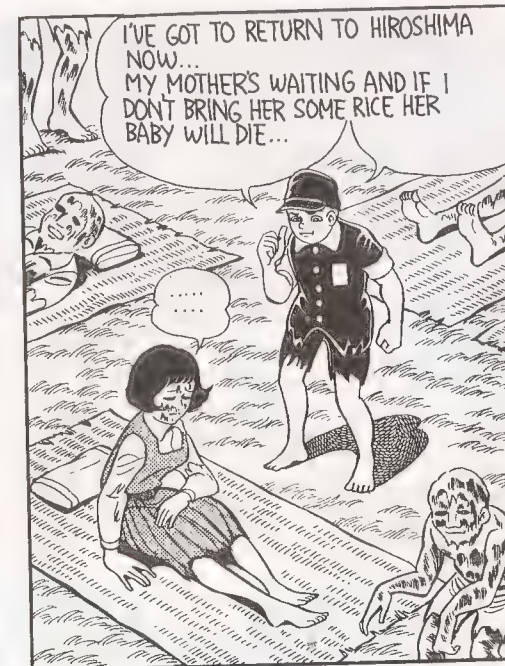
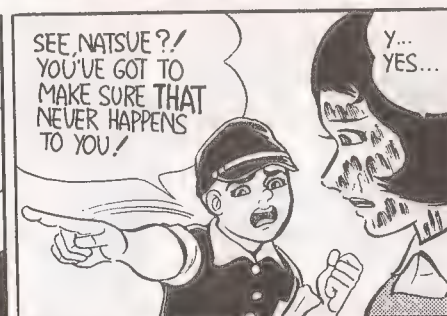
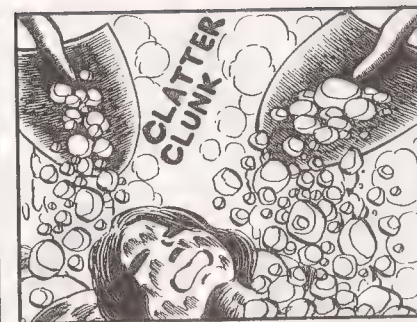
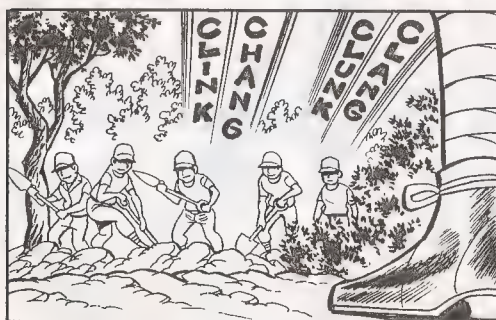
TH...
THANK
YOU...

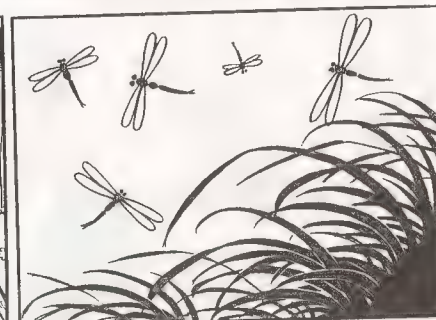
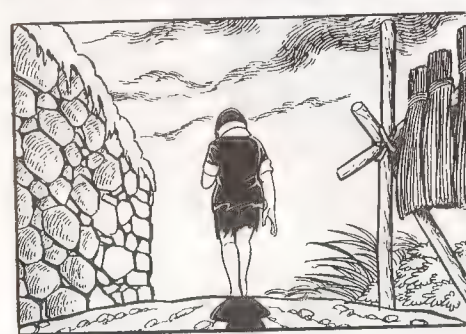
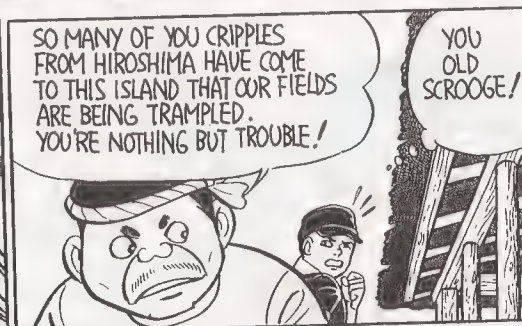
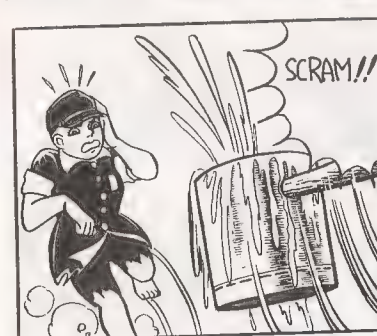
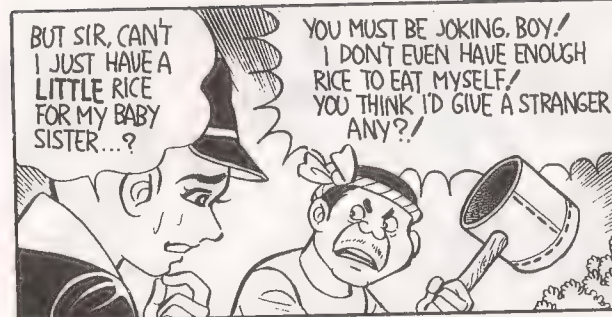
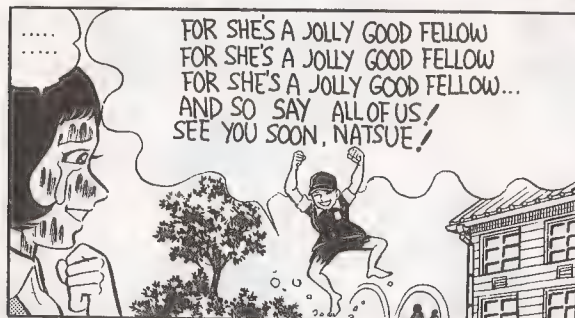
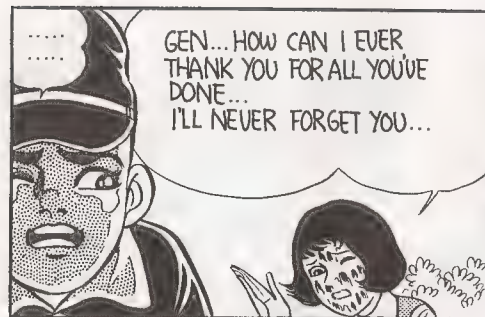
MAKE SURE
THEY GIVE
YOU FIRST
AID SOON...

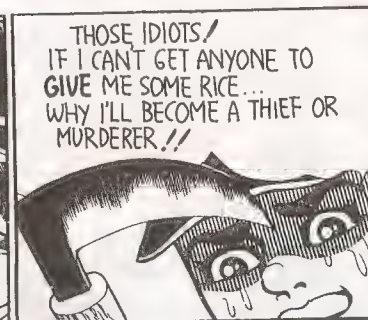
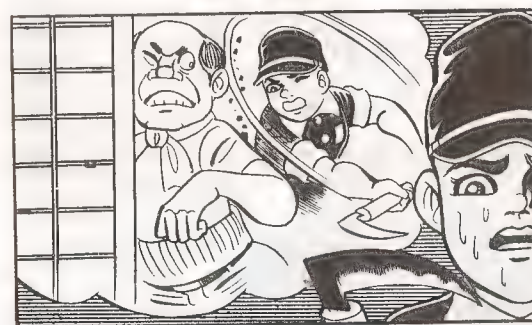
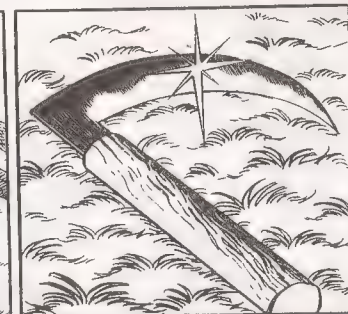
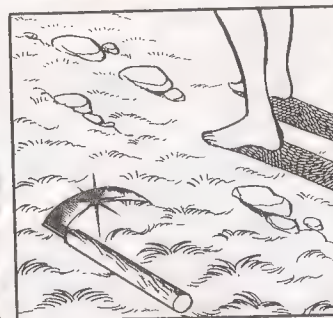
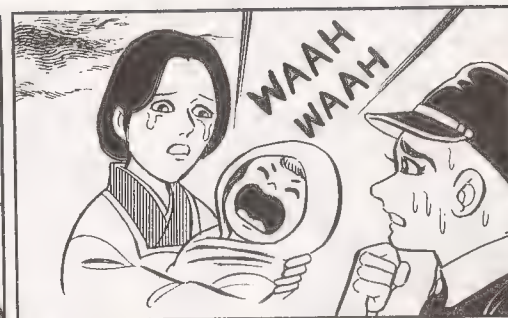
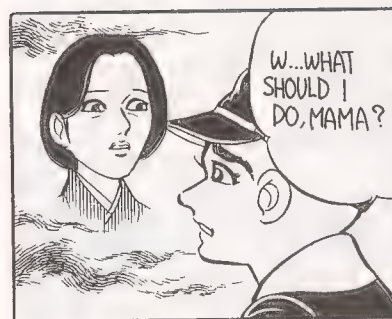
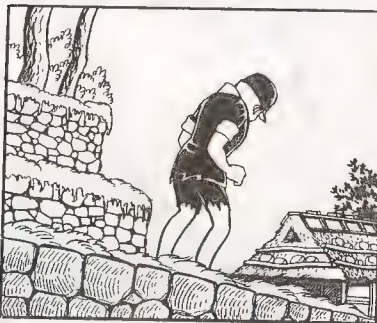


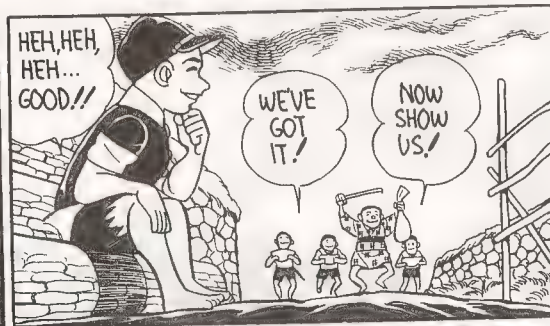
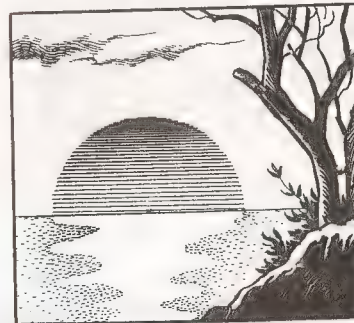
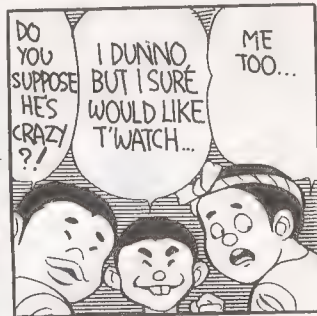
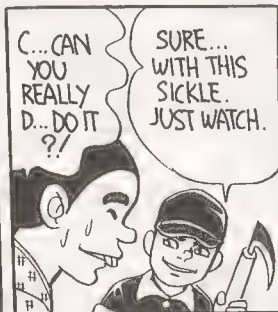
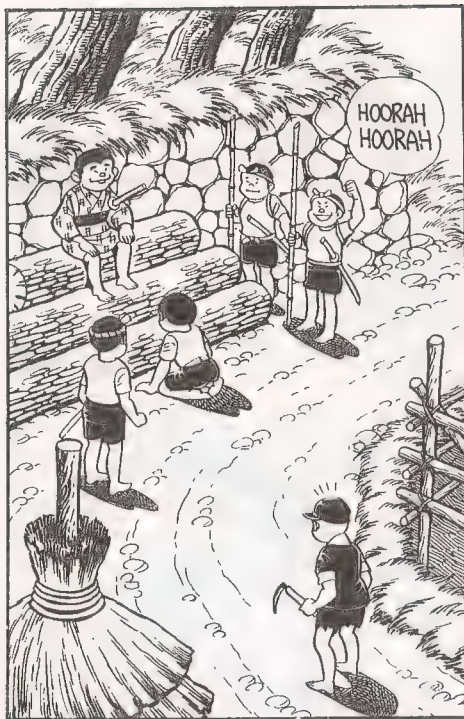
NATSUE HAD FOUND THE WILL TO LIVE,
BUT WAS SHE REALLY BETTER OFF SURVIVING?...
HERS WOULD BE A LIFE OF SUFFERING WITH
A BURNED FACE, TREATING KELOIDS* THAT
WOULD RESULT IN PERMANENT
DISFIGUREMENT...

*DISFIGURING SCAR TISSUE

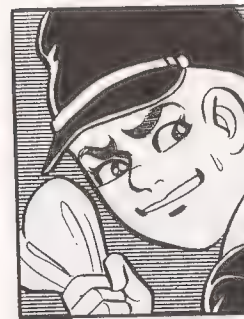
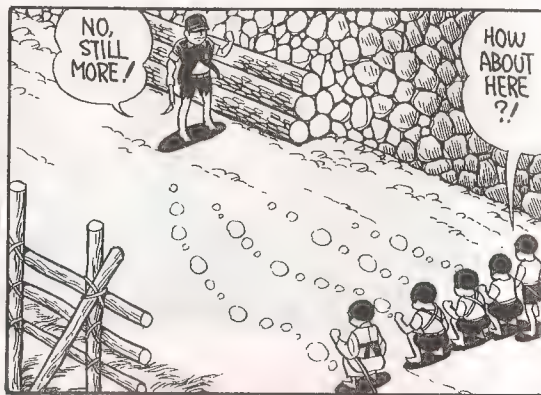
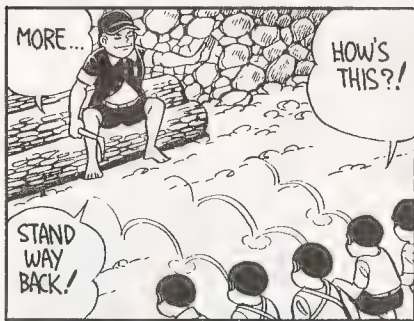
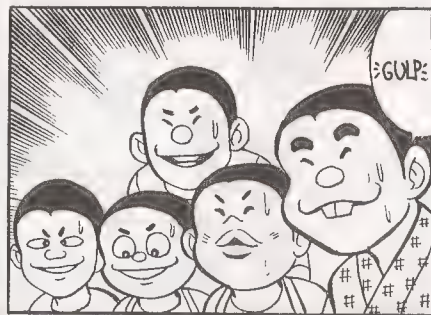
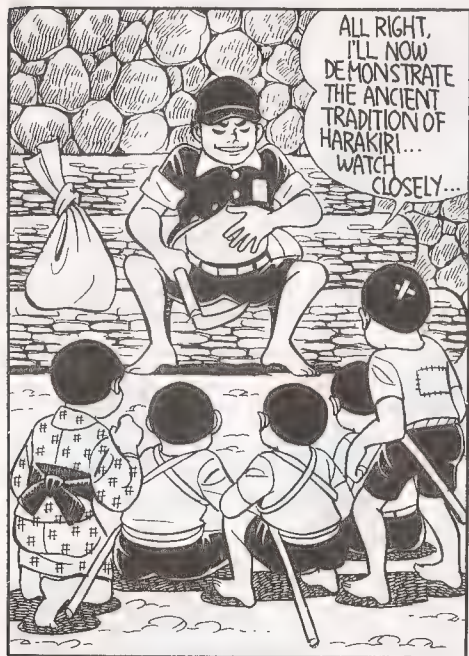


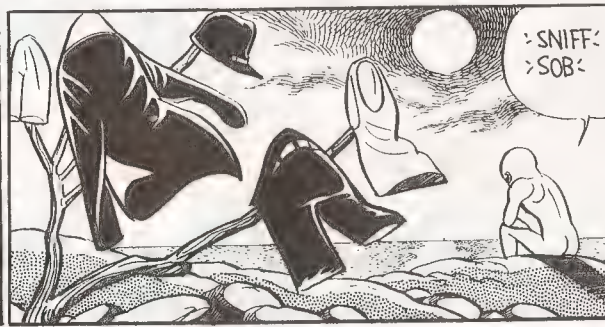
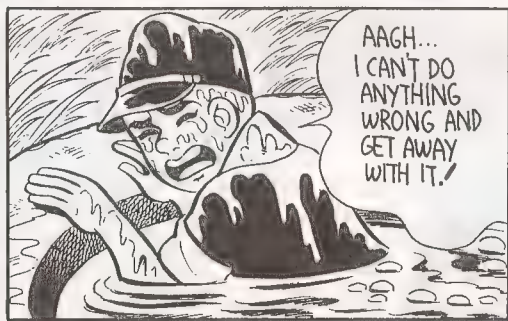
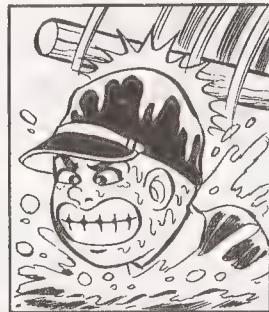


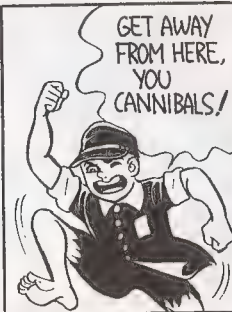
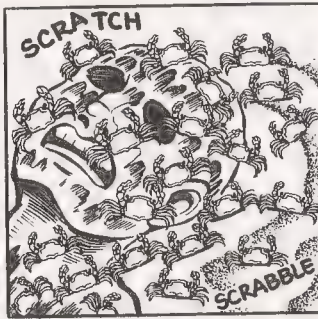
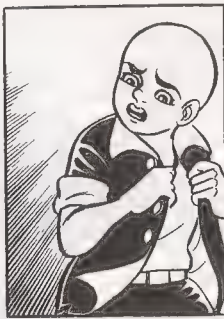
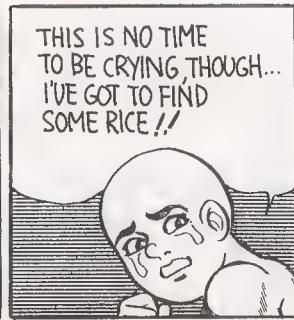
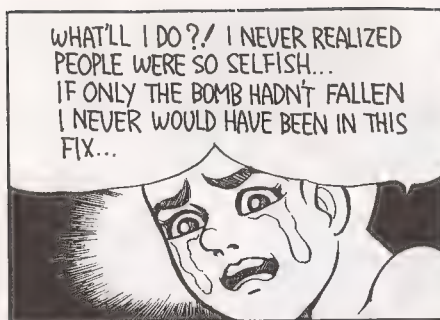




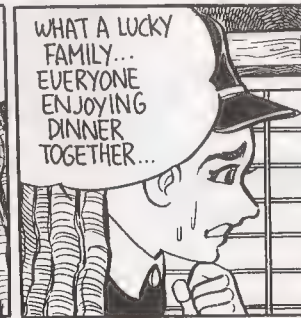
* HARAKIRI WAS USED AS A FORM OF ATONEMENT FOR CRIMES BY THE SAMURAI WARRIOR CLASS IN ANCIENT JAPAN.

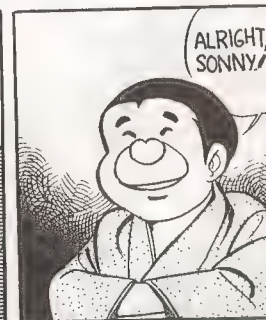


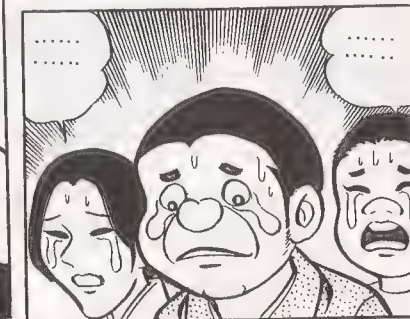
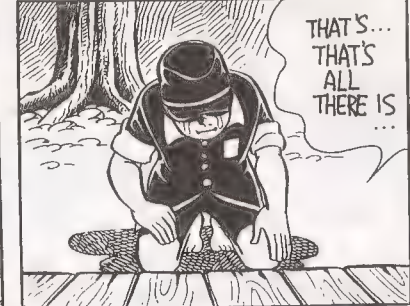
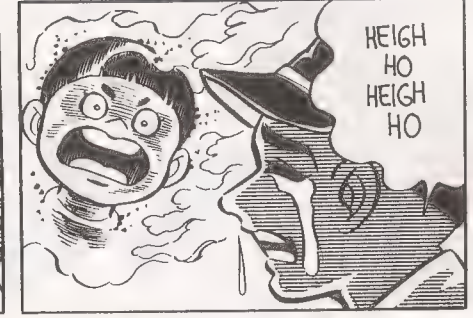
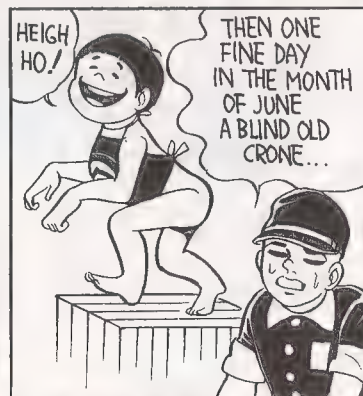
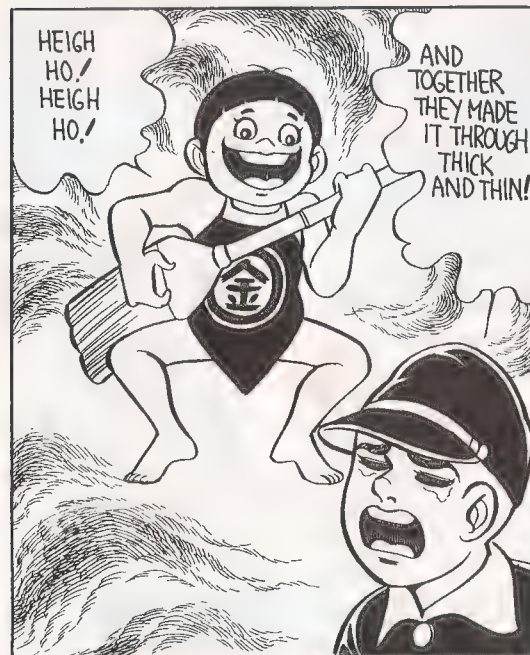
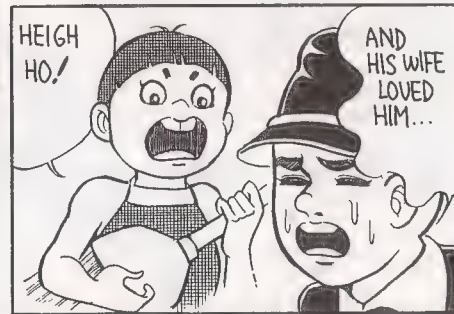
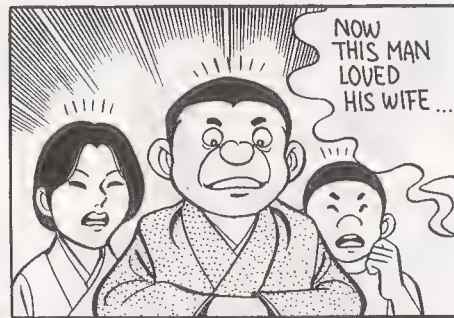
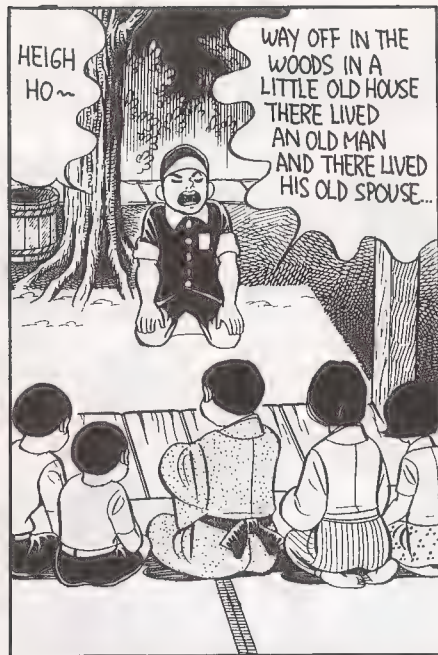


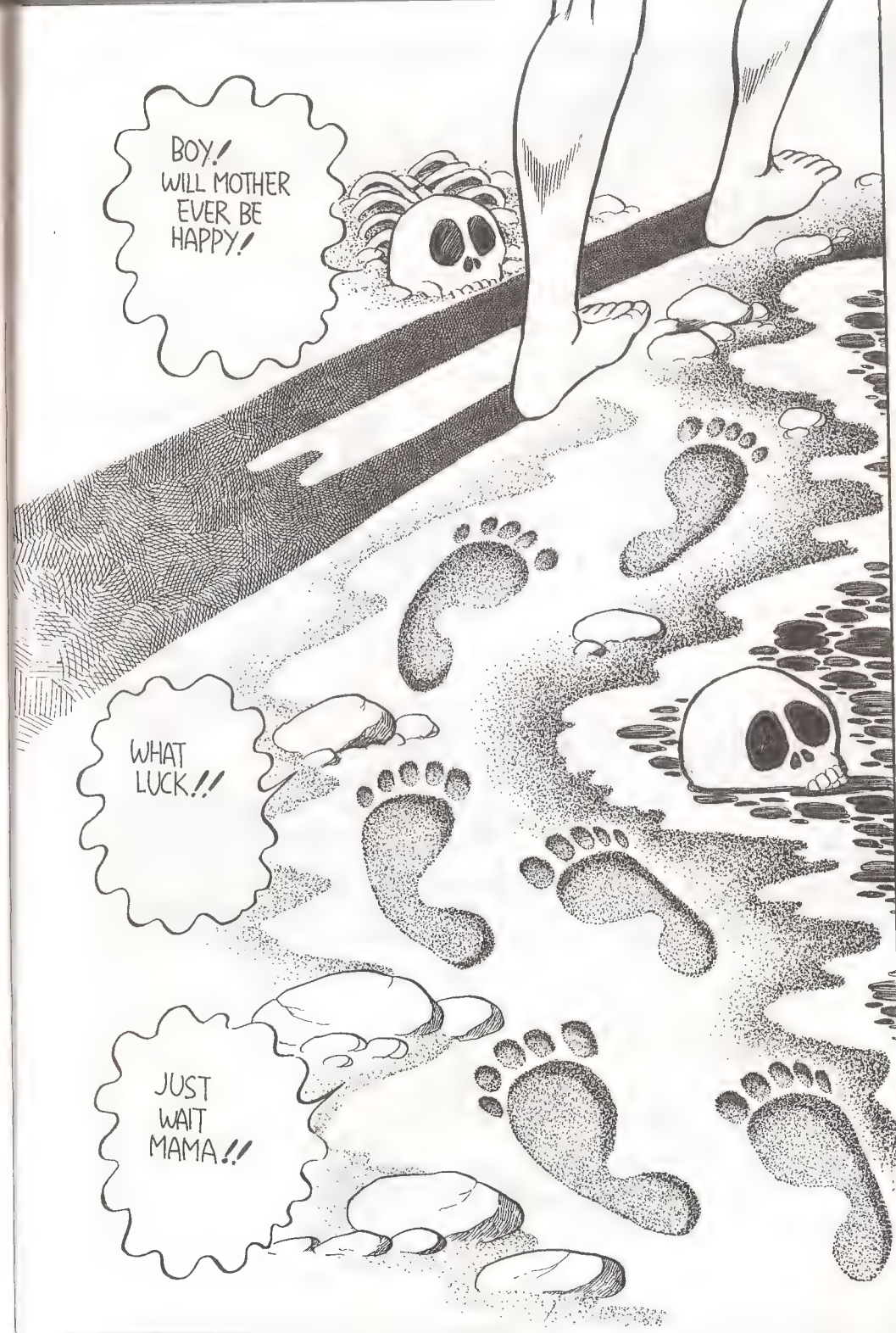
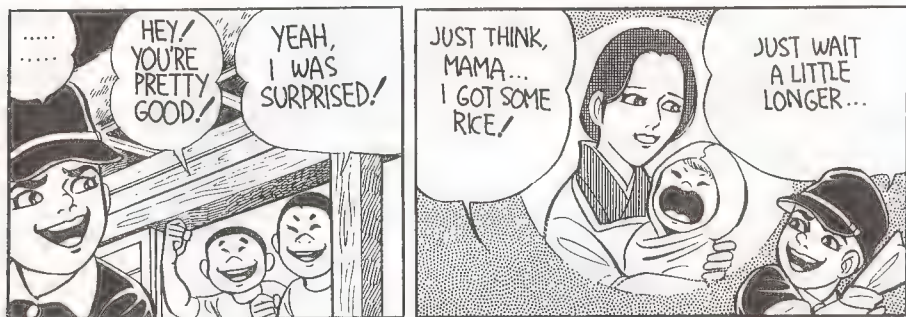


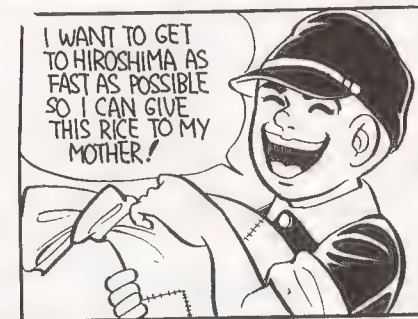
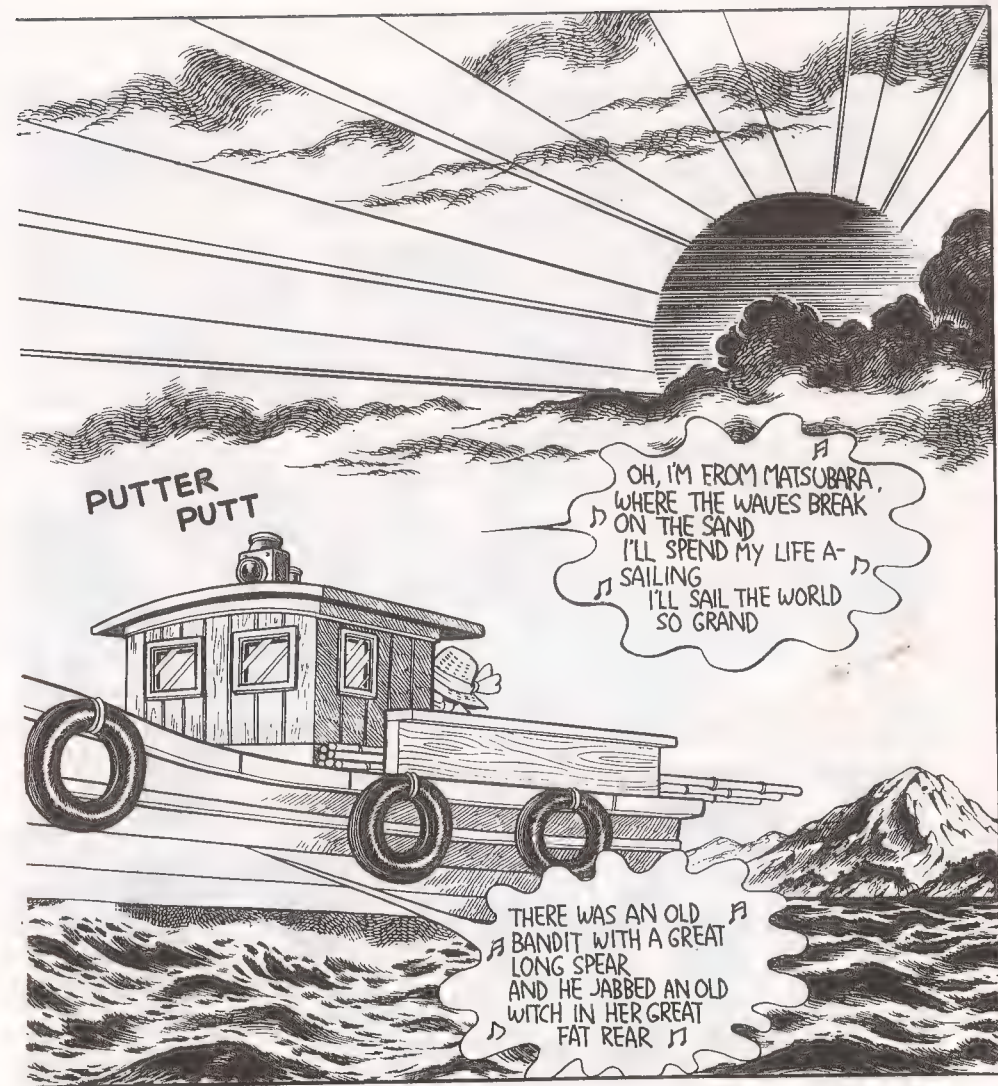
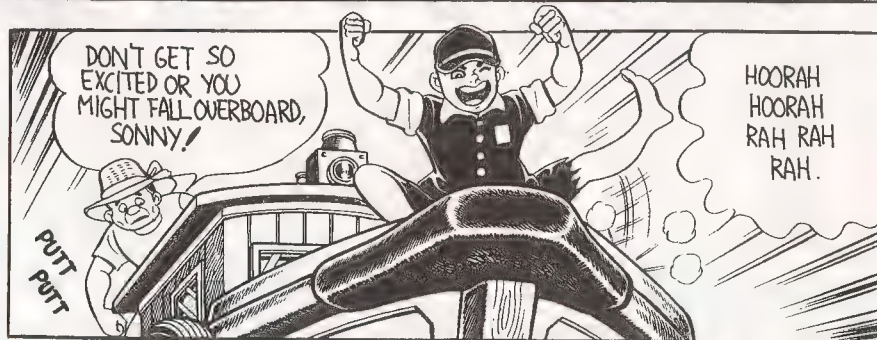
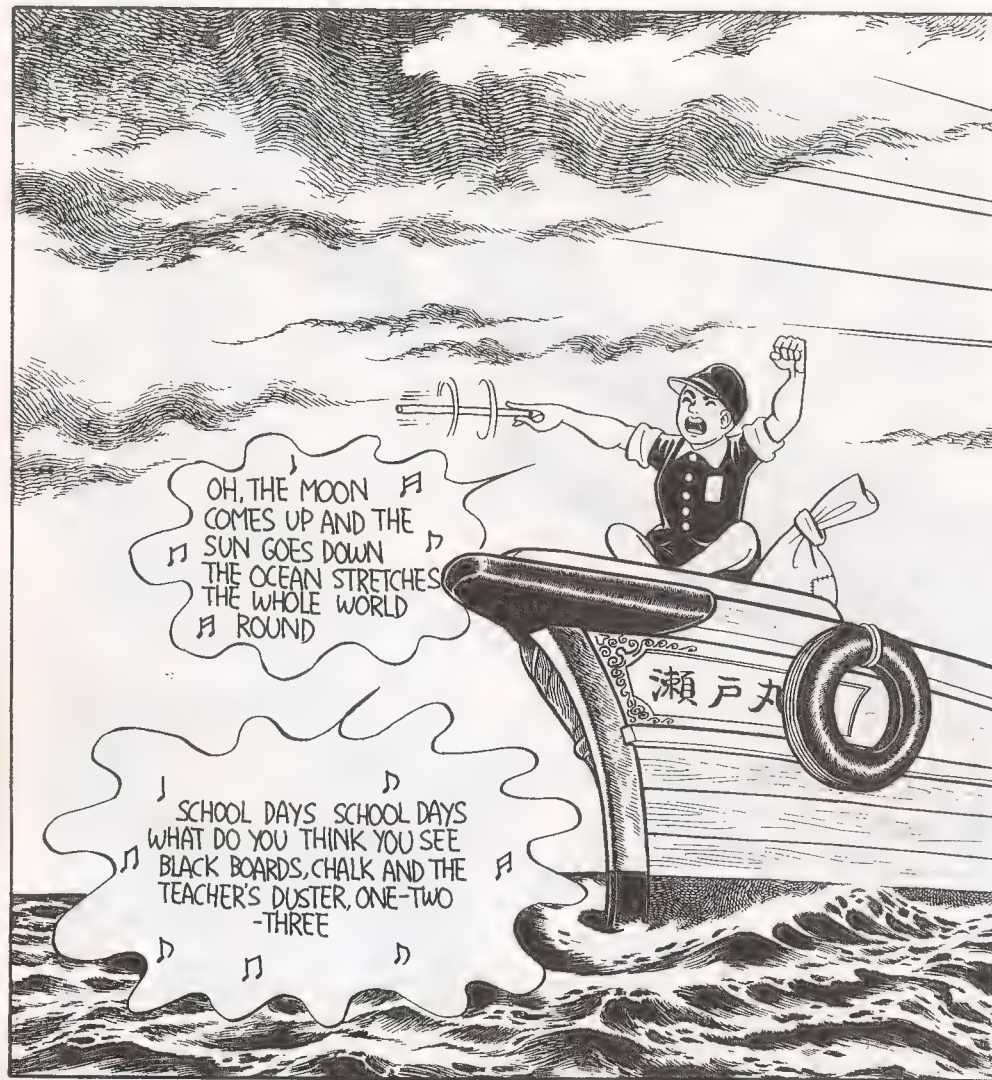
LATER...

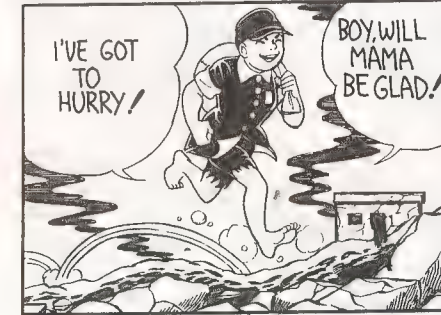
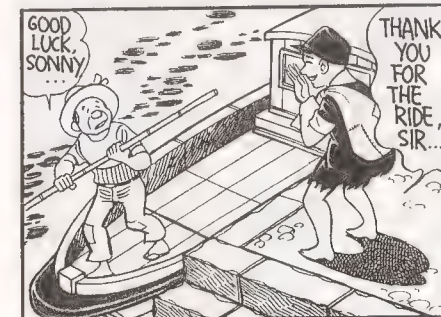
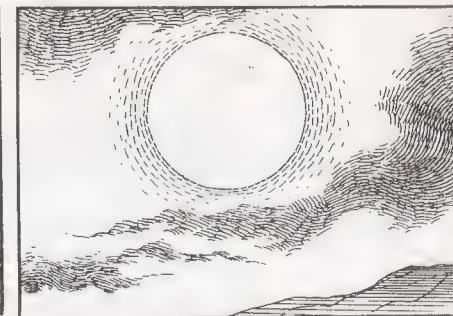
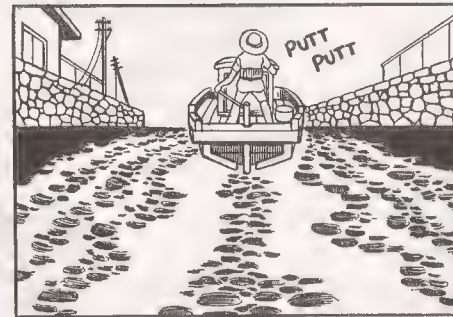
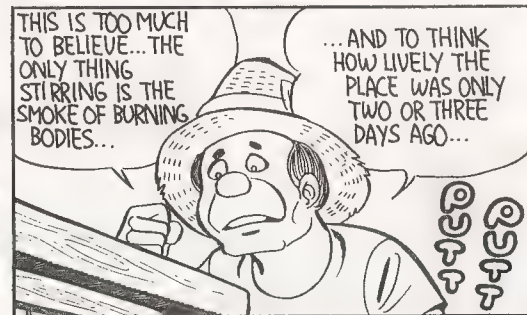
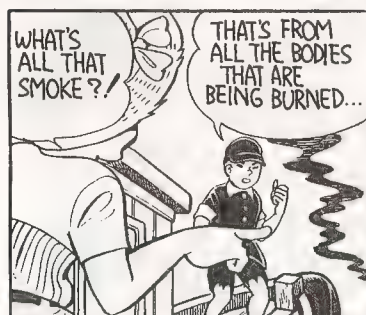
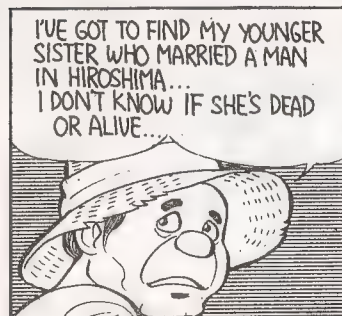


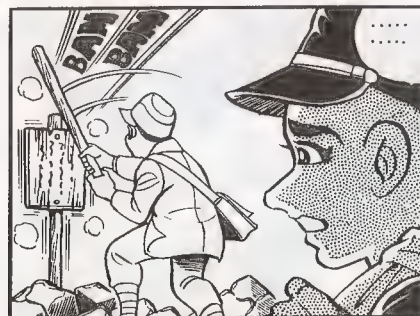
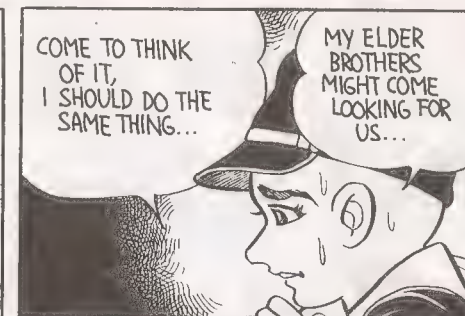


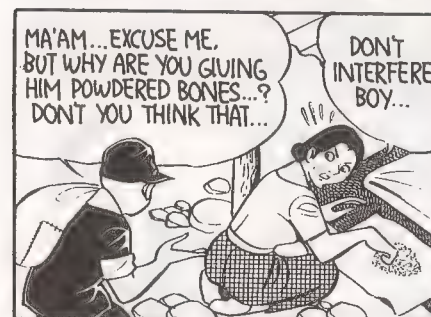
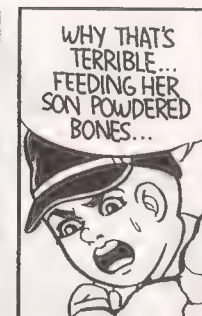
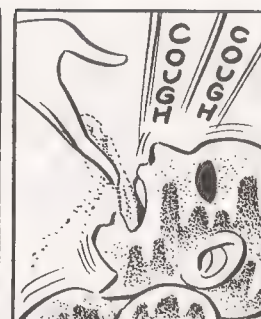
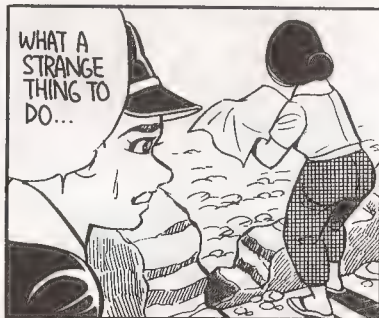


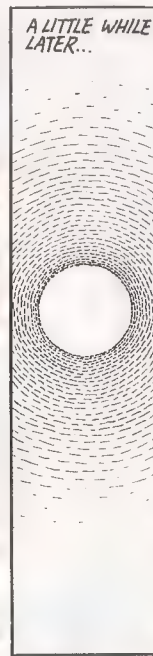
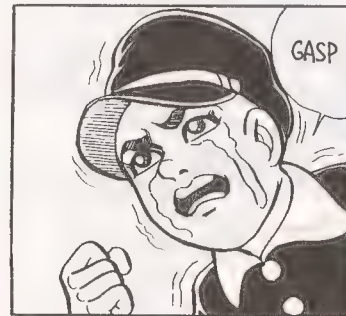
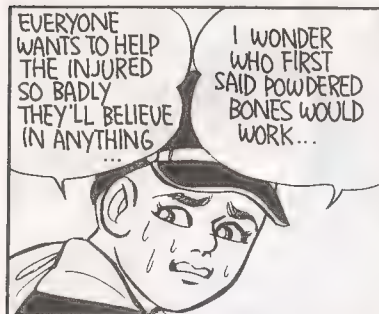
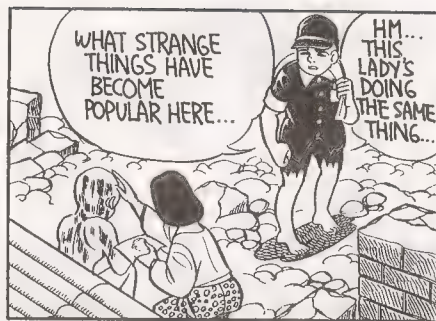


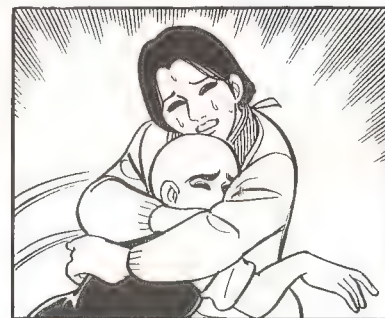
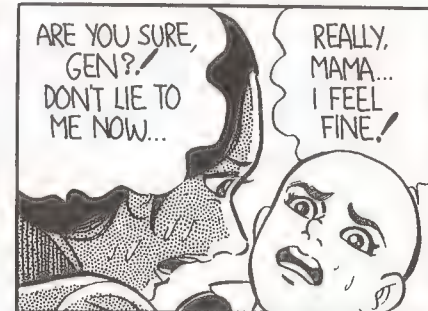
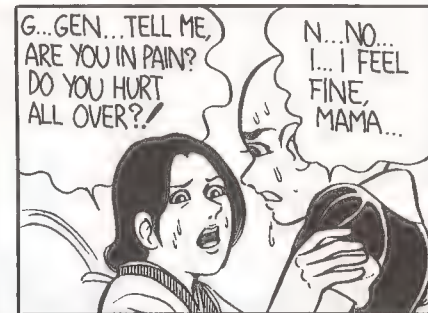
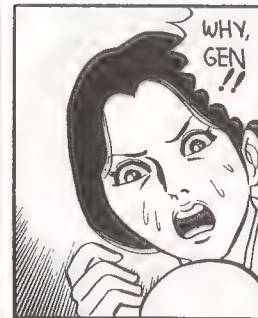
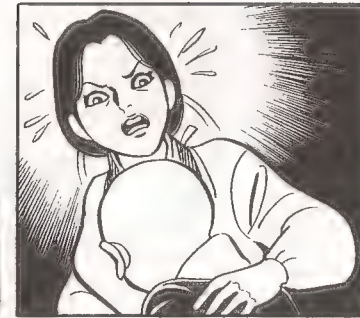
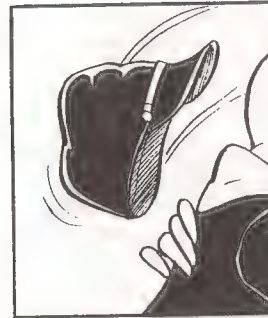
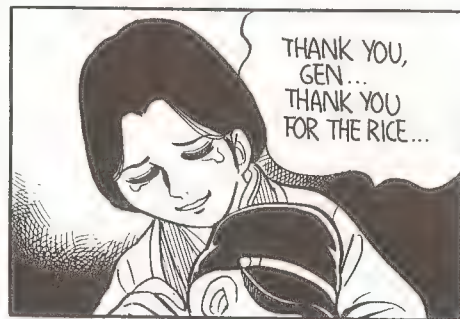
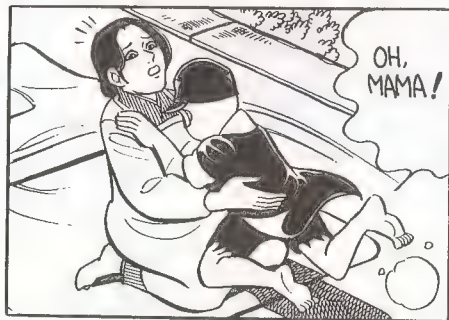
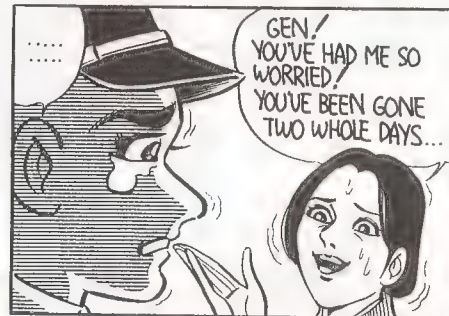
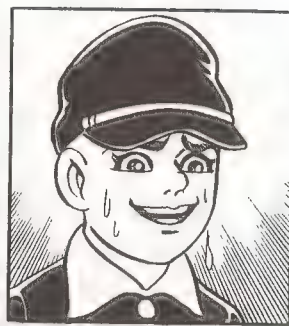
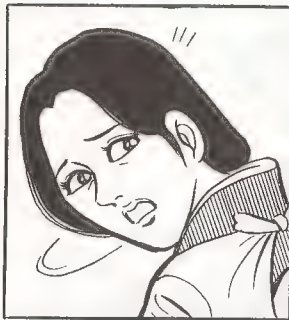
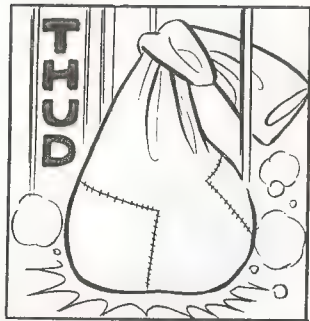


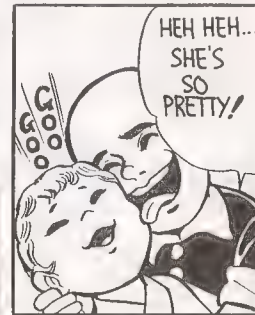
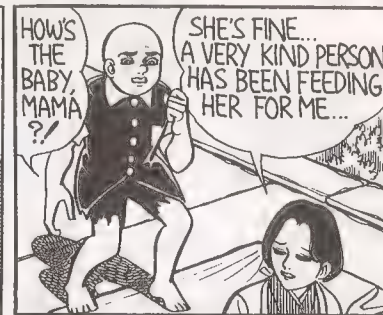
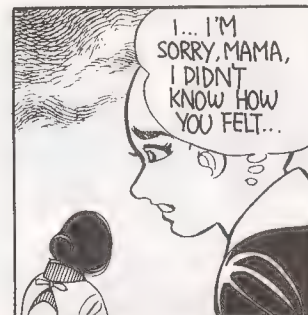
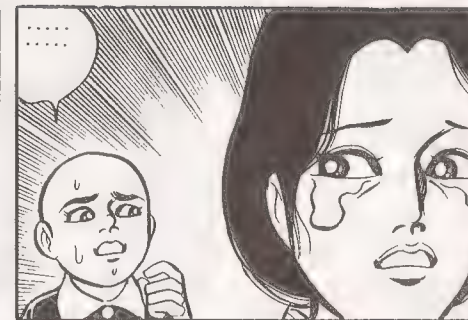
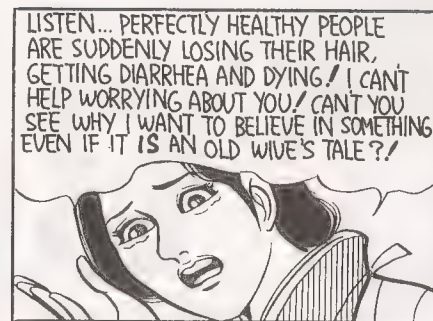
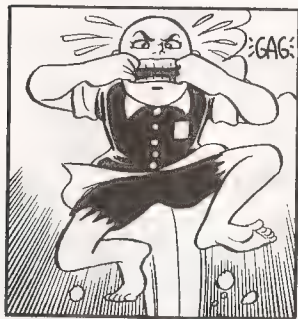
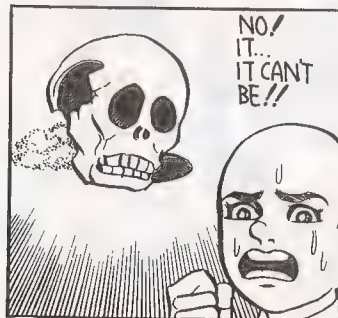
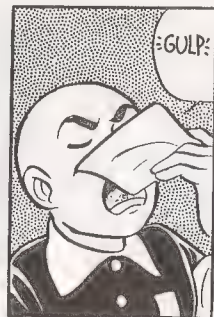


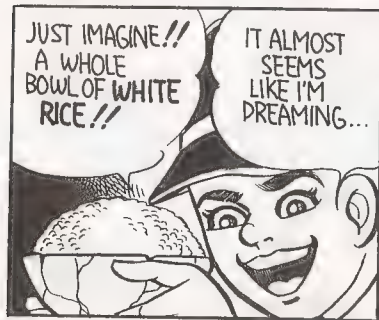
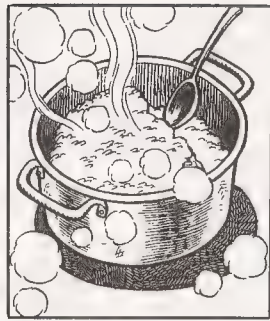




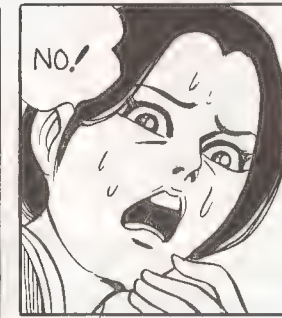
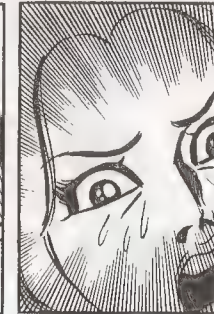
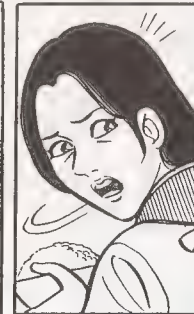


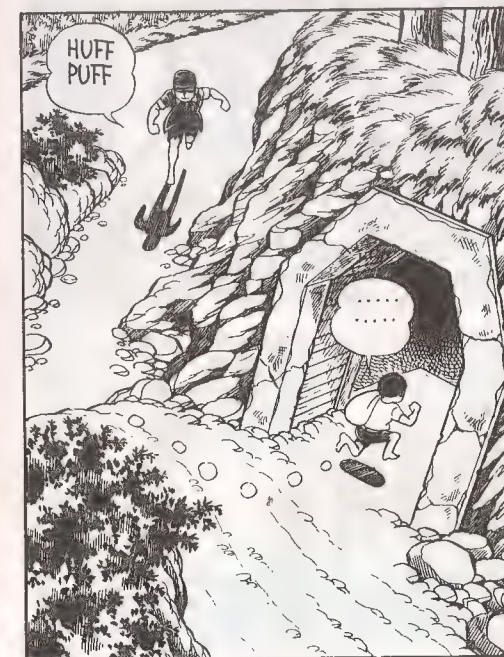
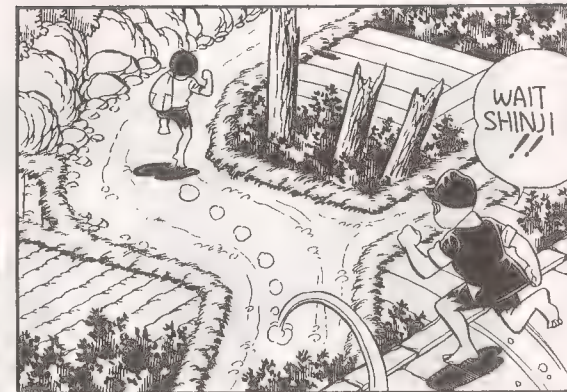
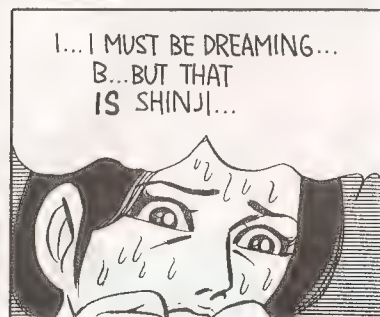
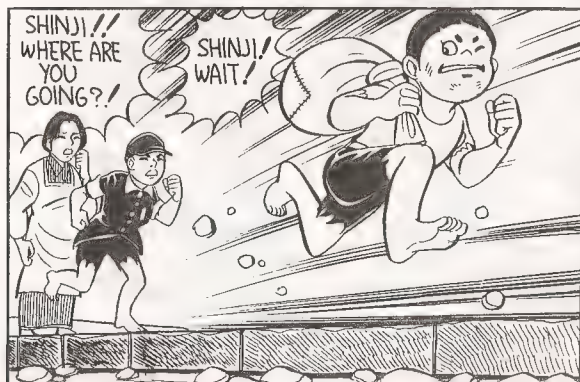
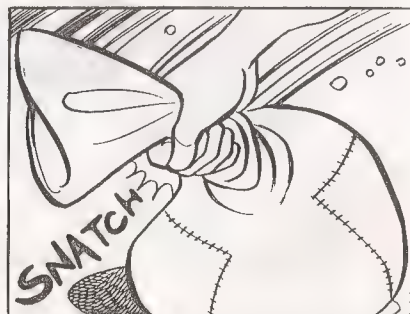
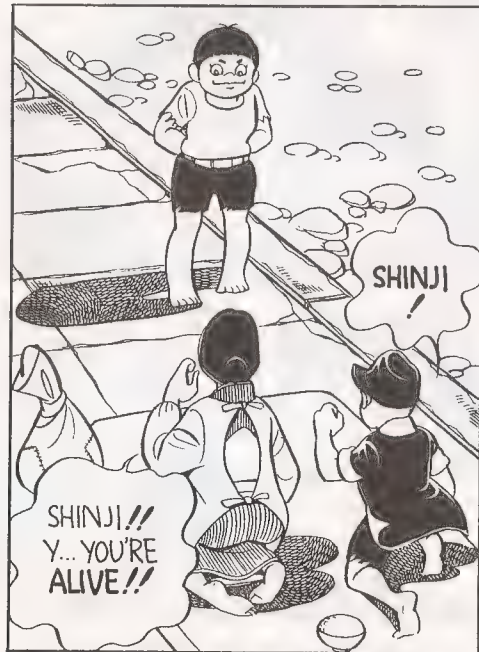
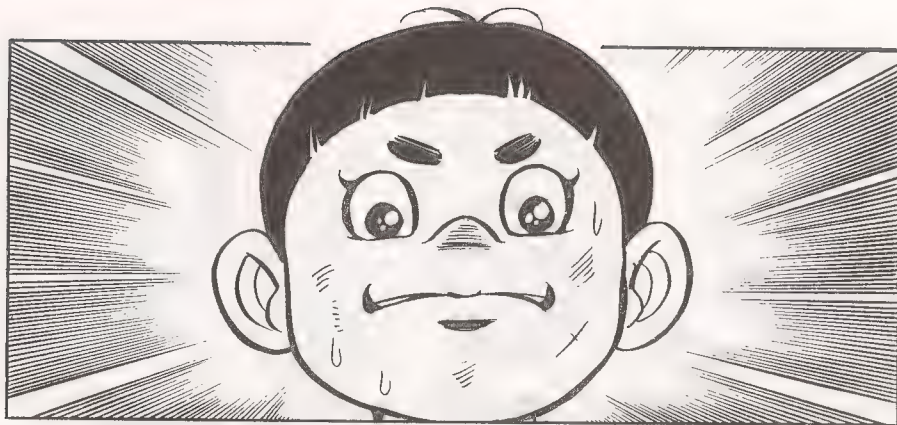


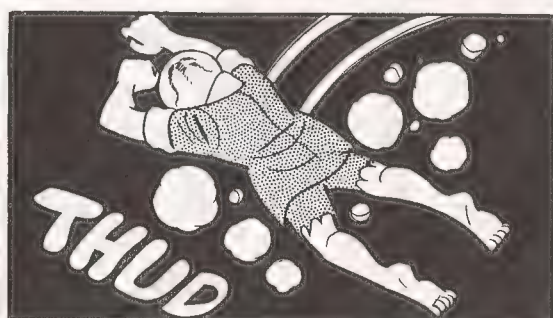


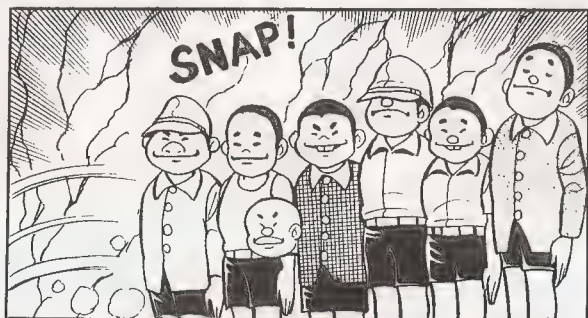
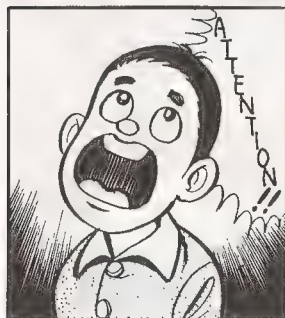


‡ HUSKING OF RICE DONE IN AN EMPTY SAKE BOTTLE.









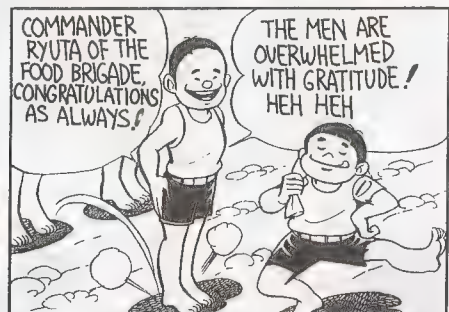


AHEM...
AT EASE,
MEN...



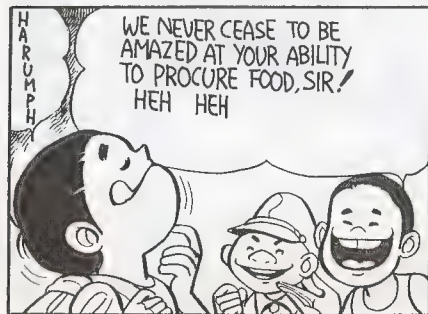
YOU WILL
ALL...AHEM...
EXPRESS
YOUR
GRATITUDE

TODAY...WE ARE
PRIVILEGED TO
HAVE PROCURED
THIS FINE RICE...



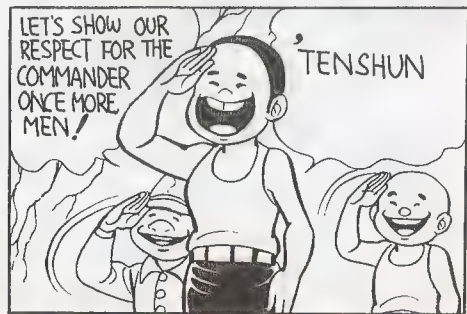
COMMANDER
RYUTA OF THE
FOOD BRIGADE,
CONGRATULATIONS
AS ALWAYS!

THE MEN ARE
OVERWHELMED
WITH GRATITUDE!
HEH HEH



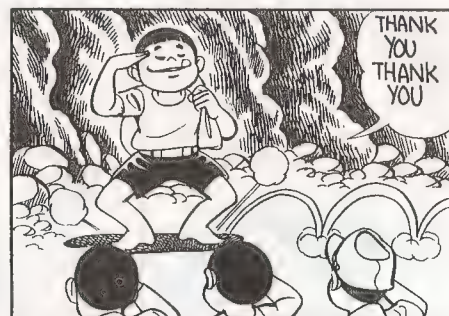
H A R U M P H

WE NEVER CEASE TO BE
AMAZED AT YOUR ABILITY
TO PROCURE FOOD, SIR!
HEH HEH



LET'S SHOW OUR
RESPECT FOR THE
COMMANDER
ONCE MORE
MEN!

TENSHUN



THANK
YOU
THANK
YOU

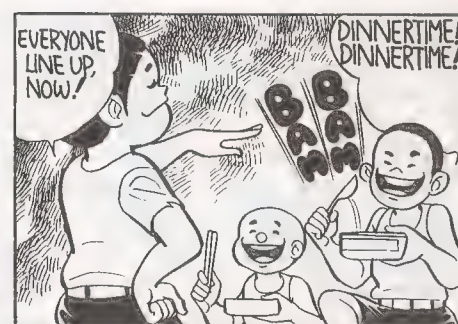


WELL, I
SUPPOSE YOU'RE
ALL A LITTLE
HUNGRY.

RATIONS
WILL NOW
BE
DISTRIBUTED.

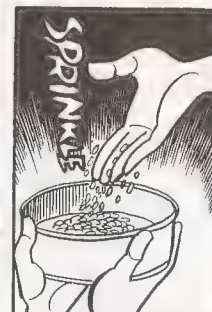
H O R A H

HOORAH



EVERYONE
LINE UP,
NOW!

DINNERTIME!
DINNERTIME!



SPRINKLES

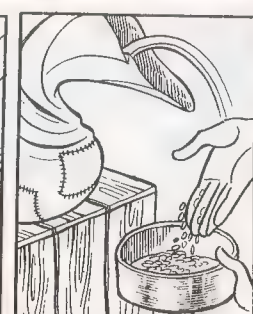


IS...IS
THIS ALL?!



DON'T COMPLAIN,
STUPID!
IF WE EAT IT ALL AT
ONCE THERE WON'T BE
ANYTHING FOR
TOMORROW!!

EH HEH
HEH...
I GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT,
RYUTA



MAKE SURE
YOU CHEW
IT SLOWLY!

IT'LL GET
BIGGER
IN YOUR
STOMACH...

OH,
BOY!

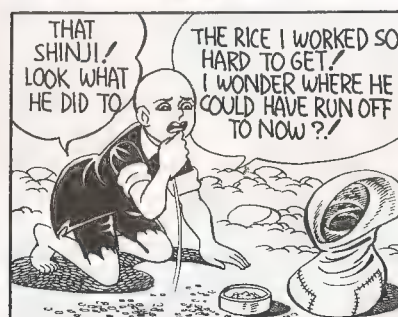
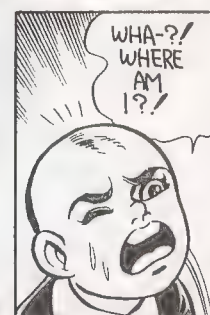
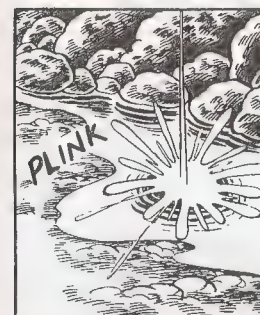
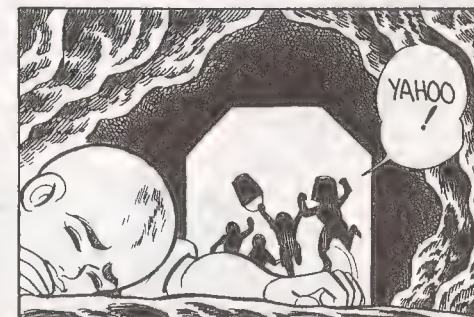
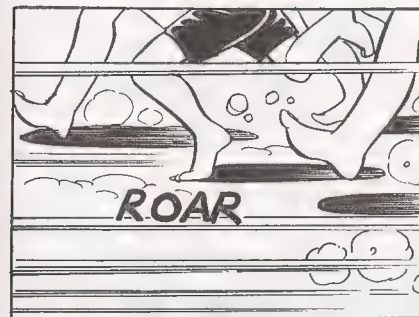
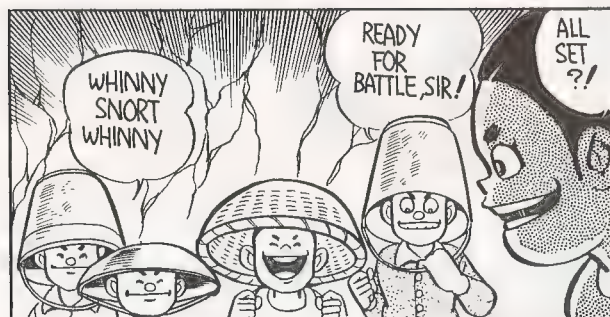
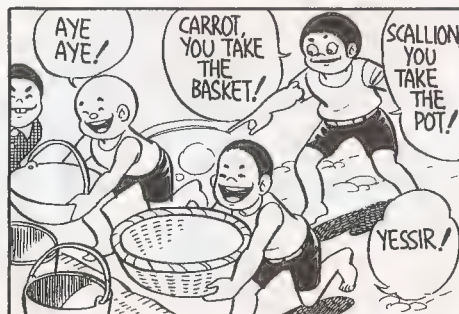
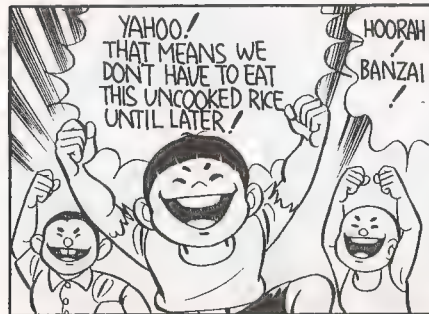
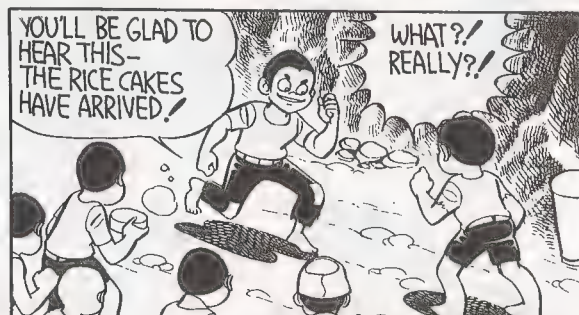
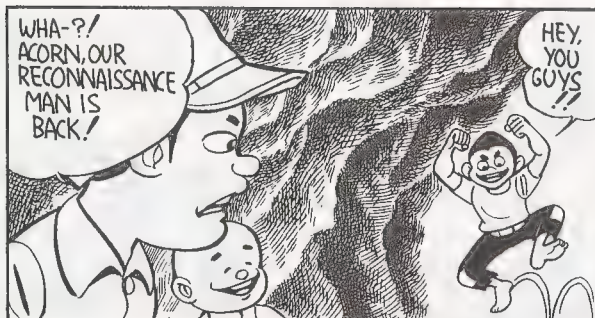
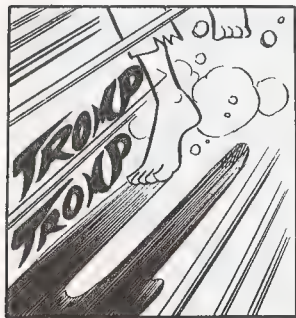


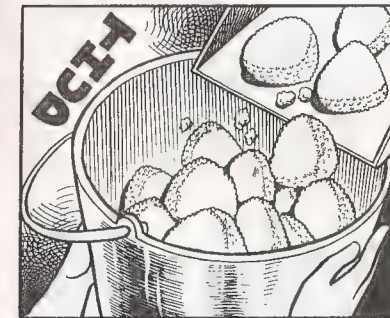
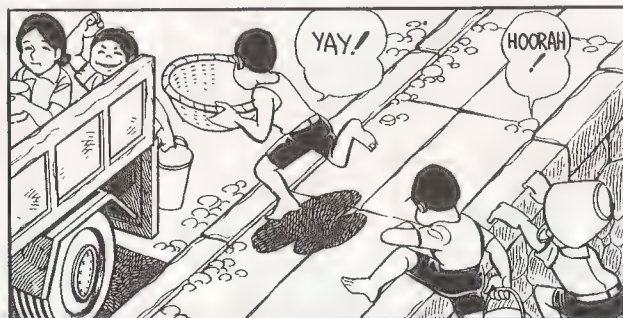
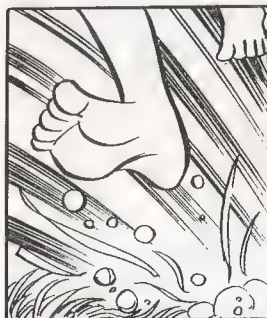
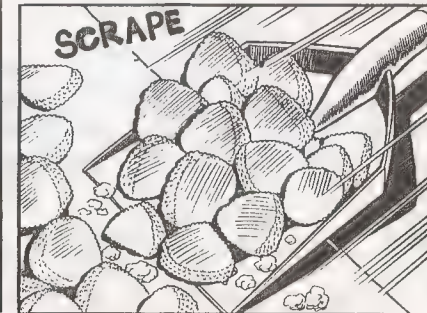
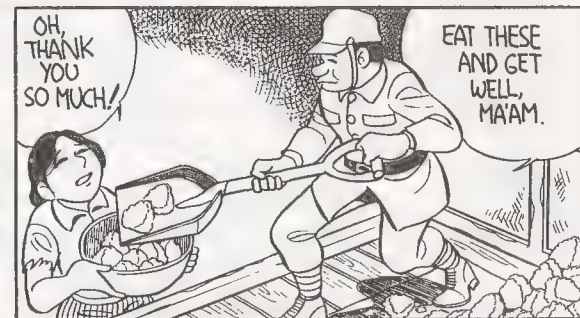
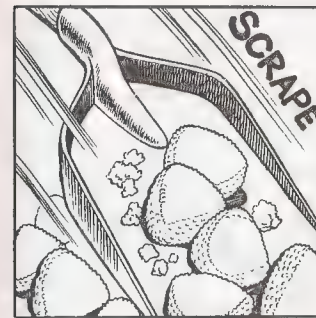
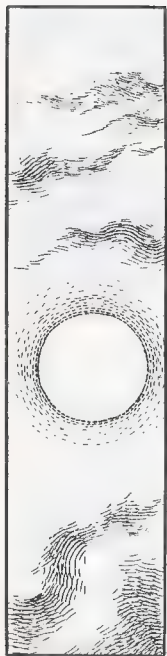
CRACKLE
CRUNCH

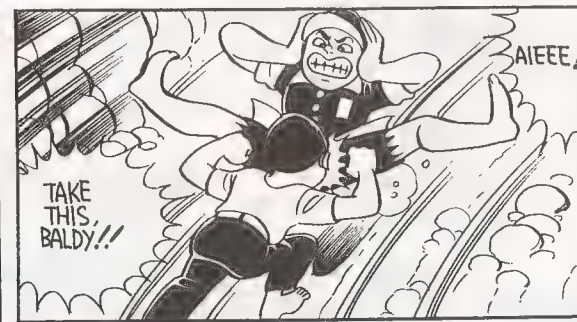
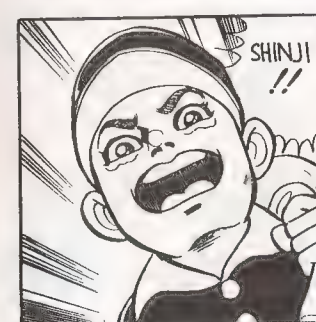
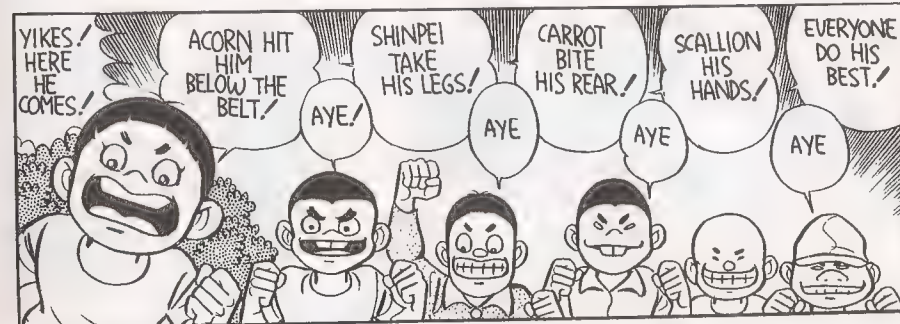
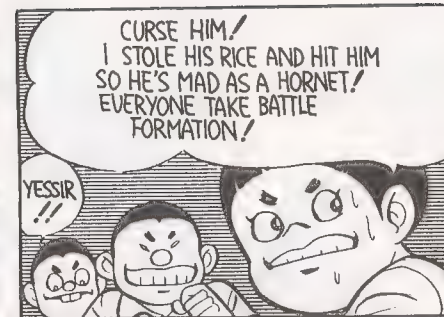
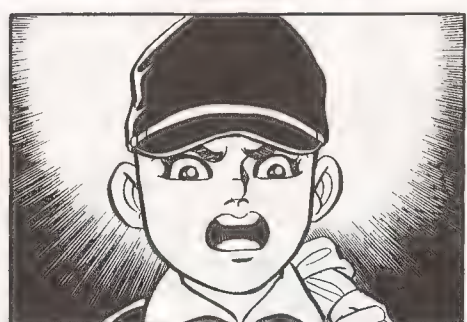


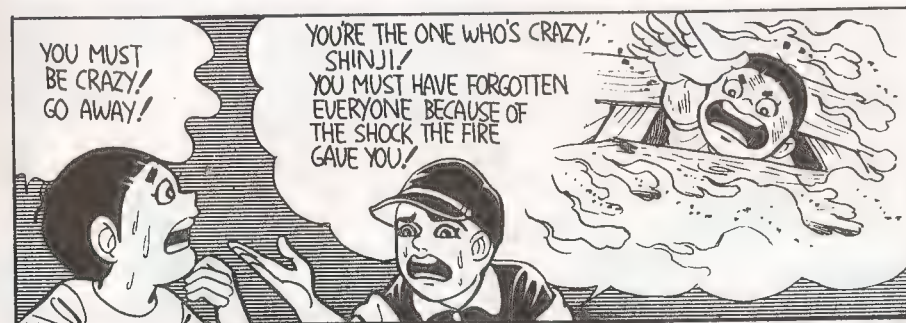
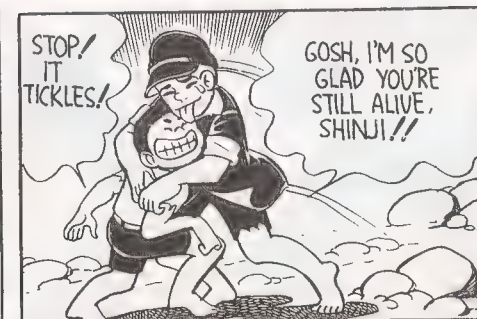
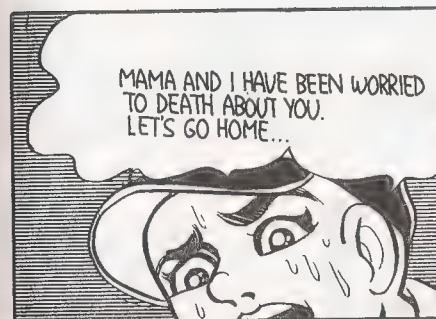
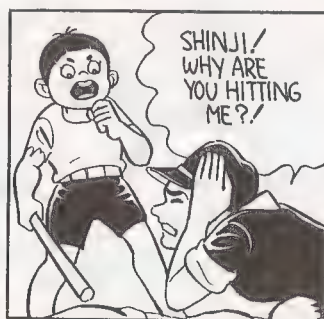
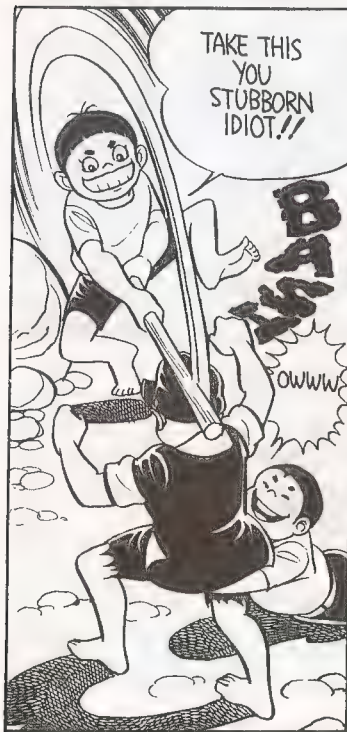
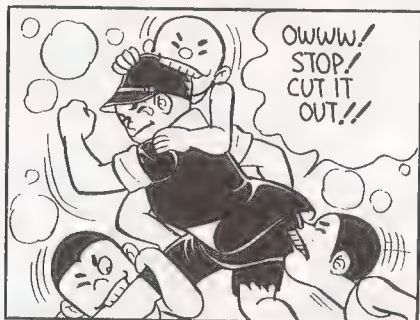
UM...

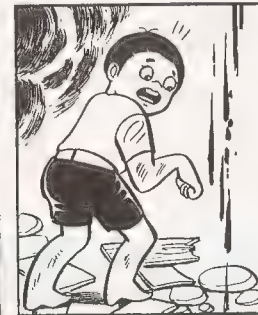
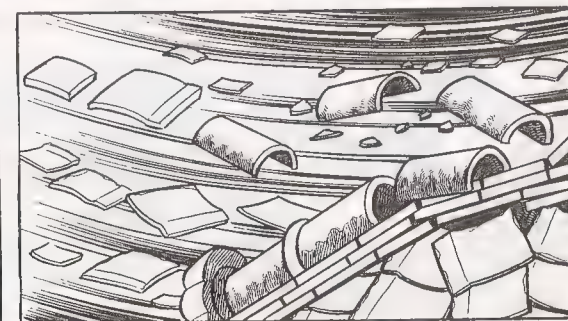
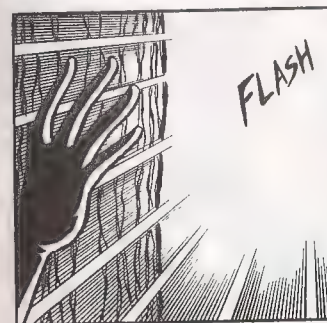
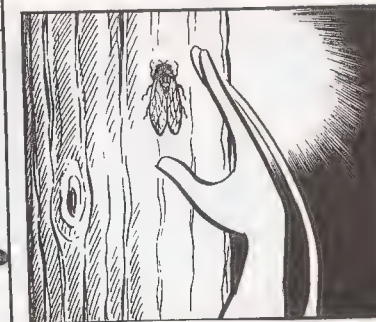
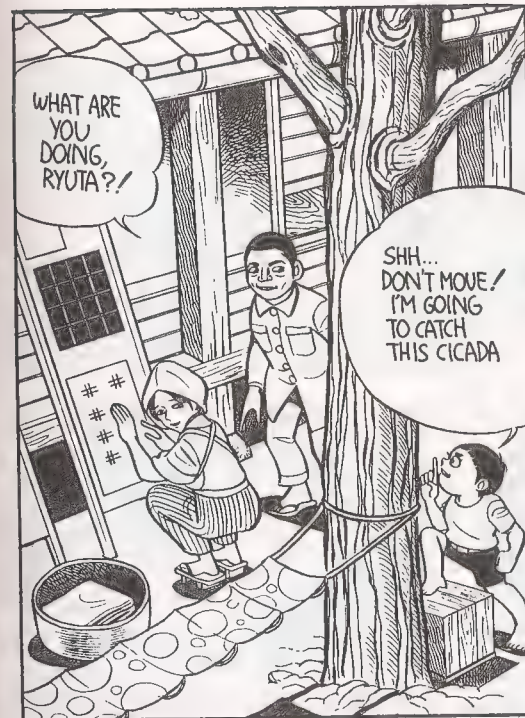
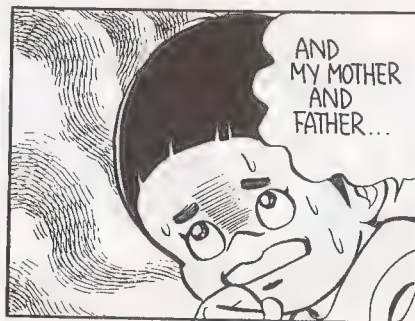
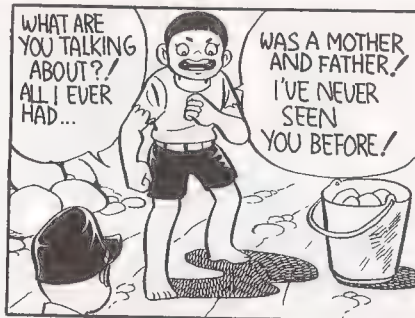
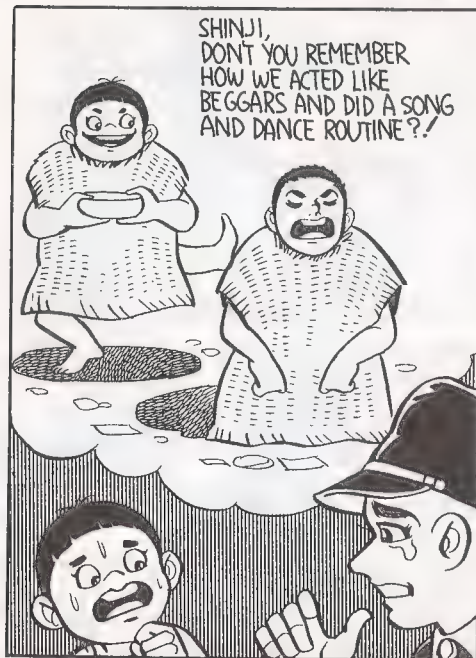
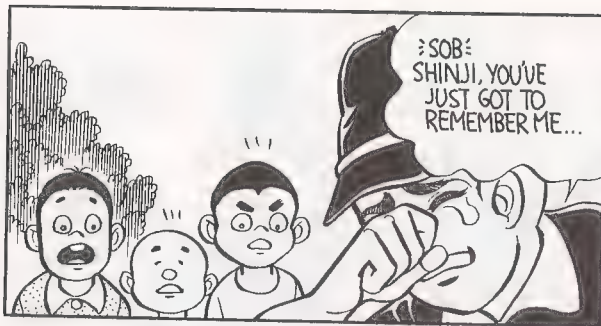
GEE...RICE
IS SO
DELICIOUS!

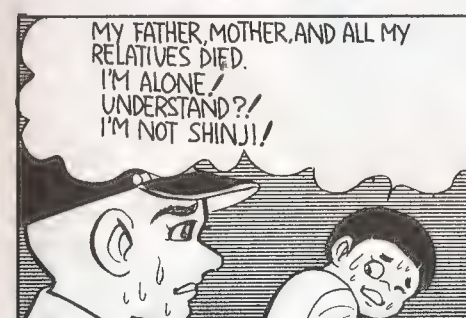
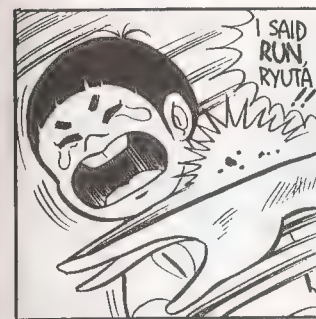
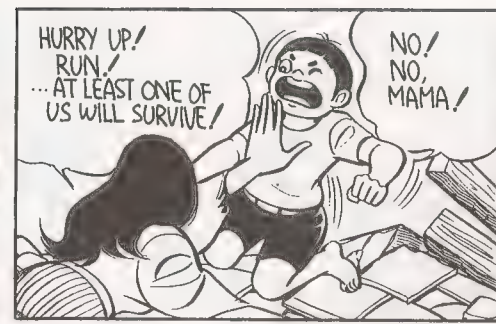
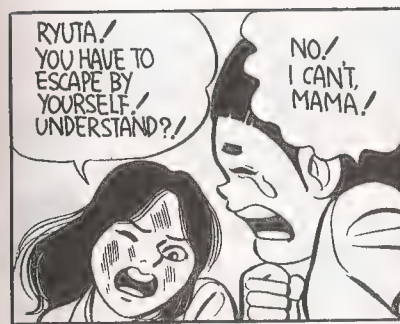
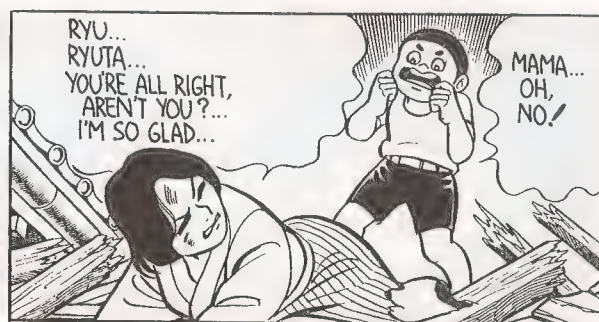
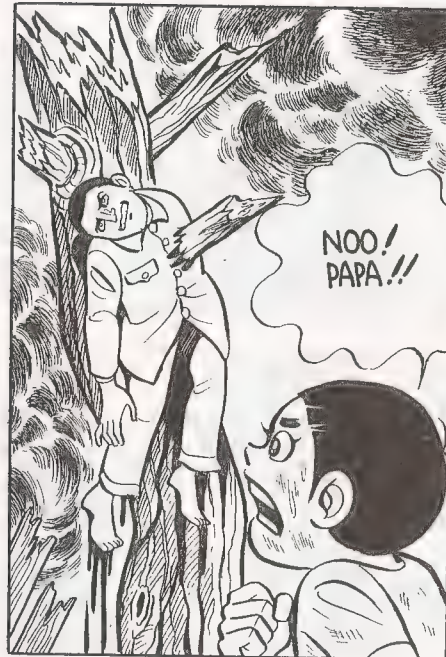


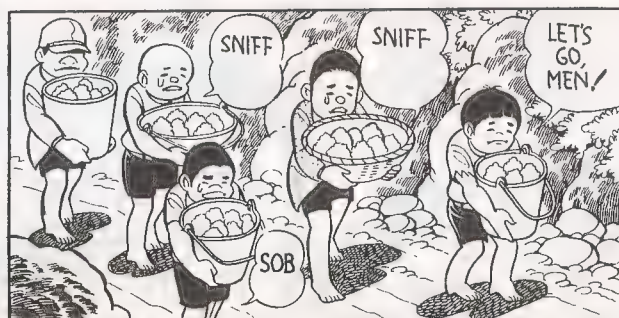
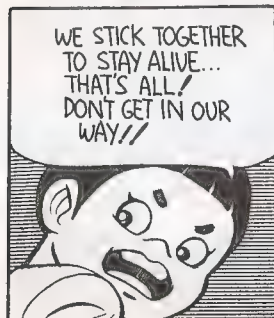
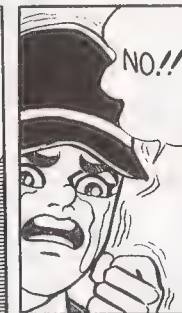
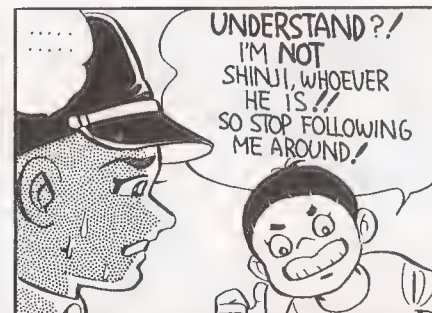
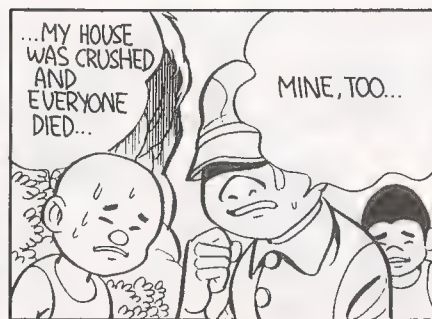


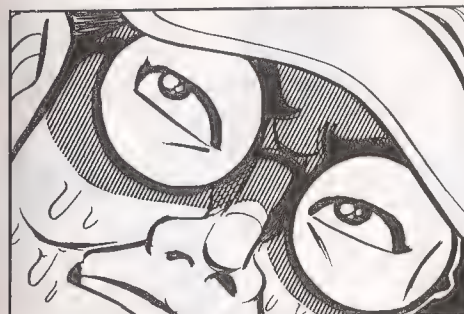
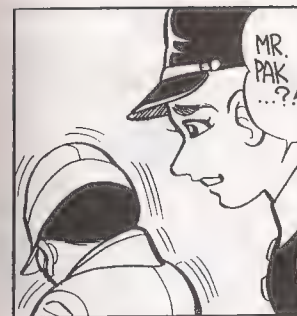
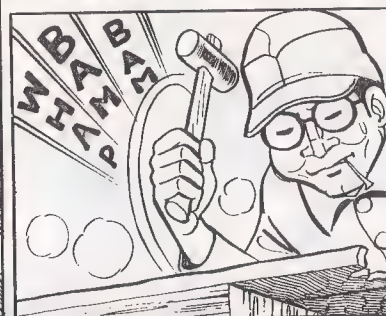
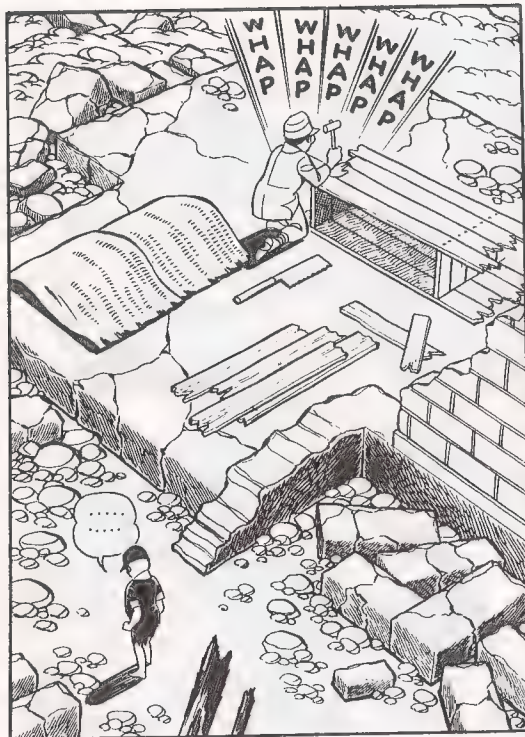




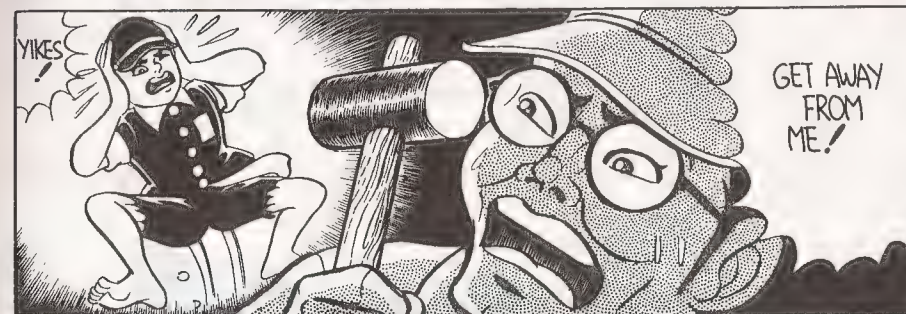
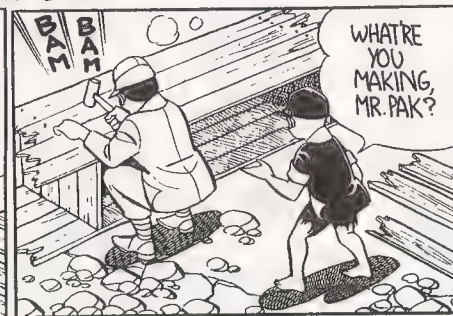
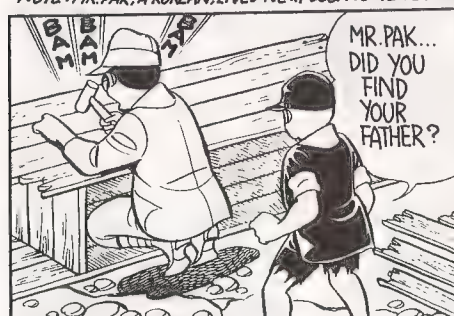
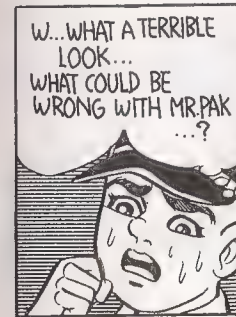


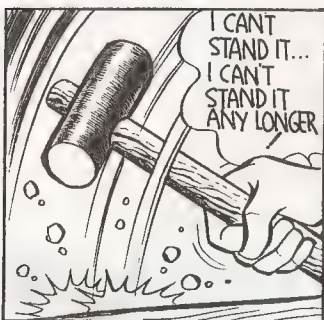
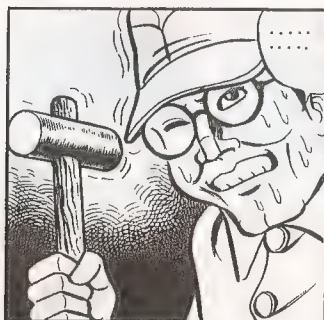
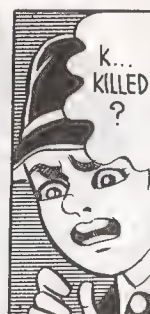
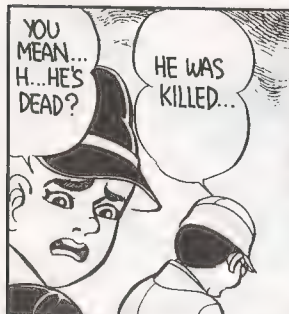
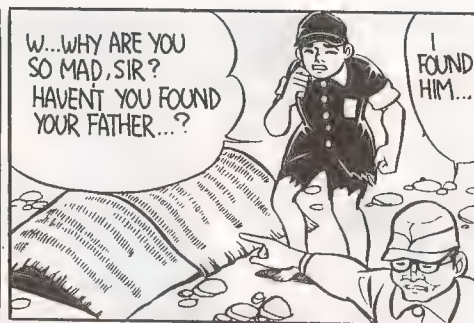
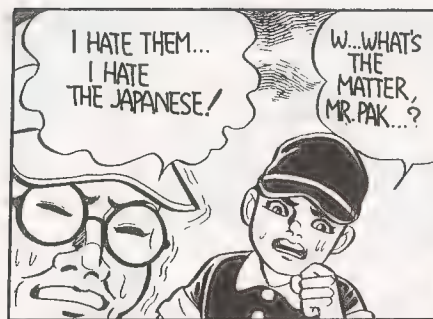




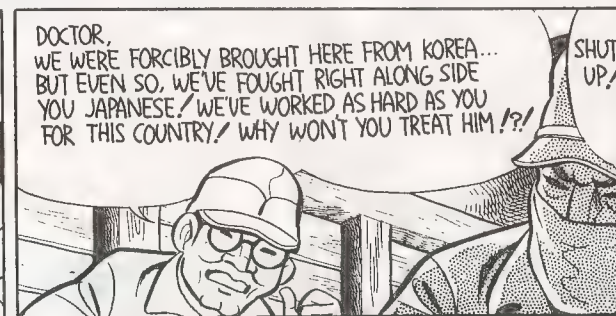
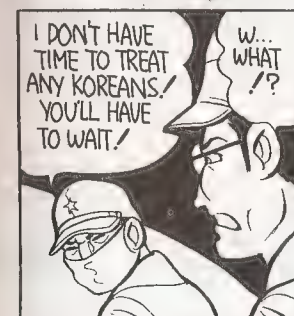
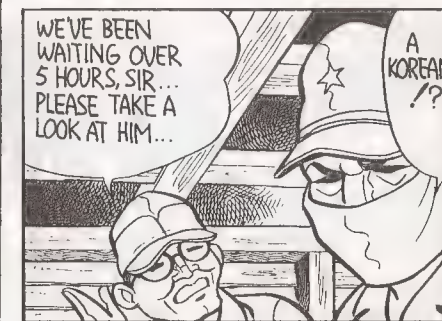


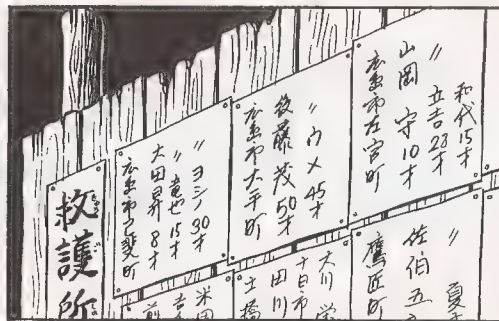
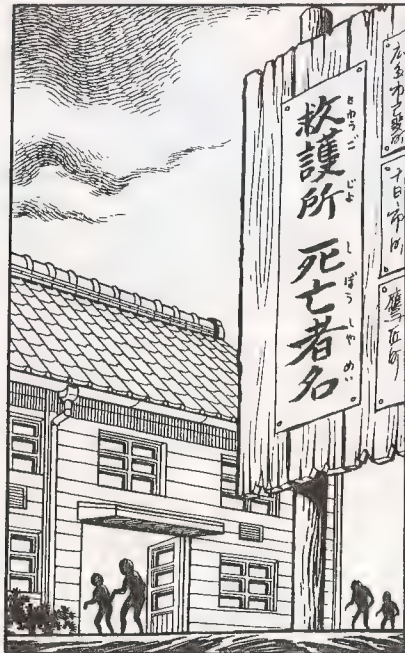
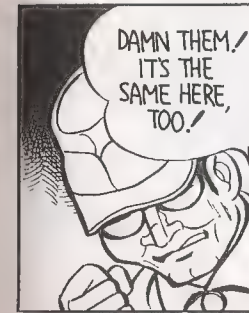
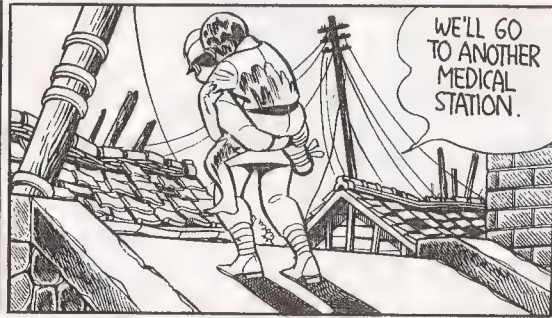
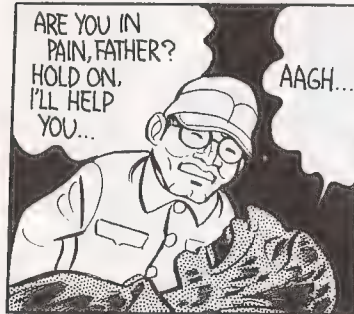
NOTE: MR. PAK, A KOREAN, LIVED NEXT DOOR TO GEN'S FAMILY--SEE VOL. I.



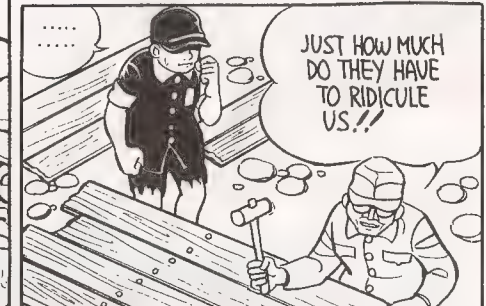
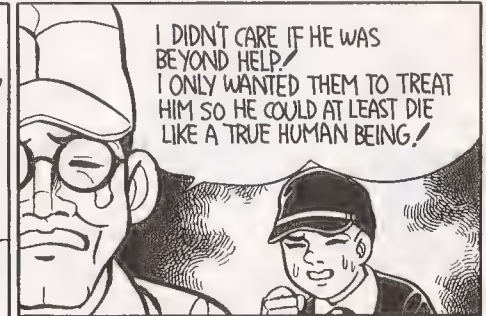


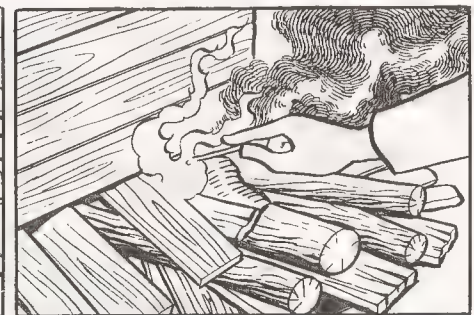
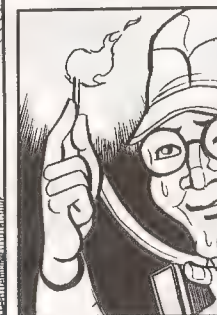
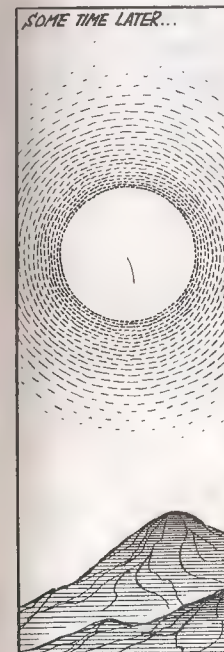
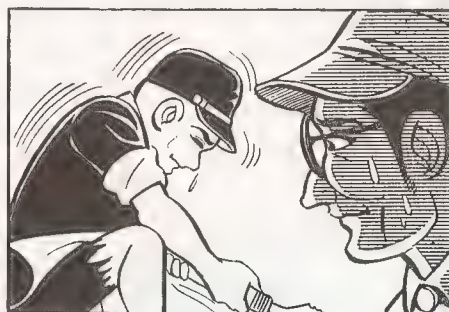
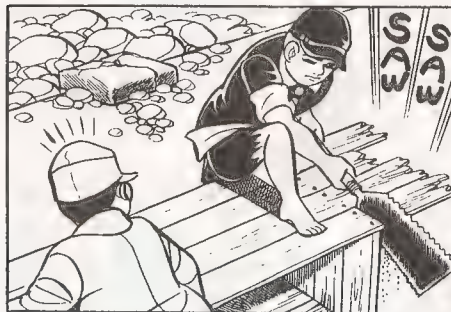
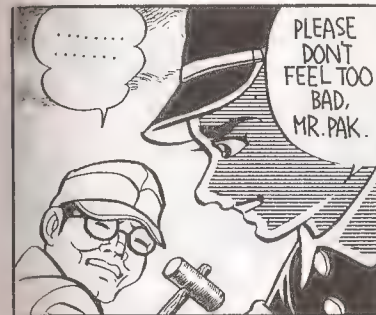
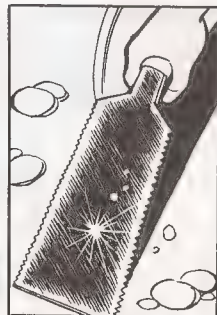
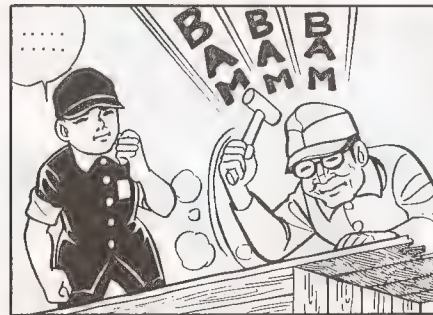
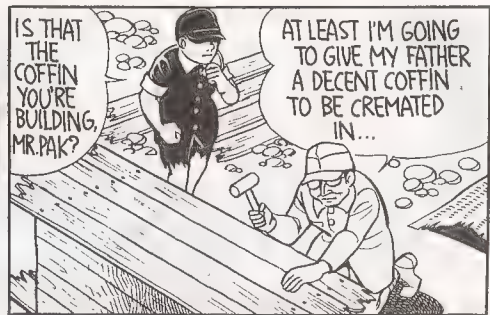
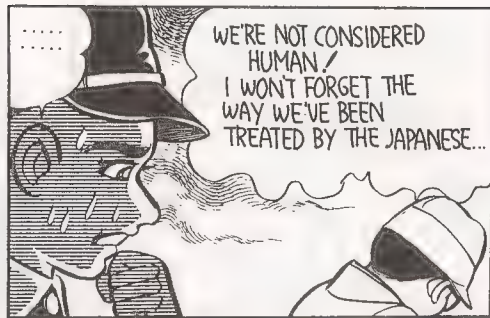
MR. PAK TELLS GEN WHAT HAPPENED...

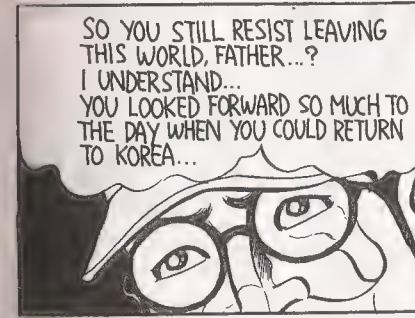
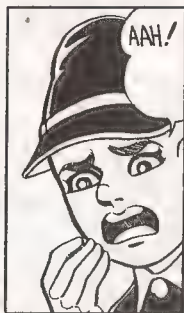
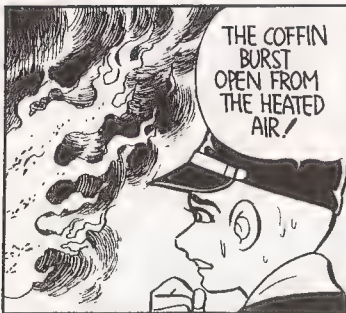
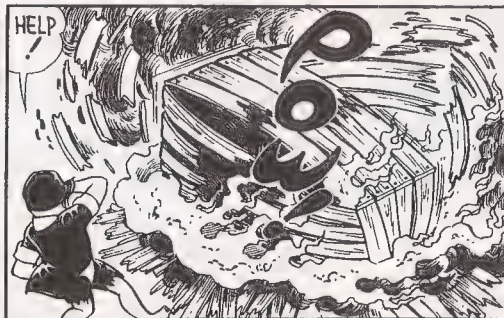
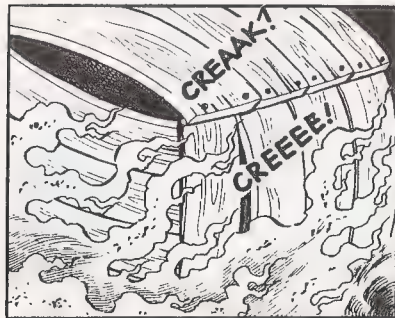
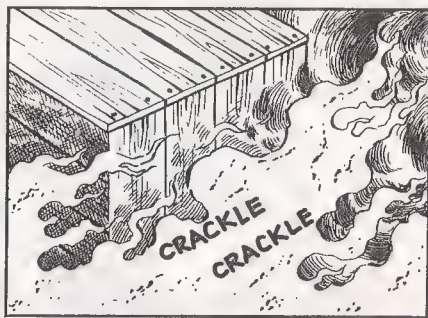
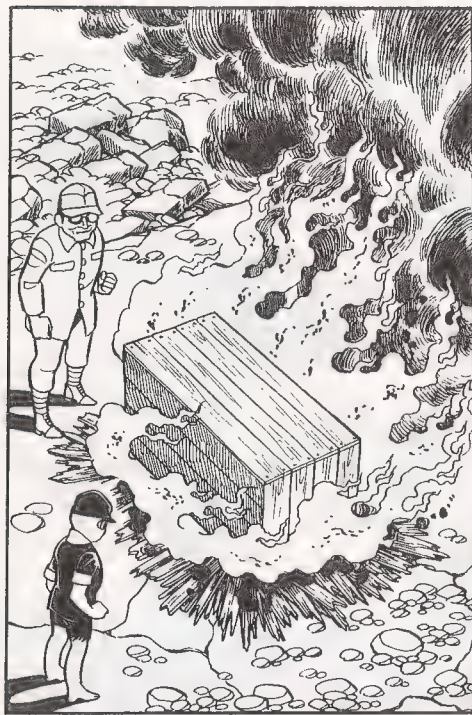


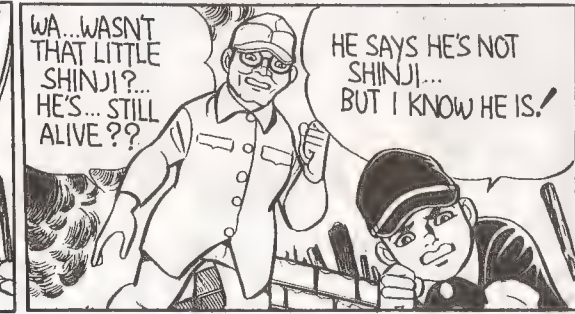
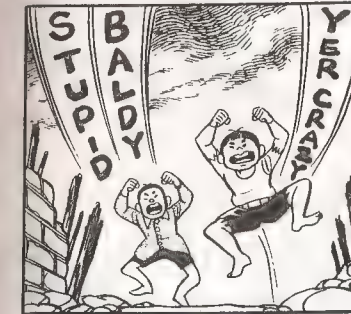
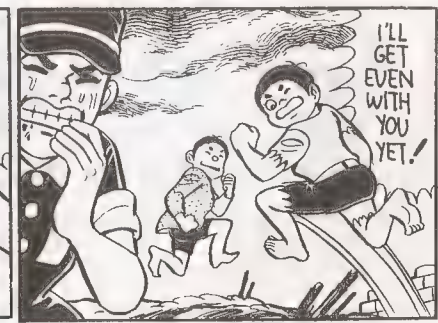
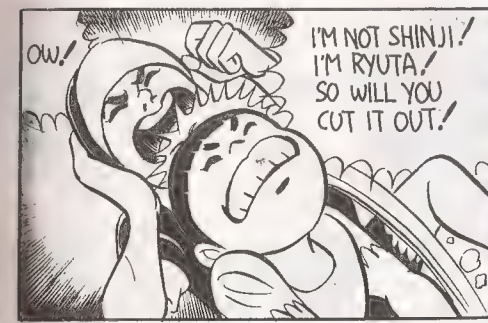
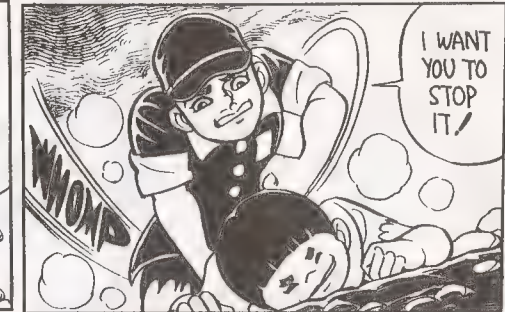
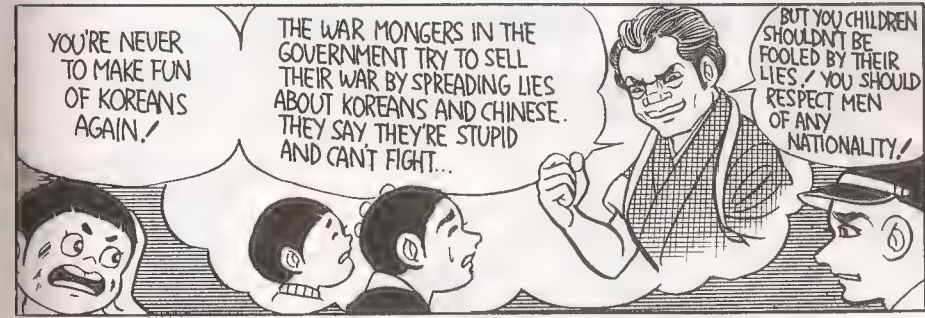
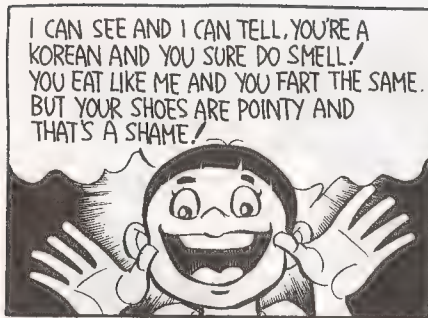


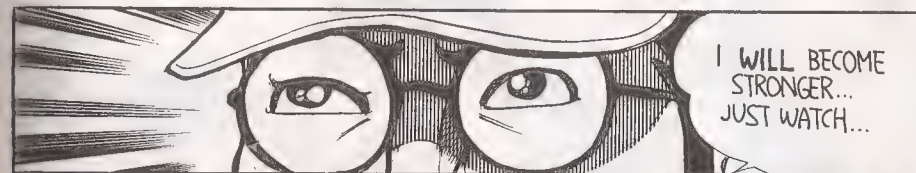
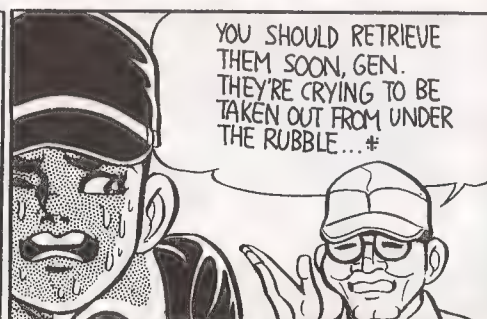
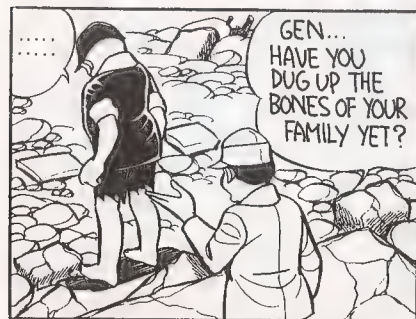
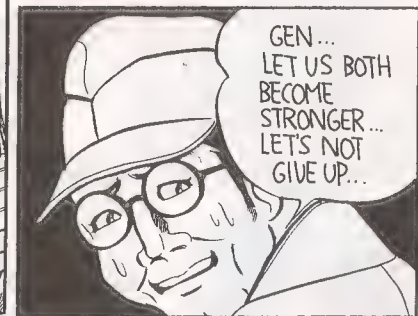
SIGN: MEDICAL STATION MORTALITY LIST











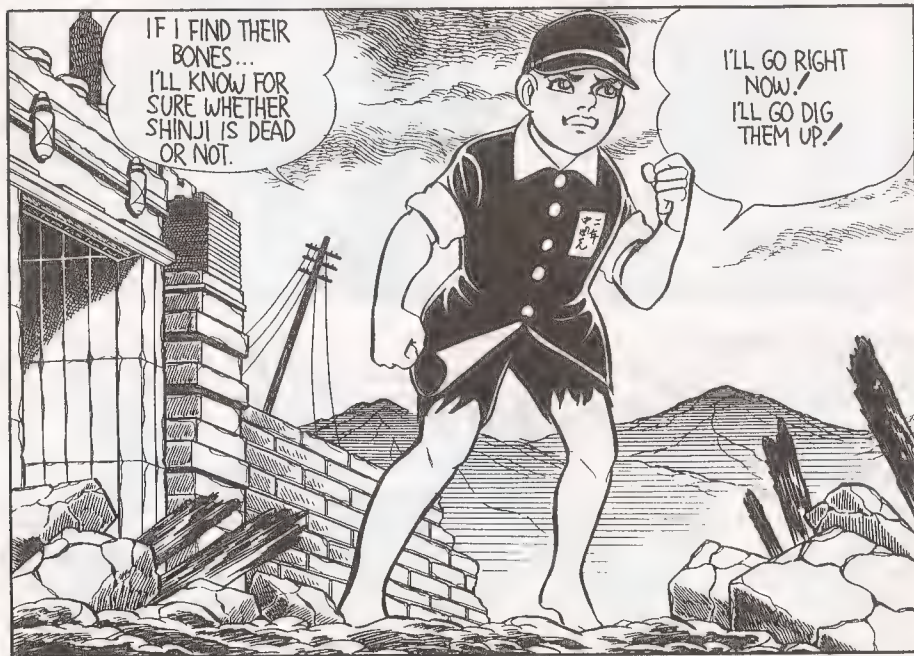


≡PANT PANT≡



MR...MR.PAK WAS RIGHT...

I MUST GO GET THE BONES OF MY FATHER, EIKO AND SHINJI...



IF I FIND THEIR BONES... I'LL KNOW FOR SURE WHETHER SHINJI IS DEAD OR NOT.

I'LL GO RIGHT NOW! I'LL GO DIG THEM UP!



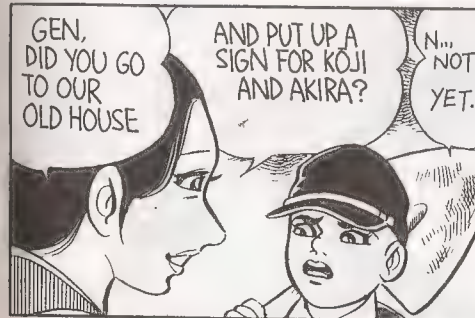
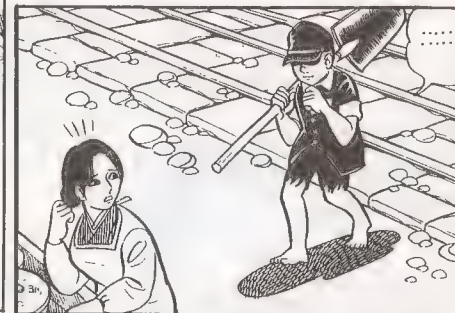
AREN'T WE LUCKY WE FOUND THIS ABANDONED CART?!

THERE THERE...



WHEW. EVERYTHING'S PACKED...

NOW WE'LL BE OFF TO EBA...



GEN, DID YOU GO TO OUR OLD HOUSE

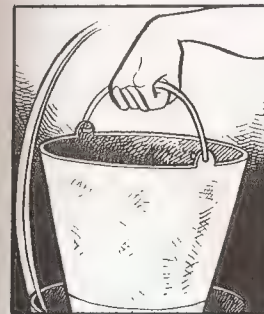
AND PUT UP A SIGN FOR KOJI AND AKIRA?

N... NOT YET.



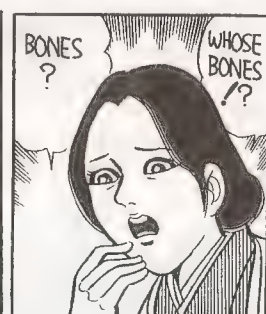
HURRY AND PUT IT UP, AND WE'LL LEAVE FOR EBA.

YES MAMA...



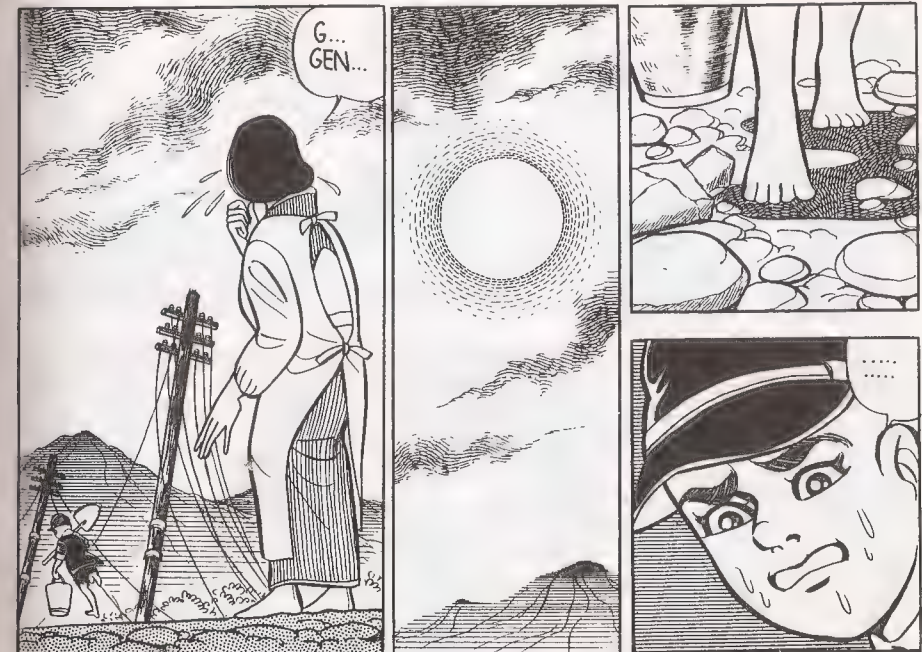
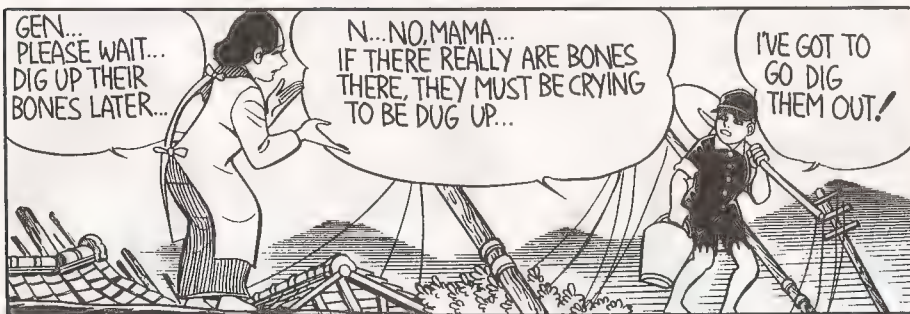
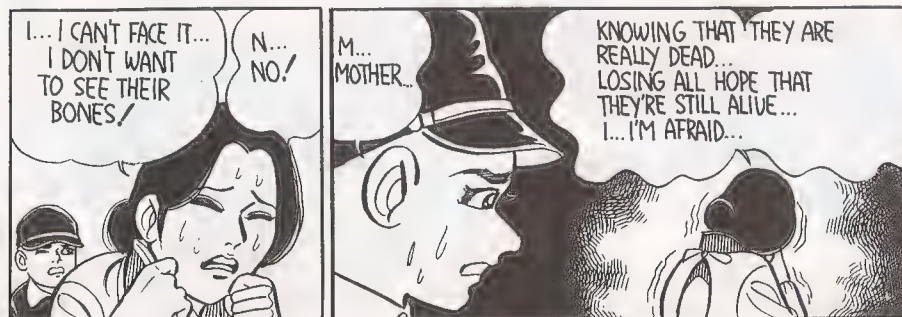
GEN... WHAT'S THE BUCKET FOR?

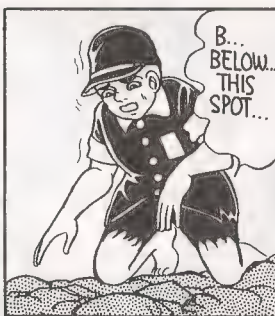
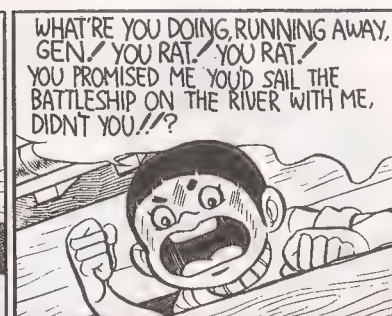
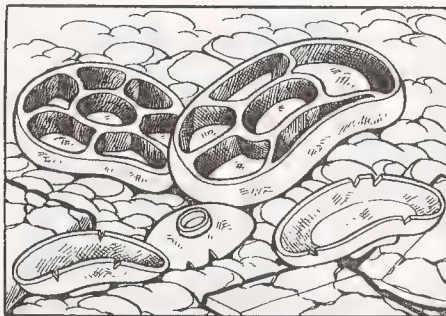
I'M GOING TO GET THE BONES...



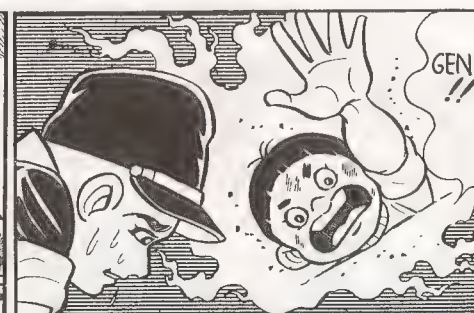
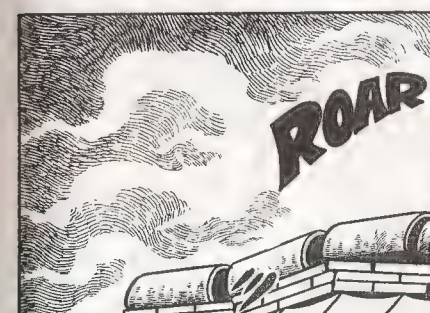
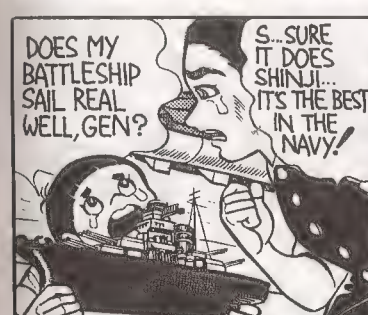
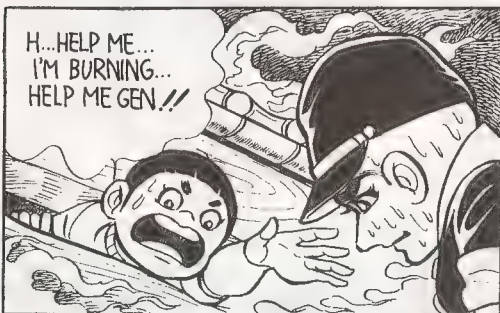
BONES?

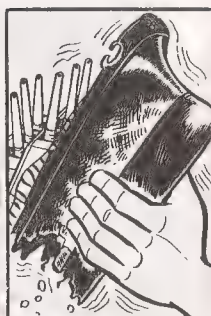
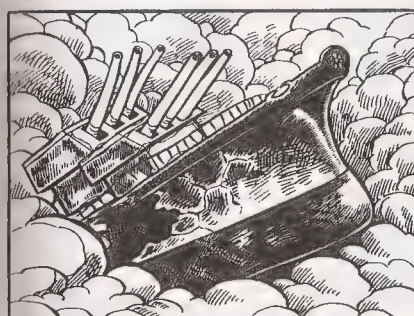
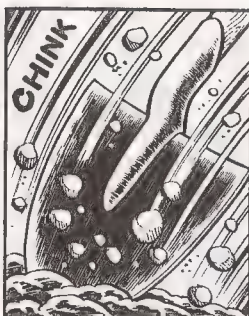
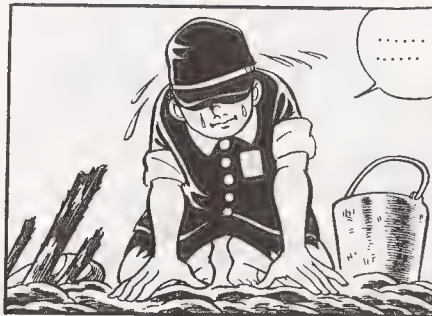
WHOSE BONES!?



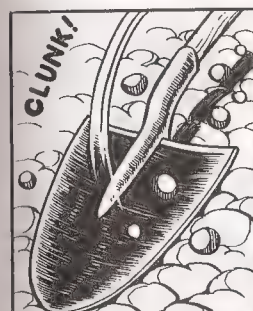
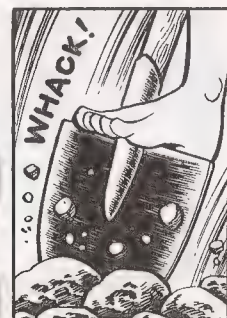


GEN REMEMBERS THE LAST TIME HE SAW THEM.

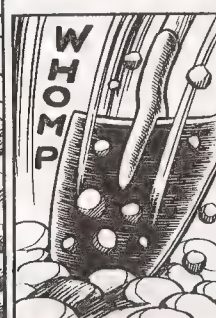
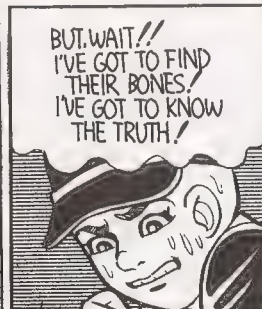


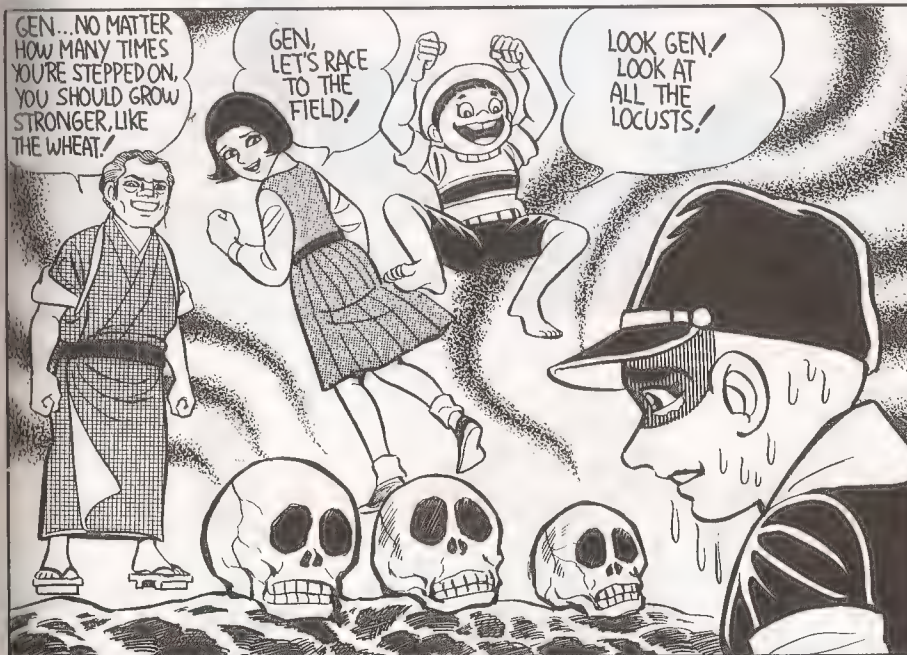
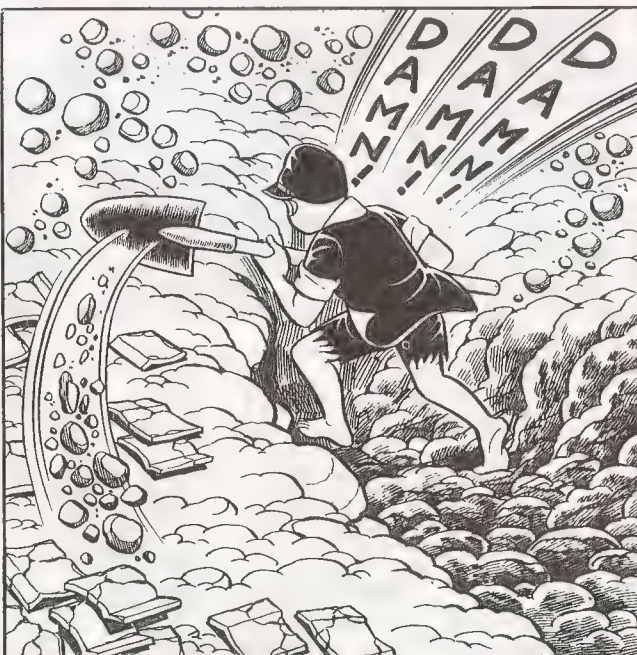
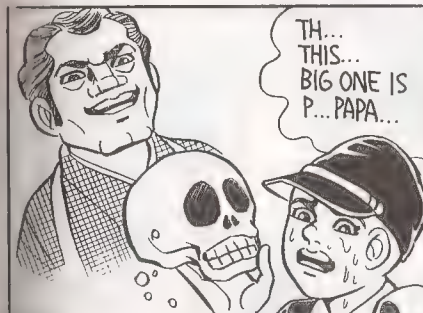
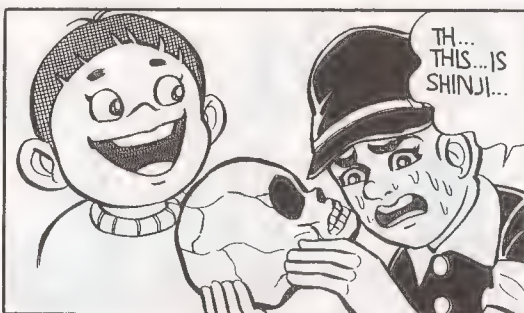
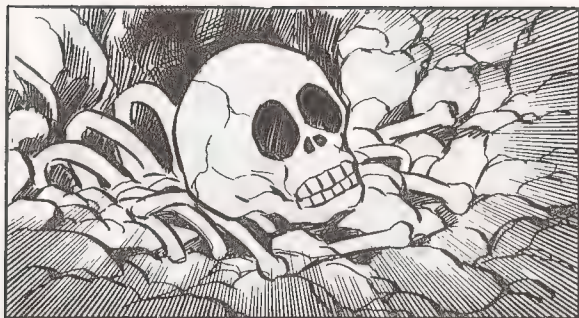


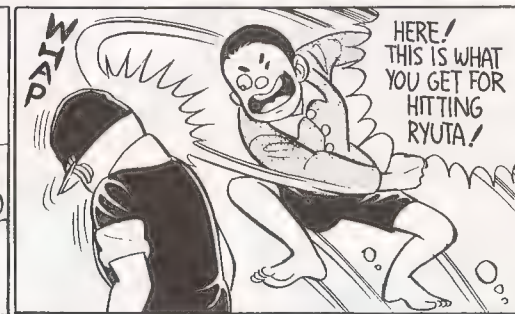
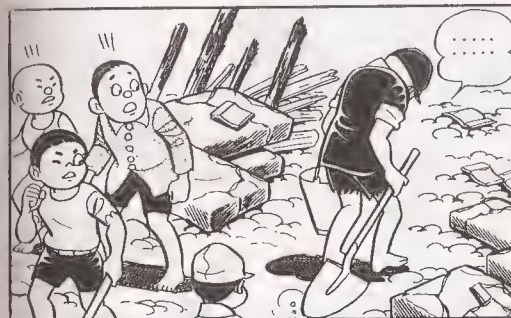
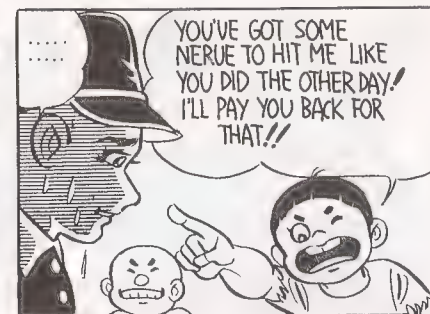
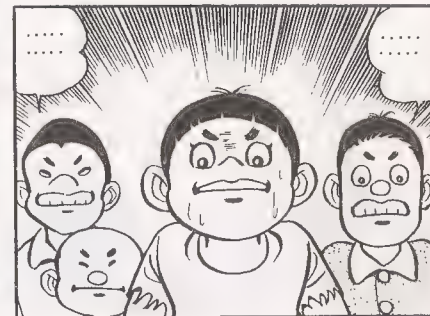
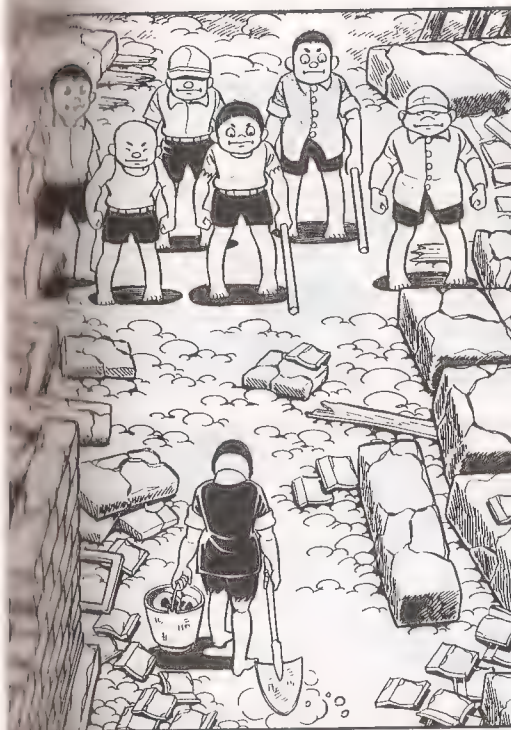
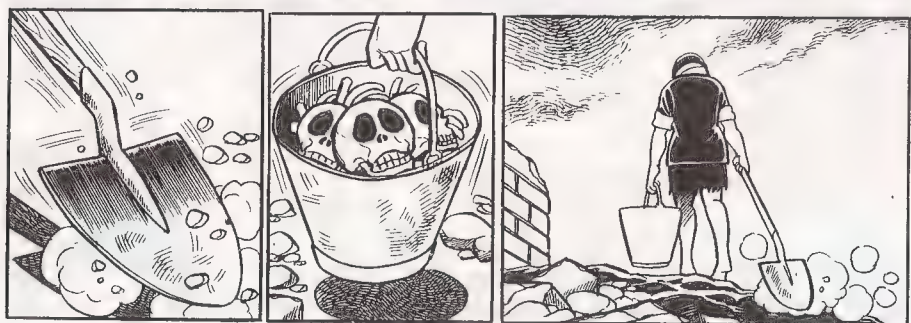
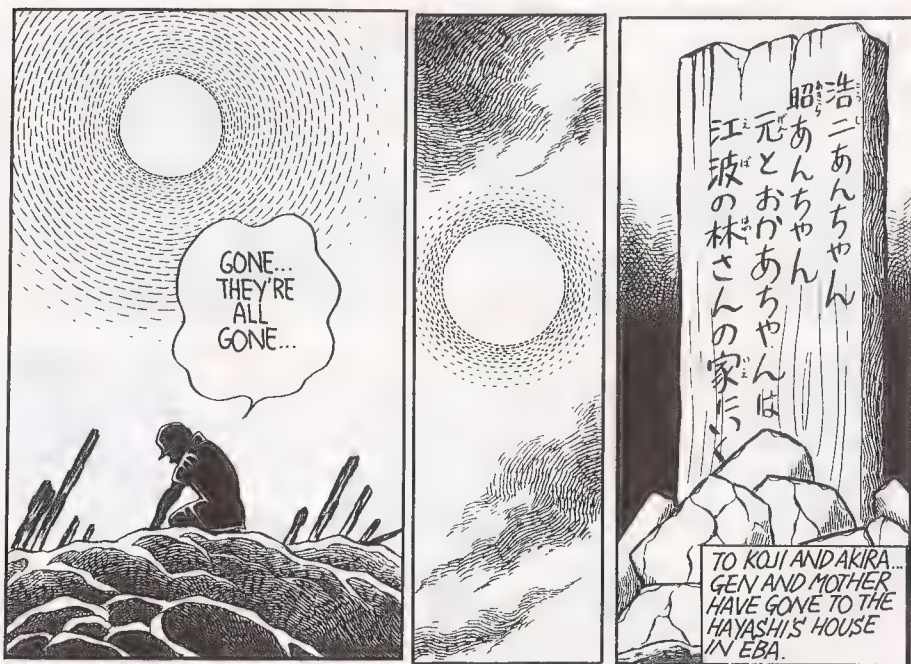
IF THERE AREN'T ANY BONES, MY FAMILY'S STILL ALIVE

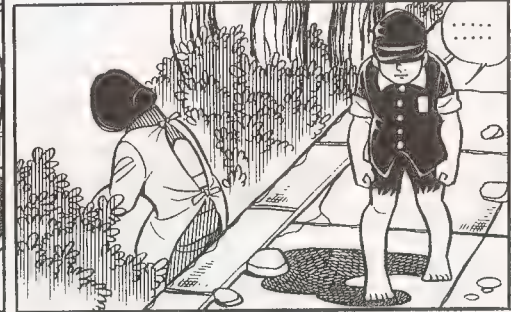
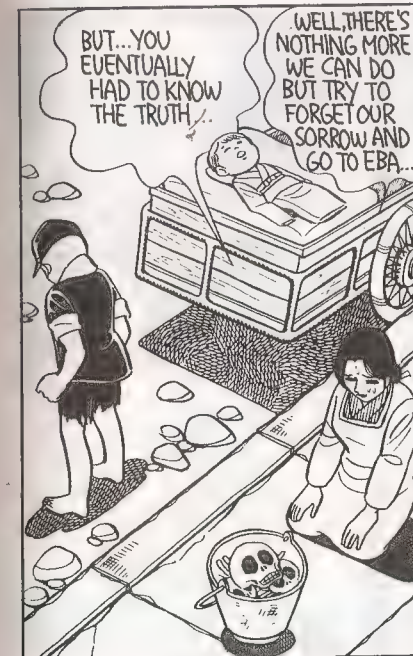
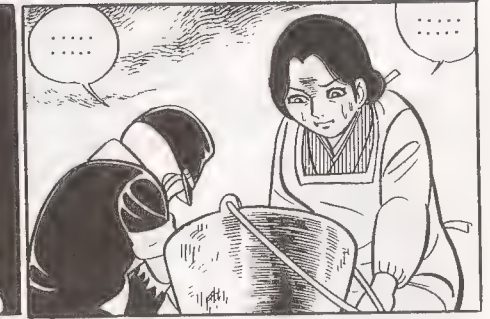
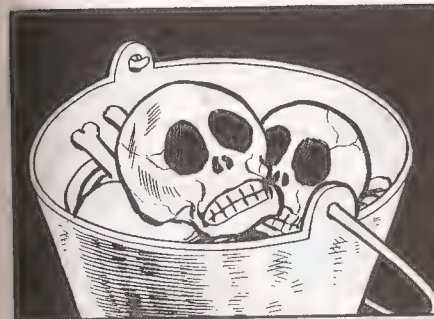
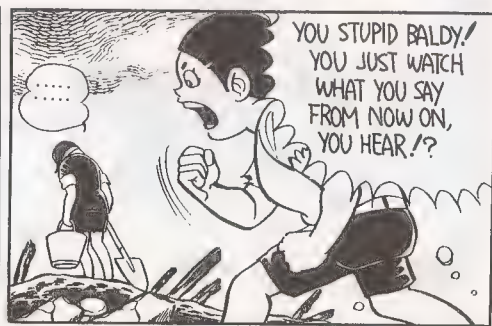
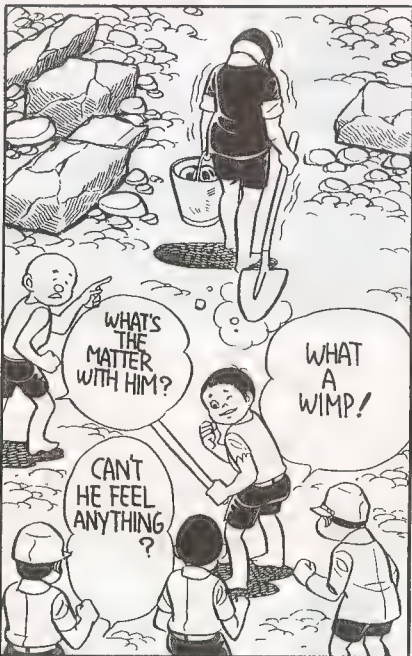
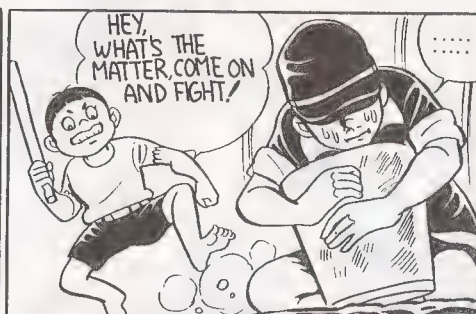
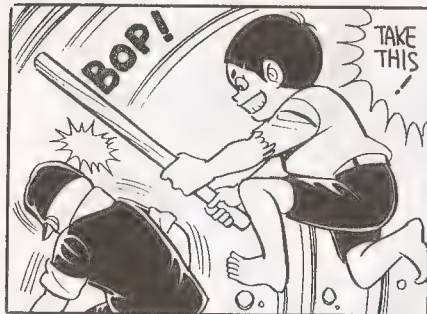
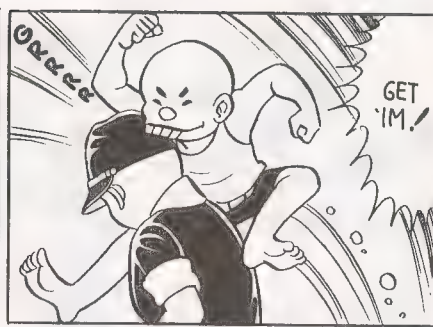
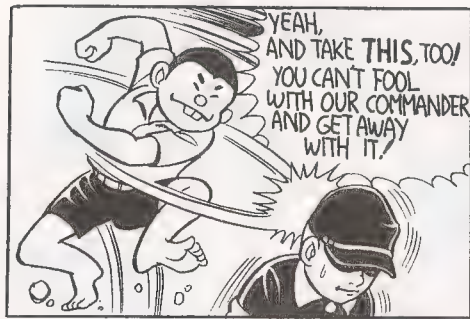


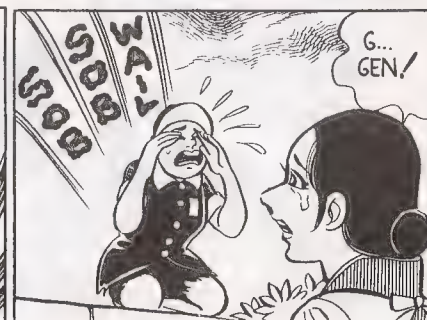
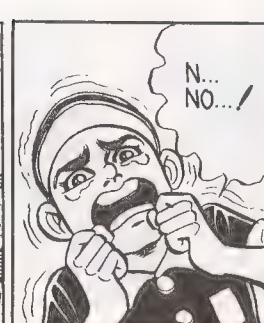
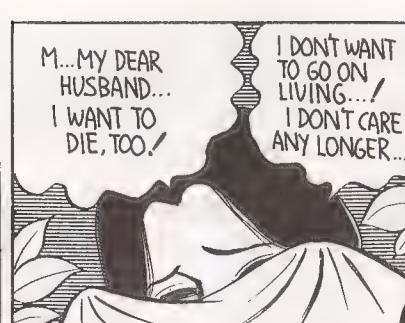
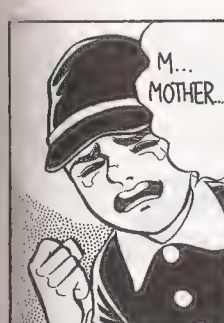
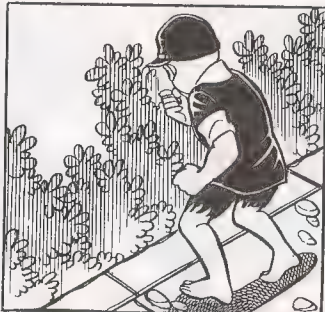
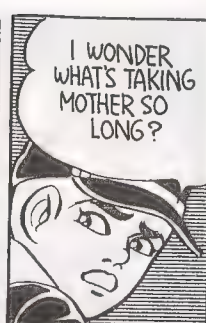
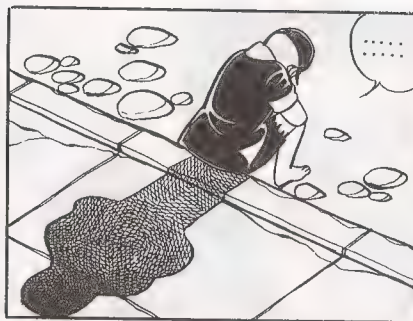
I DON'T WANT TO FIND THEIR BONES...







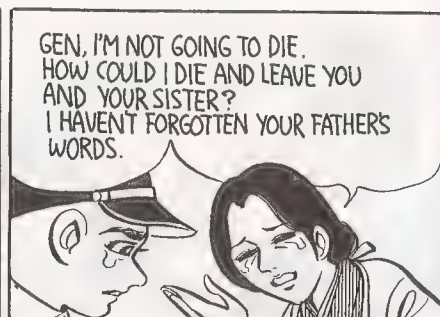




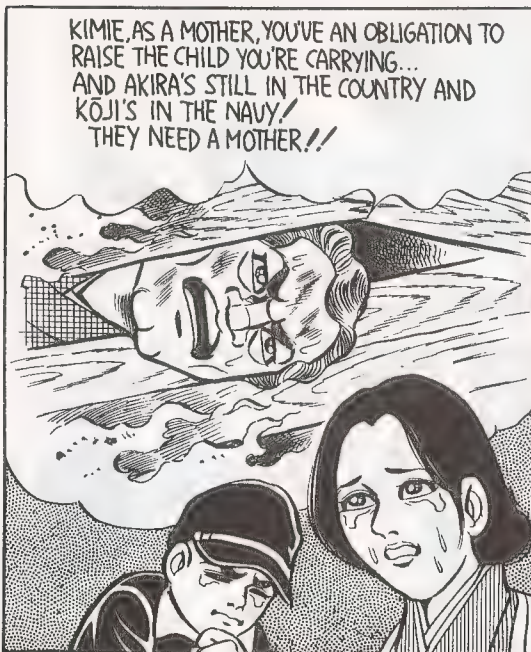


SOB...
SOB...

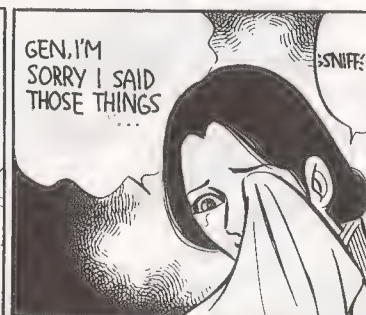
SOB...
SOB...



GEN, I'M NOT GOING TO DIE.
HOW COULD I DIE AND LEAVE YOU
AND YOUR SISTER?
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR FATHER'S
WORDS.



KIMIE, AS A MOTHER, YOU'VE AN OBLIGATION TO
RAISE THE CHILD YOU'RE CARRYING...
AND AKIRA'S STILL IN THE COUNTRY AND
KŌJI'S IN THE NAVY!
THEY NEED A MOTHER!!

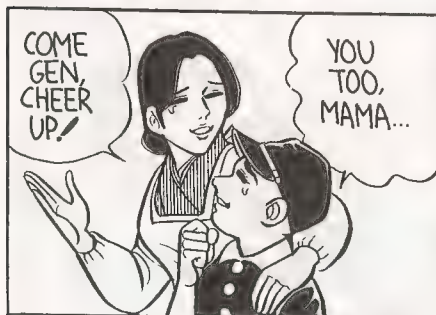


GEN, I'M
SORRY I SAID
THOSE THINGS...

SNIFF!

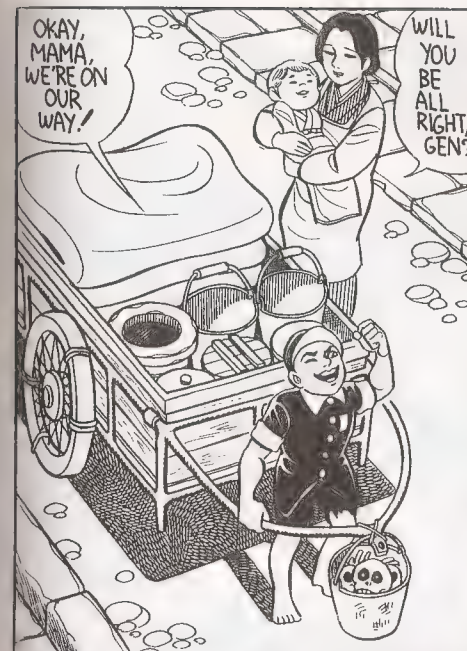
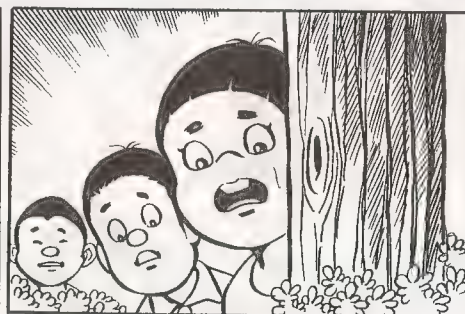


LET'S GO TO EBA, NOW.
LET'S TRY TO GO
SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY
FROM THESE BAD
MEMORIES...



COME
GEN,
CHEER
UP!

YOU
TOO,
MAMA...



OKAY,
MAMA,
WE'RE ON
OUR WAY!

WILL
YOU
BE
ALL
RIGHT,
GEN?

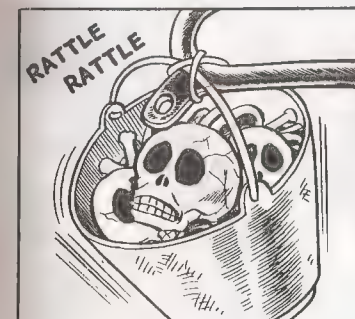


ONE
TWO

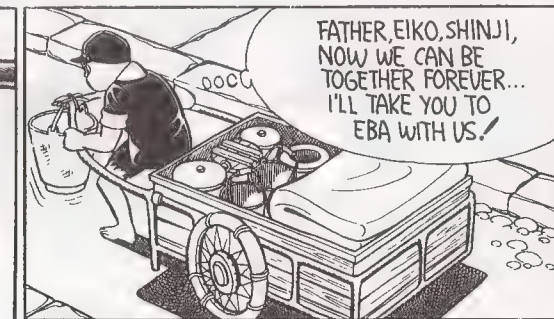
ONE
TWO



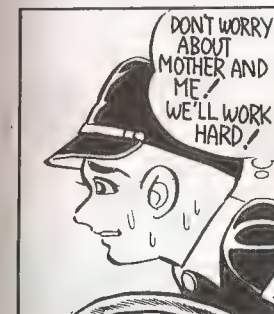
ONCE WE GET TO EBA,
WE CAN START ANEW...
I MUSTN'T LET
MYSELF BECOME
WEAK AGAIN...



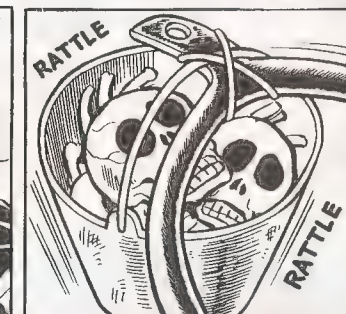
RATTLE
RATTLE



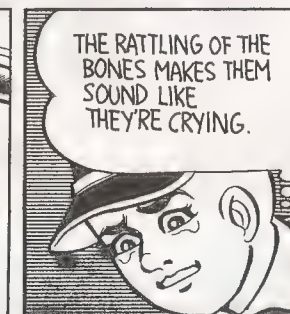
FATHER, EIKO, SHINJI,
NOW WE CAN BE
TOGETHER FOREVER...
I'LL TAKE YOU TO
EBA WITH US!



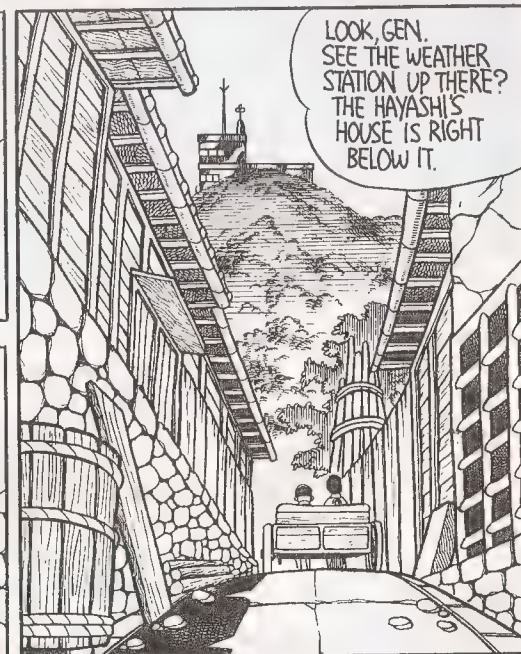
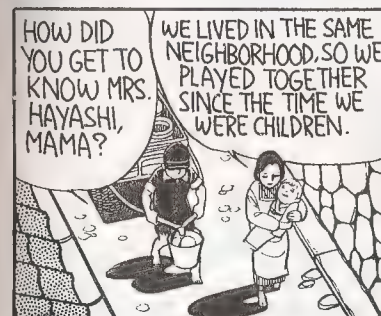
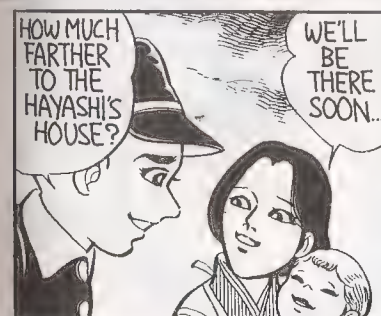
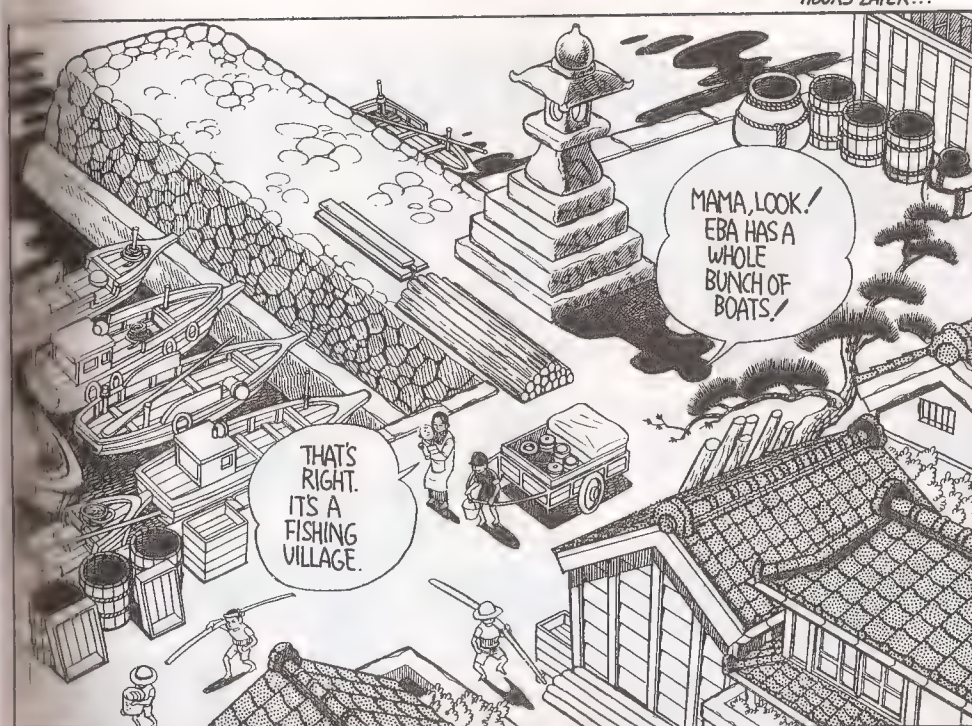
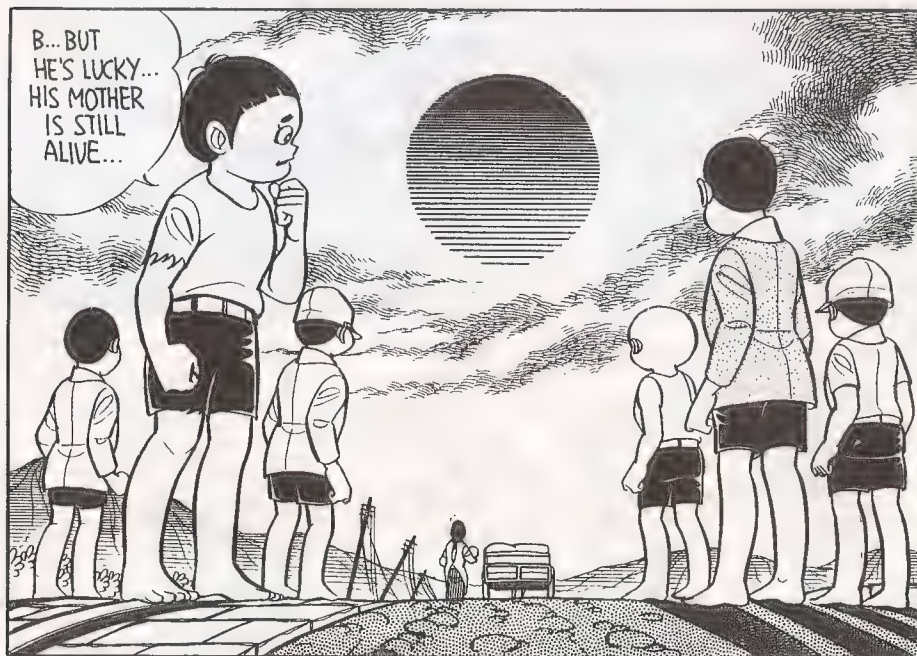
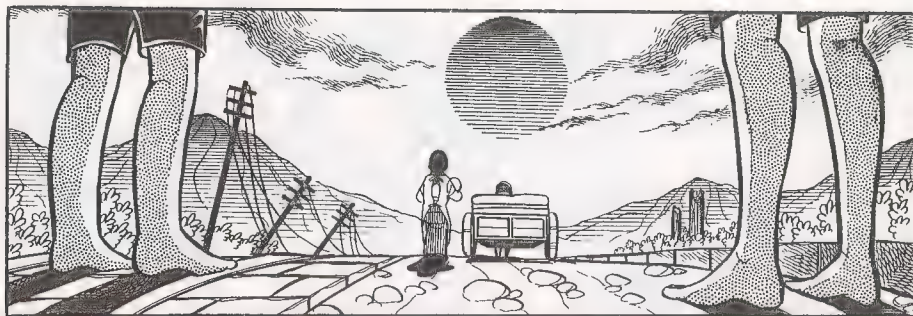
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT
MOTHER AND
ME!
WE'LL WORK
HARD!

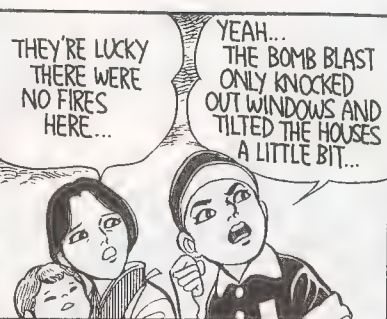


RATTLE
RATTLE



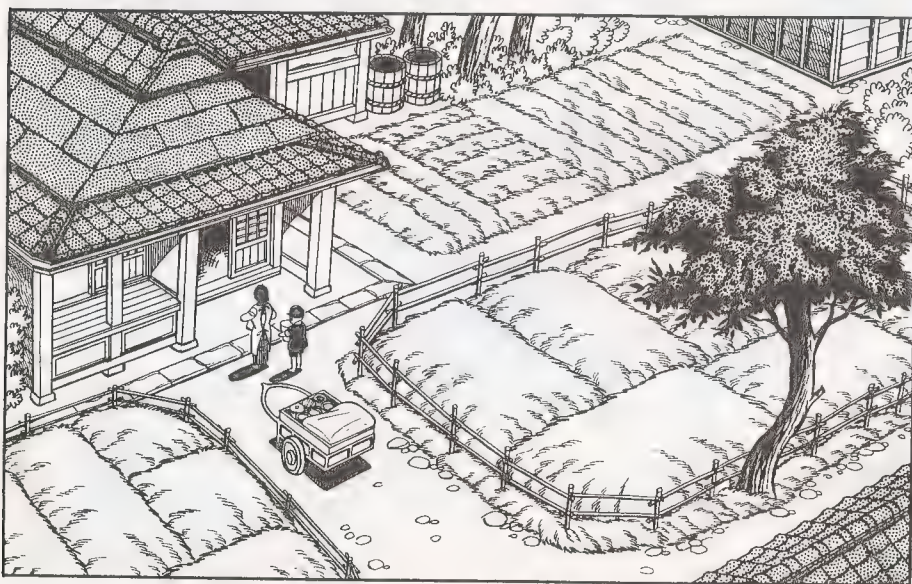
THE RATTLING OF THE
BONES MAKES THEM
SOUND LIKE
THEY'RE CRYING.





THEY'RE LUCKY THERE WERE NO FIRES HERE...

YEAH... THE BOMB BLAST ONLY KNOCKED OUT WINDOWS AND TILTED THE HOUSES A LITTLE BIT...



WHY ITS KIMIE NAKACKA !!

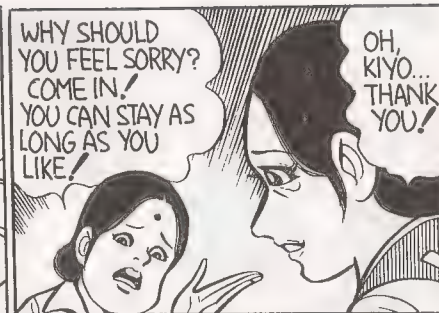
K... KIMIE!

KIYO!

Y... YOU'RE SAFE! HOW WONDERFUL!

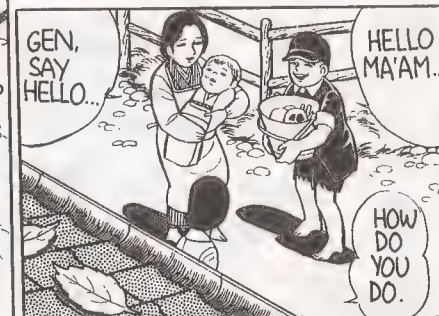


KIYO, I'M SORRY I HAVE TO ASK THIS, BUT COULD YOU PUT US UP HERE FOR A WHILE?



WHY SHOULD YOU FEEL SORRY? COME IN! YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!

OH, KIYO... THANK YOU!



GEN, SAY HELLO...

HELLO MA'AM...

HOW DO YOU DO.



B... BUT KIMIE... WHERE ARE YOUR OTHER CHILDREN AND YOUR HUSBAND?



OH, KIMIE !!

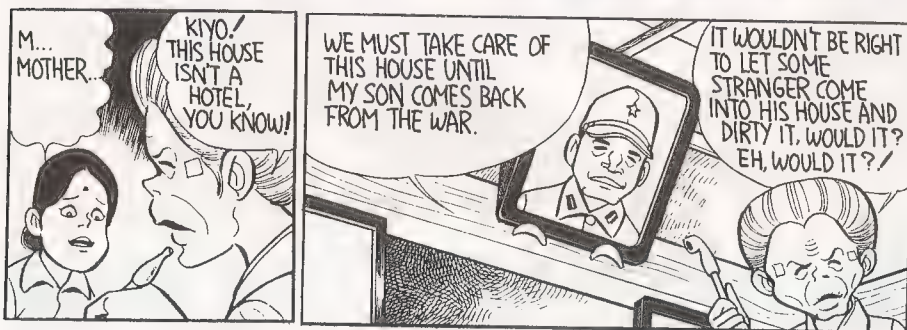
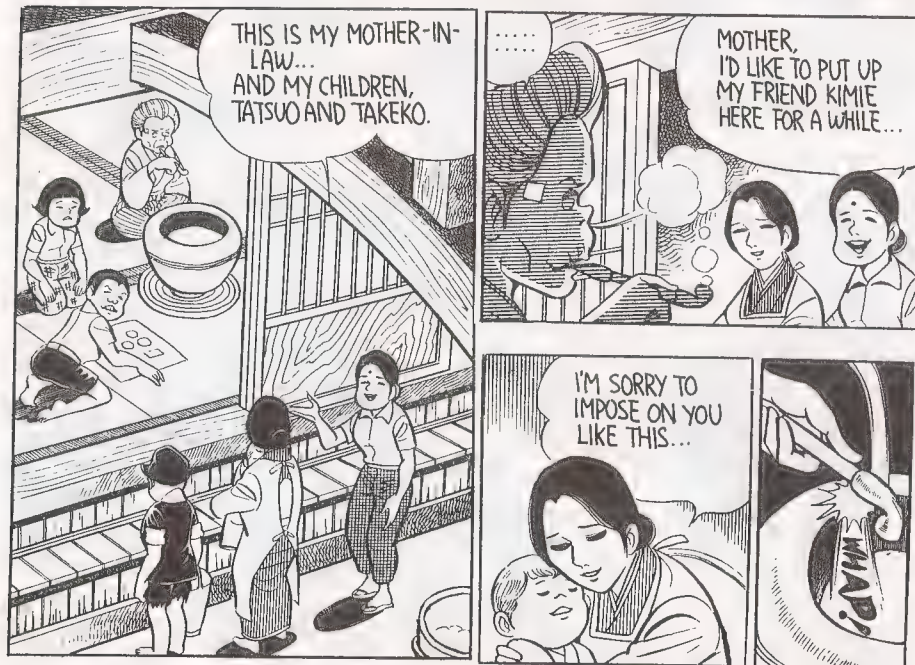


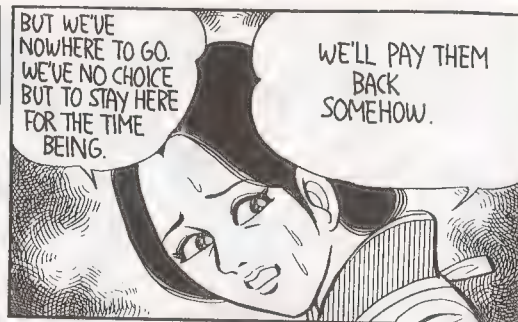
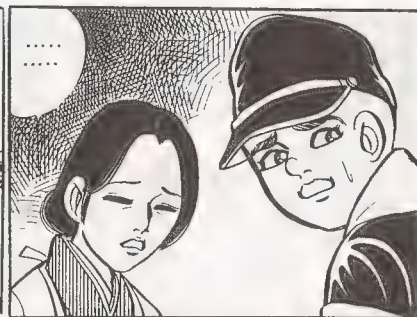
I KNOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE... BUT TRY TO BE STRONG...

TH... THANK YOU, KIYO...



COME, WE'LL TALK LATER... COME IN AND REST NOW.

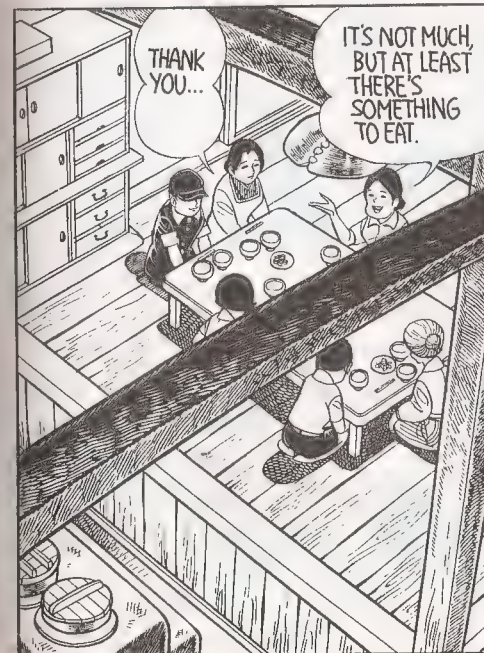
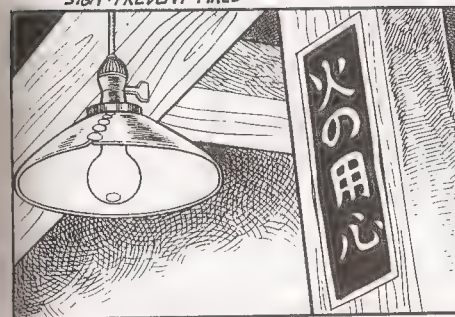


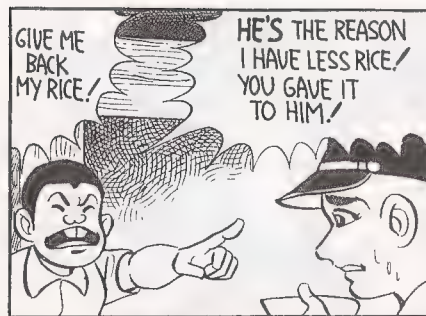


* TATAMI: JAPANESE STRAW MATS



SIGN: PREVENT FIRES



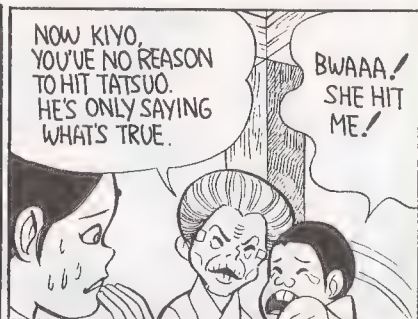


GIVE ME
BACK
MY RICE!

HE'S THE REASON
I HAVE LESS RICE!
YOU GAVE IT
TO HIM!



WHAT KIND OF
WAY IS THAT TO
ACT FOR A
THIRD GRADER!



NOW KIYO,
YOU'VE NO REASON
TO HIT TATSUO.
HE'S ONLY SAYING
WHAT'S TRUE.

BWAAA!
SHE HIT
ME!



I...I'M
SORRY
KIMIE...

HERE, KIYO.
GIVE THIS TO
TATSUO.
I DON'T NEED
IT.



WE SHOULD
APOLOGIZE
FOR IMPOSING
ON YOU
SO...

MY CHILDREN
ARE VERY SELFISH.
PLEASE DON'T
LET THEM
BOTHER YOU.



WHAT AN AWFUL
GIRL...
SHE KEEPS STARING
AT MY RICE...

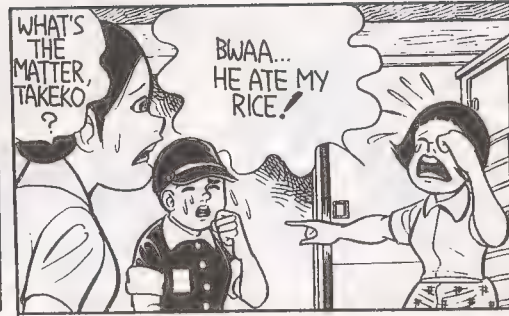


GOSH,
I'D BETTER
EAT IT
FAST.



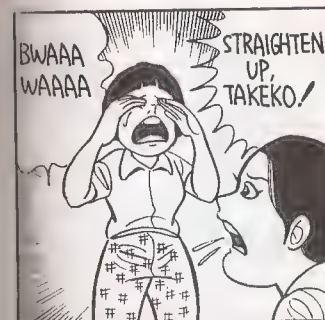
BWAA

THAT
WAS A
VERY
GOOD
DINNER
MA'AM.



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
TAKEKO?
?

BWAA...
HE ATE MY
RICE!

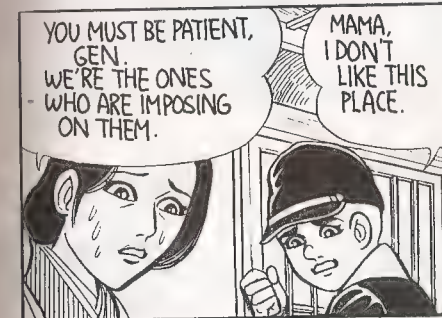
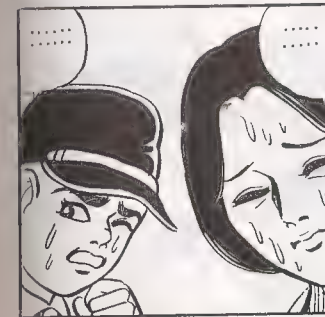


BWAAA
WAAAA

STRAIGHTEN
UP,
TAKEKO!



LATER...

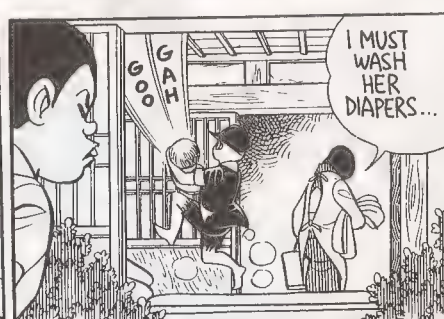


YOU MUST BE PATIENT,
GEN.
WE'RE THE ONES
WHO ARE IMPOSING
ON THEM.

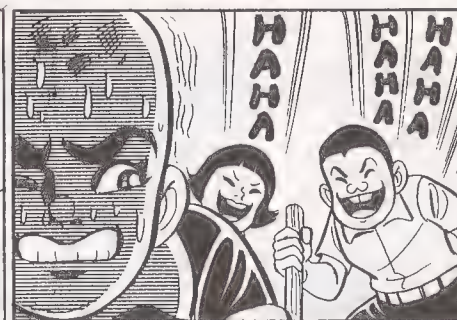
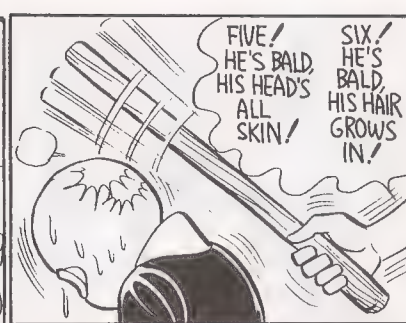
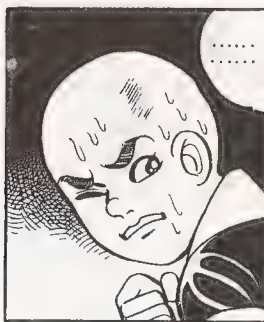
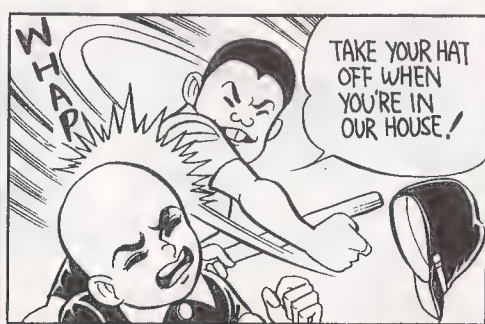
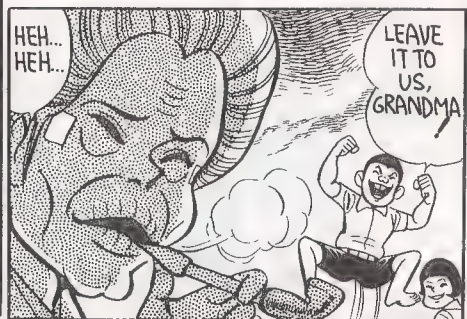
MAMA,
I DON'T
LIKE THIS
PLACE.

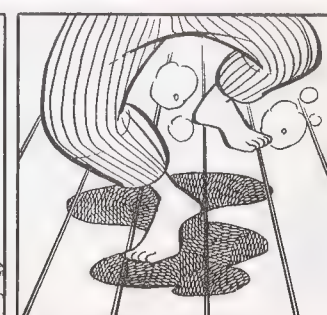
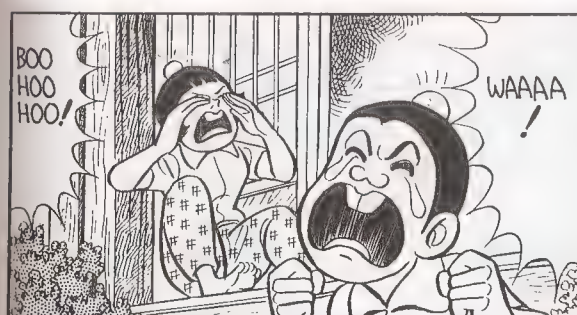
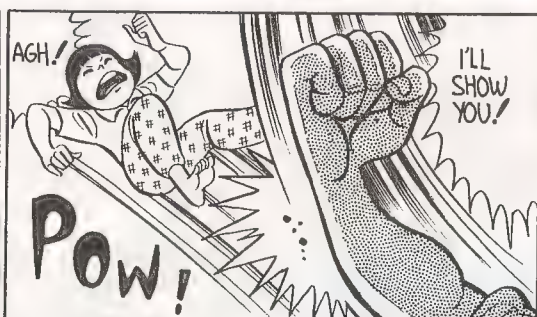
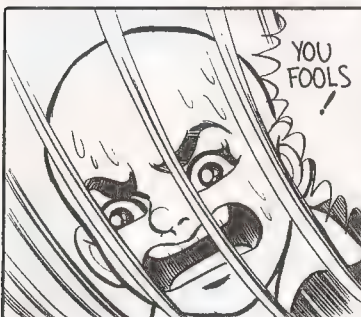
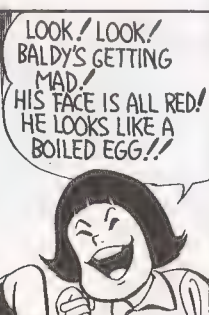
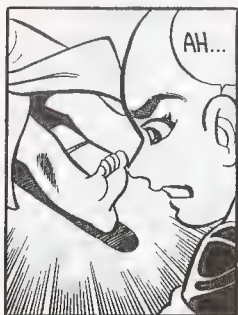
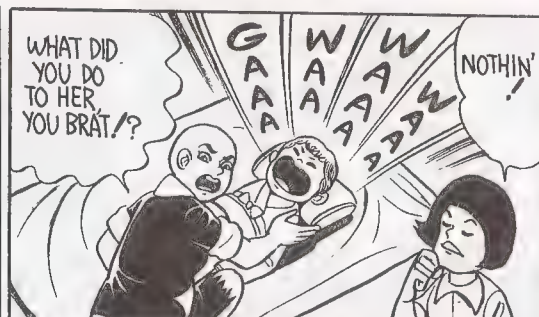


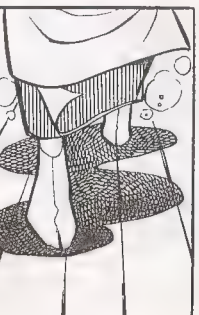
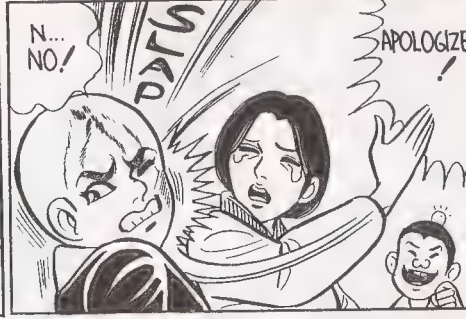
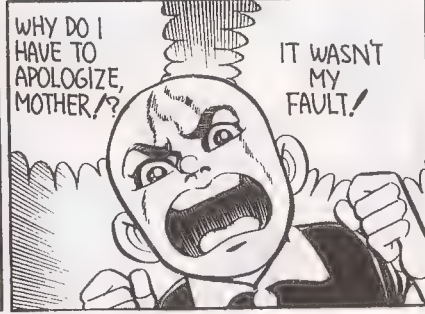
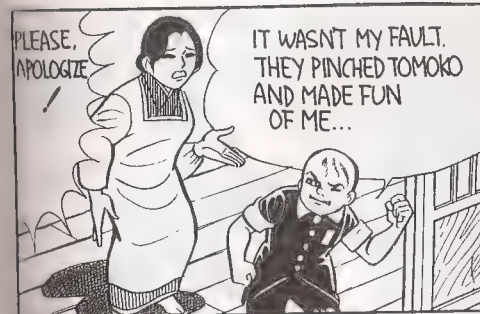
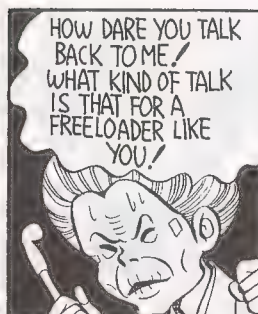
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS,
YOU MUST ENDURE IT.
PROMISE ME YOU
WILL, GEN.

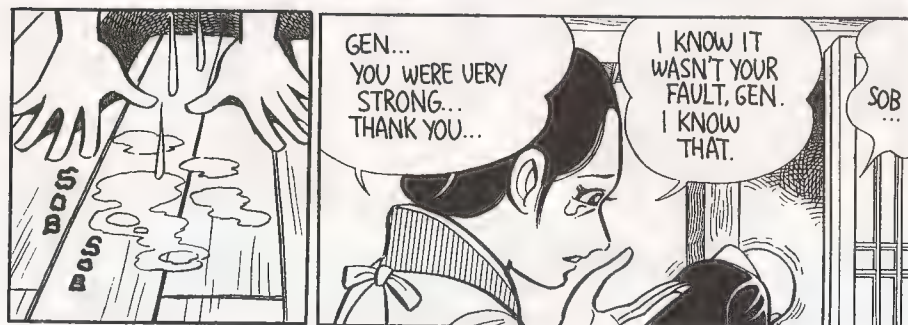
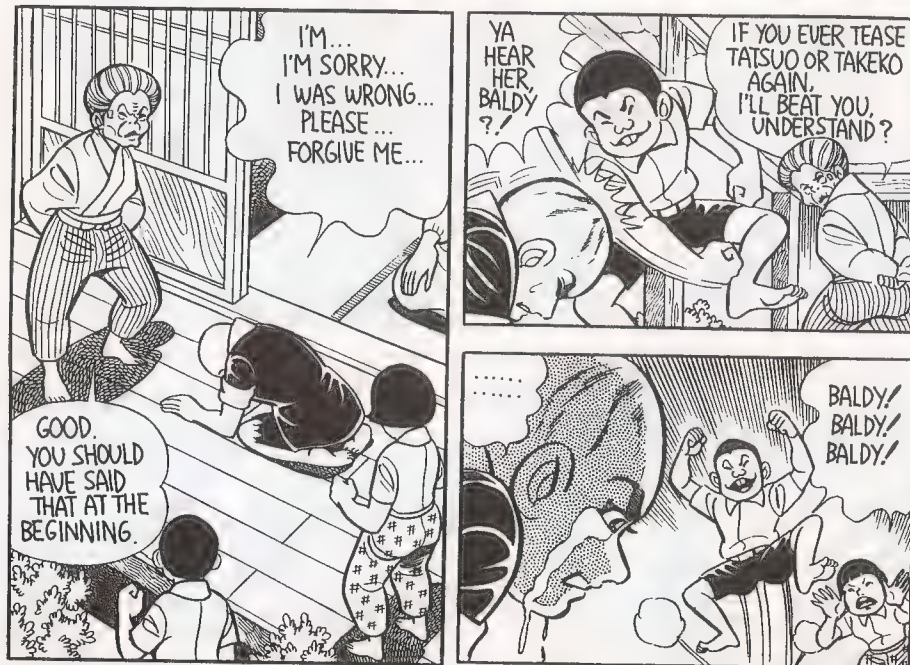
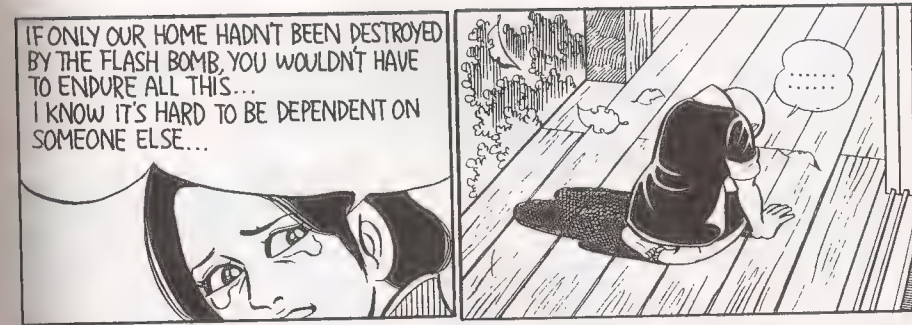


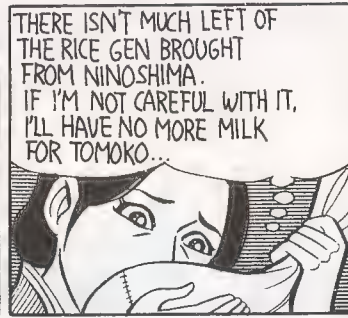
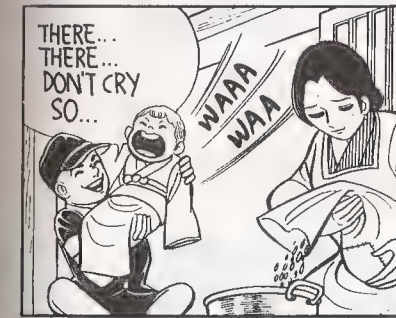
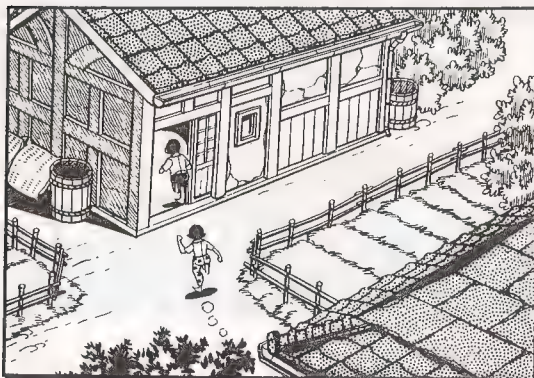
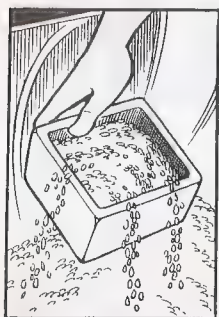
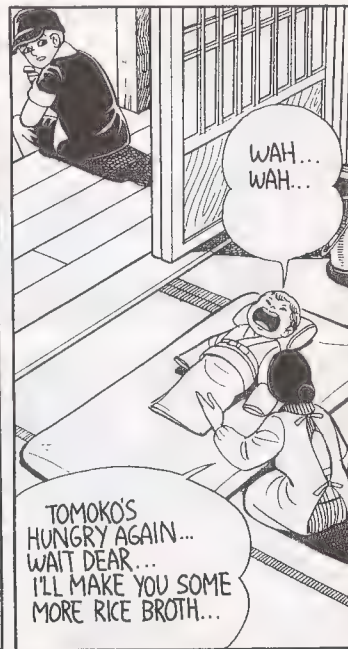
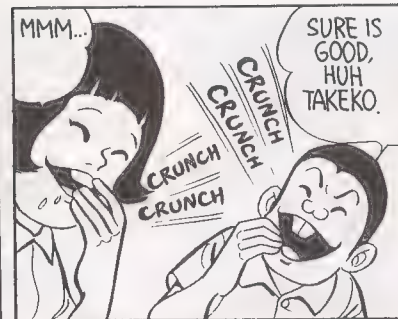
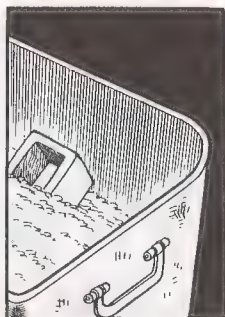
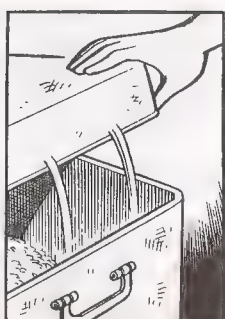
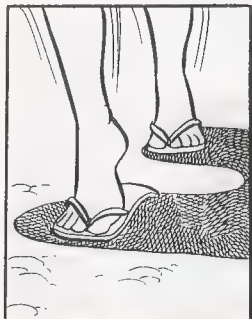
* IN JAPANESE, THE WORD FOR FRIEND IS TOMODACHI; THE NAME GEN CHOSE IS MADE UP OF TWO PARTS: TOMO (FRIEND) AND KO (CHILD).







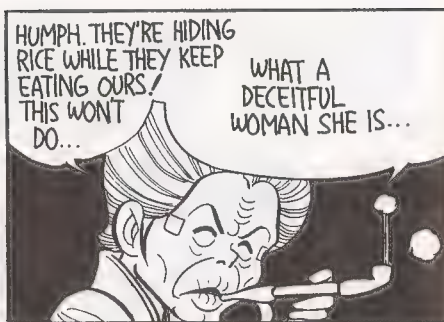






GEN, LOOK AFTER TOMOKO FOR A WHILE, WILL YOU?

JUST LEAVE 'ER TO ME!



HUMPH. THEY'RE HIDING RICE WHILE THEY KEEP EATING OURS! THIS WON'T DO...

WHAT A DECEITFUL WOMAN SHE IS...



I WONDER... JUST WHERE DID THEY GET THAT RICE...



MUMBLE... GRUMBLE...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, KIYO?

THAT'S ODD...



SOME RICE IS MISSING. DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT WENT?

W... WHAT!?



I KNOW!



KIYO, YOU'VE LET A COUPLE OF HEARTLESS THIEVES INTO THIS HOUSE!

W... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MOTHER...



I JUST SAW HER! I SAW WHERE KIMIE'S HIDING RICE!



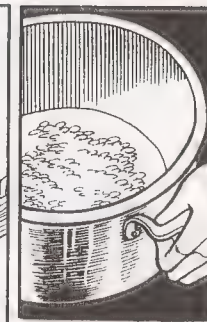
Y... YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MOTHER...

I WON'T LET HER GET AWAY WITH THIS.



KIYO, I'D LIKE TO MAKE SOME RICE MILK FOR TOMOKO... COULD I BORROW THE STOVE FOR A WHILE?

S... SURE, KIMIE.



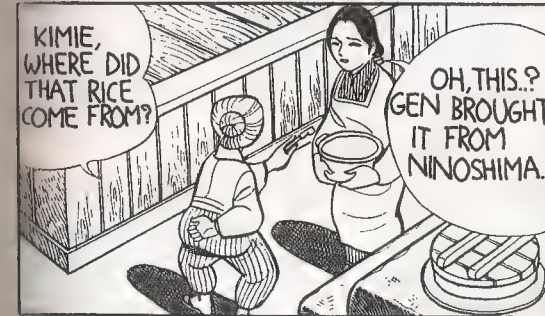
SHE DOES HAVE RICE...



DID YOU SEE THAT, KIYO? HOW COULD SHE HAVE RICE IF HER HOUSE BURNED DOWN, EH? SHE'S STEALING IT FOR SURE!

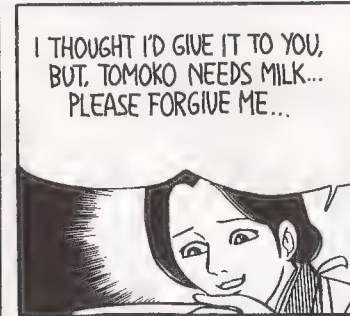


I CAN'T HAVE A THIEF LIKE THAT IN MY HOUSE! I'LL THROW HER OUT! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!

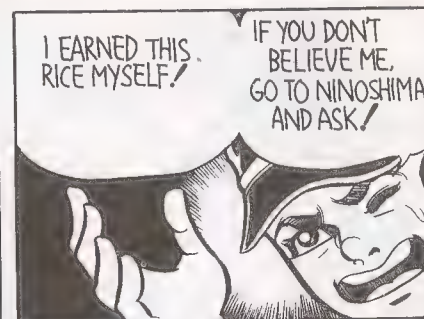
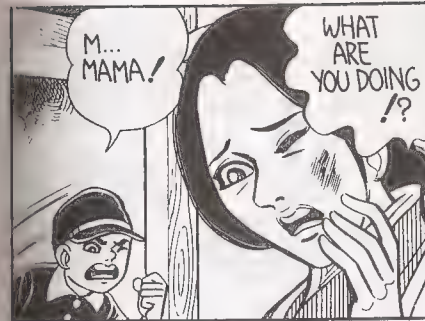
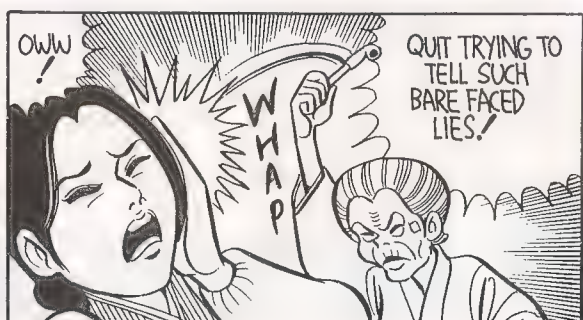
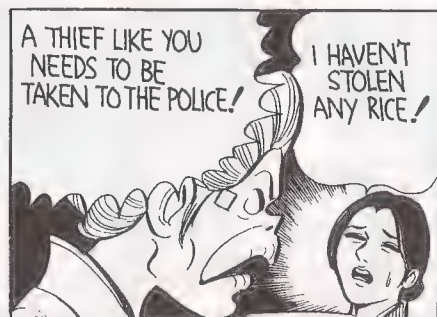
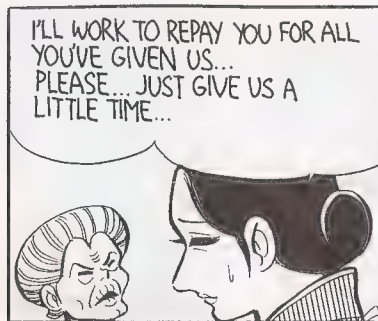


KIMIE, WHERE DID THAT RICE COME FROM?

OH, THIS? GEN BROUGHT IT FROM NINOSHIMA...

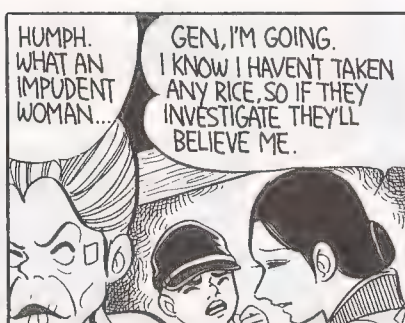


I THOUGHT I'D GIVE IT TO YOU, BUT, TOMOKO NEEDS MILK... PLEASE FORGIVE ME...



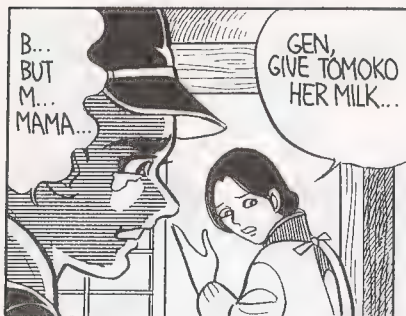


LET'S GO!
WE'LL HAVE
THE POLICE
TAKE CARE
OF IT!



HUMPH.
WHAT AN
IMPUDENT
WOMAN...

GEN, I'M GOING.
I KNOW I HAVEN'T TAKEN
ANY RICE, SO IF THEY
INVESTIGATE THEY'LL
BELIEVE ME.



GEN,
GIVE TOMOKO
HER MILK...



HURRY
UP!



SHE SURE LOOKS
HARMLESS...
SHE MUST BE
A REAL
WITCH!



GRANDMA
HAYASHI
CAUGHT A RICE
THIEF!

WHAT?



HEH HEH...
THIS IS
GETTING
INTERESTING.

GET 'EM
GRANDMA!
MAKE 'EM
CONFESS!



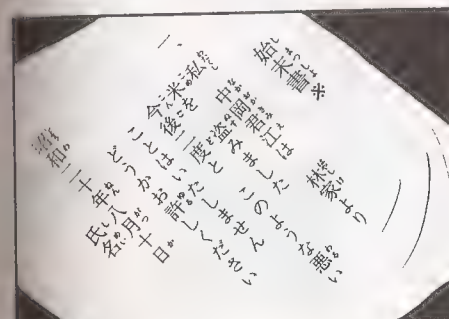
DAMN
THEM!

I CAN'T
STAND IT
MUCH
LONGER,
TOMOKO...



WHY YOU...
I'LL GET
YOU...

THIEF!
THIEF!

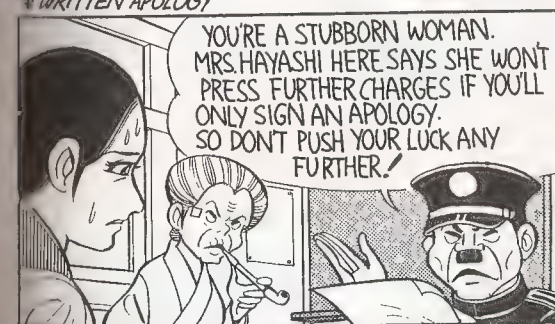


WRITTEN APOLOGY



HERE YOU ARE.
JUST SIGN AND
PUT
YOUR THUMB
PRINT HERE.

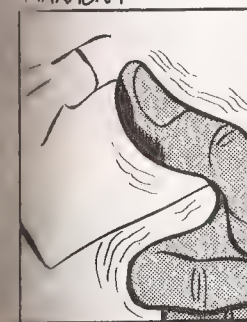
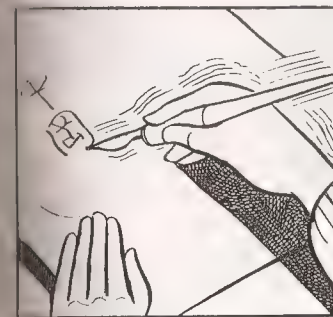
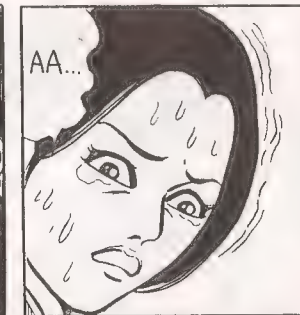
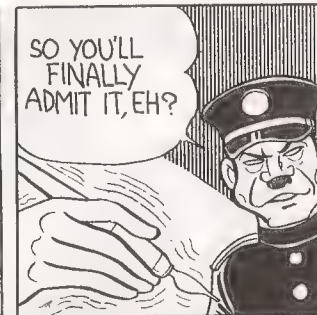
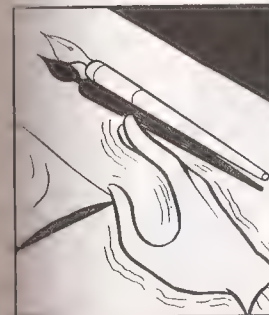
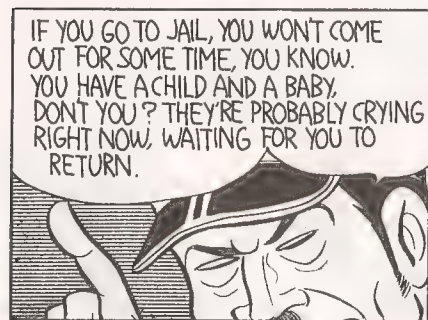
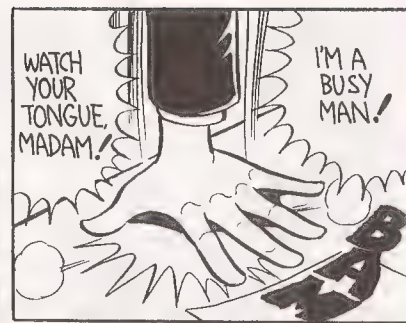
NO-



YOU'RE A STUBBORN WOMAN.
MRS. HAYASHI HERE SAYS SHE WON'T
PRESS FURTHER CHARGES IF YOU'LL
ONLY SIGN AN APOLOGY.
SO DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK ANY
FURTHER!



IS IT WRONG TO REFUSE
TO SIGN AN APOLOGY FOR
A CRIME I HAVEN'T
COMMITTED?

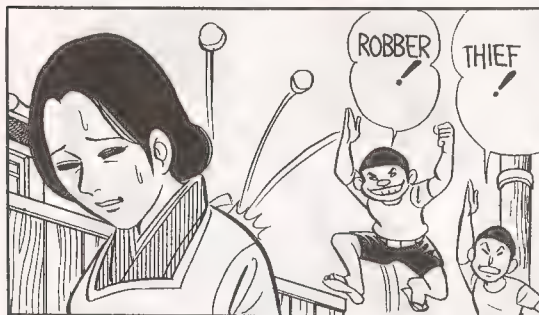




ALL RIGHT,
YOU MAY GO NOW.
BUT DON'T EVER
STEAL RICE AGAIN!



HEH... HEH...
NOW THEY'LL
HAVE TO LEAVE...

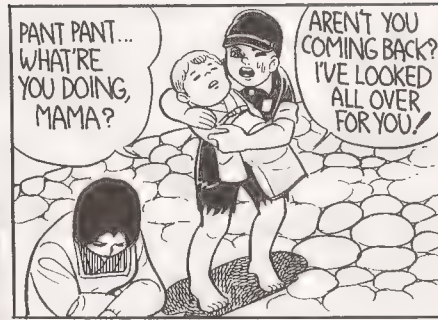


ROBBER!

THIEF!

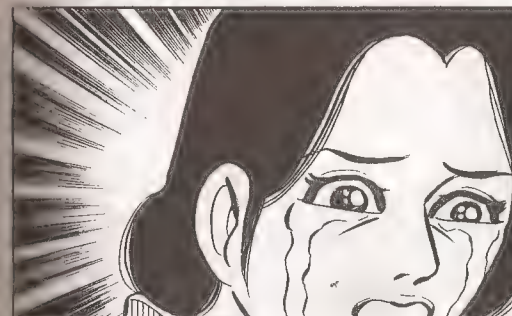


MAMA!

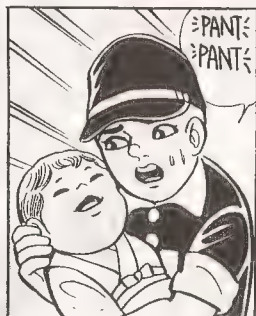


PANT PANT...
WHAT'RE
YOU DOING,
MAMA?

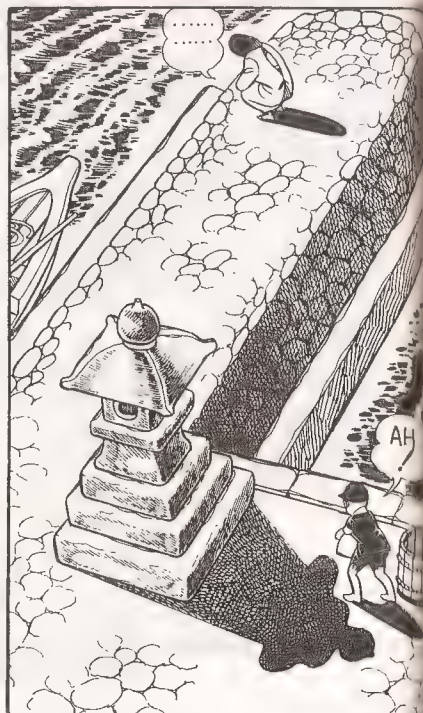
AREN'T YOU
COMING BACK?
I'VE LOOKED
ALL OVER
FOR YOU!



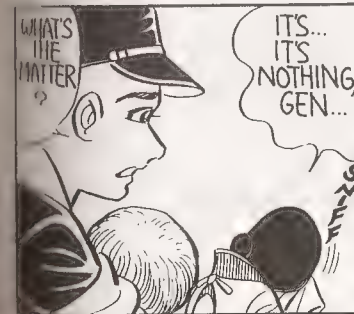
M...MAMA,
WHY ARE
YOU
CRYING?



PANT
PANT



AH

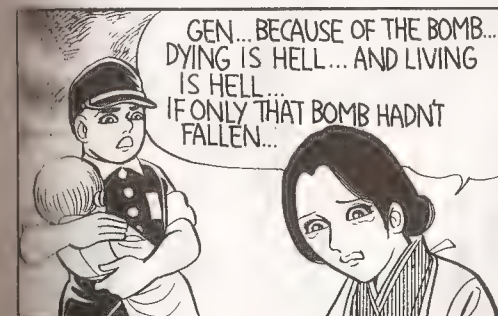


WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

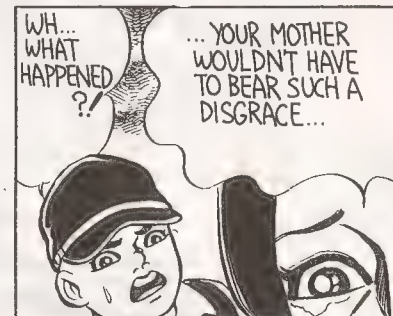
IT'S...
IT'S
NOTHING,
GEN...



THE POLICE
PROVED THAT
WE DIDN'T TAKE
ANY RICE,
DIDN'T THEY?

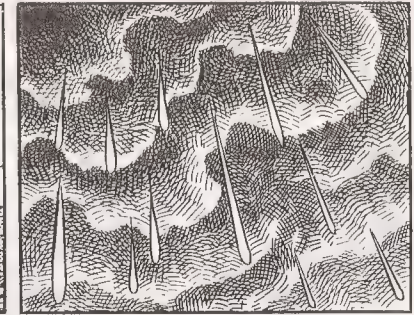
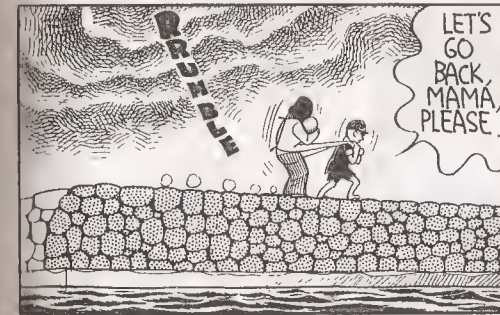
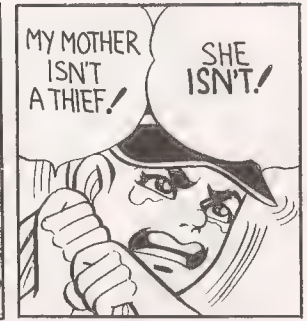
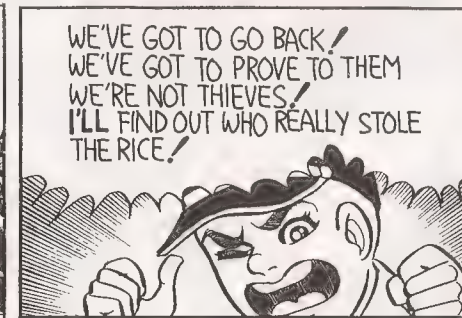
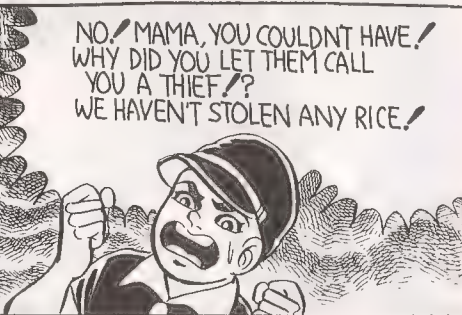
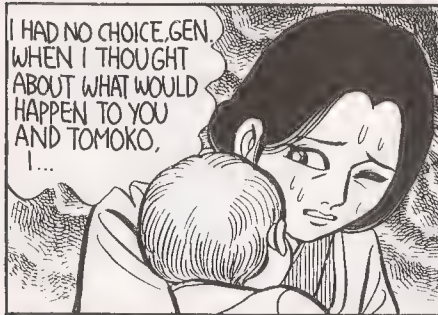
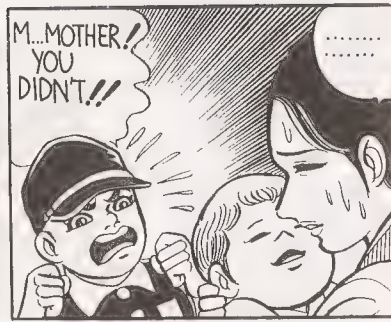
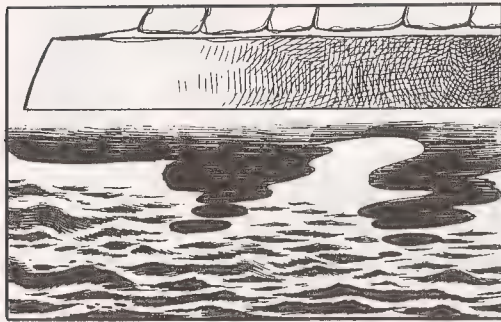


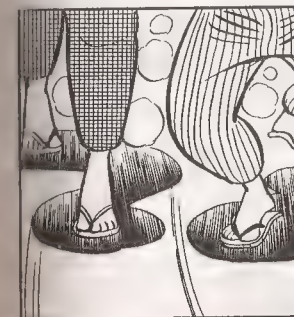
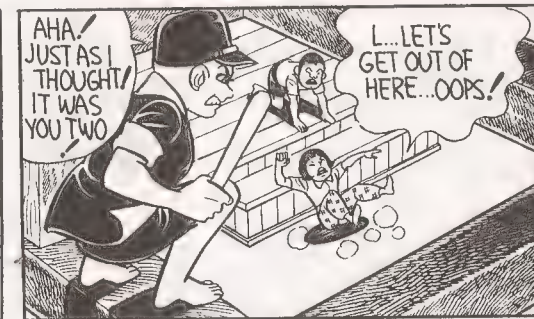
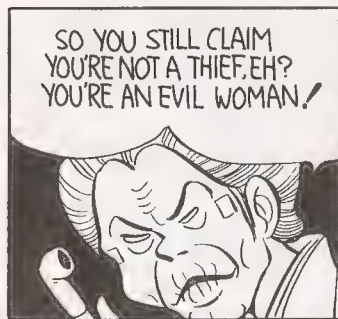
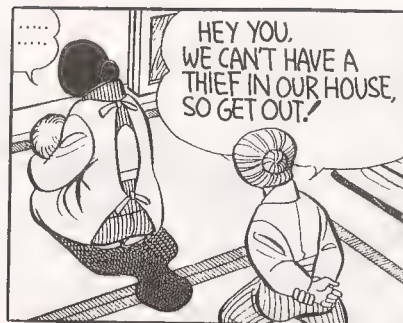
GEN... BECAUSE OF THE BOMB...
DYING IS HELL... AND LIVING
IS HELL...
IF ONLY THAT BOMB HADN'T
FALLEN...

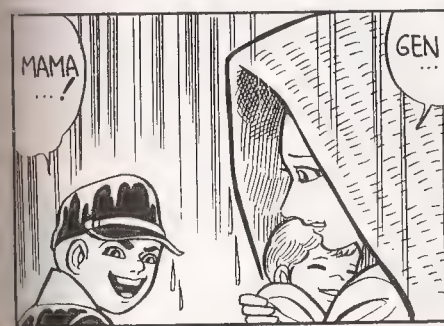
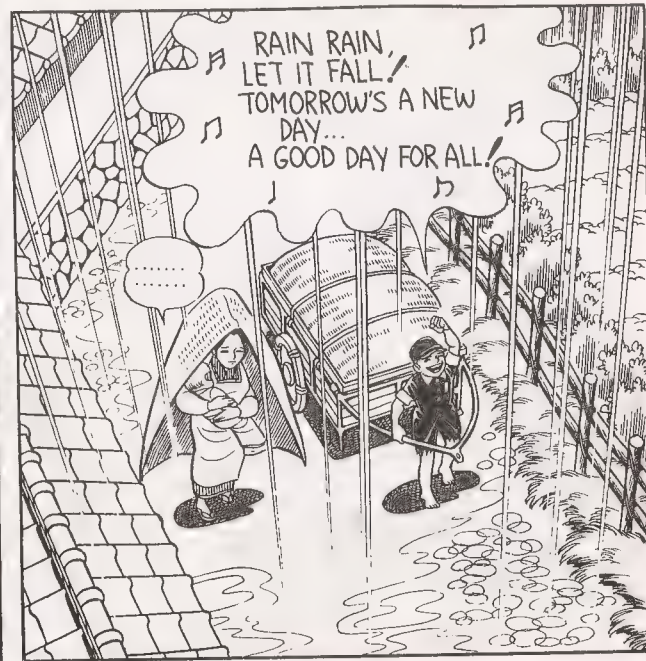
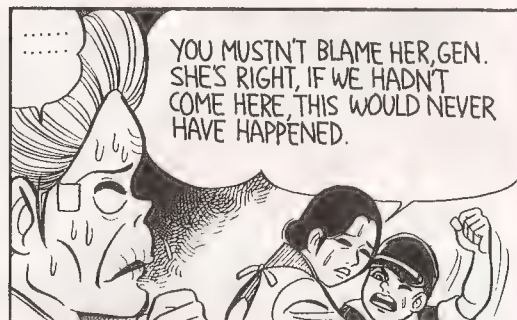
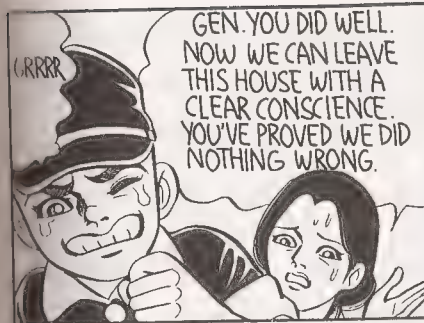


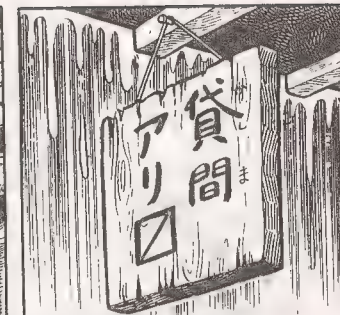
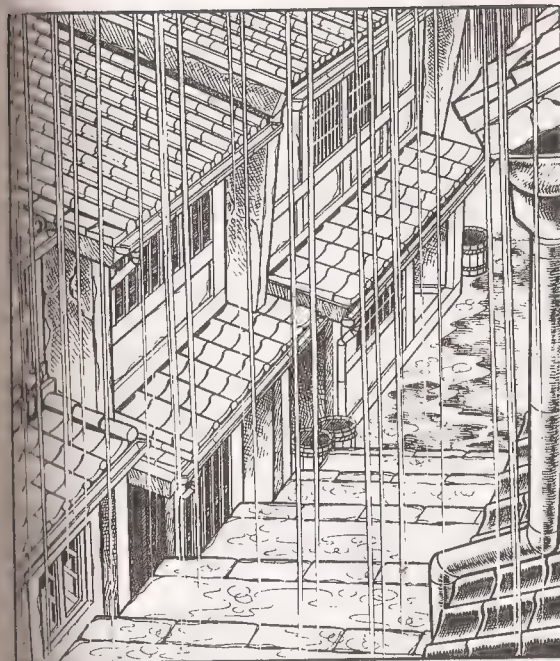
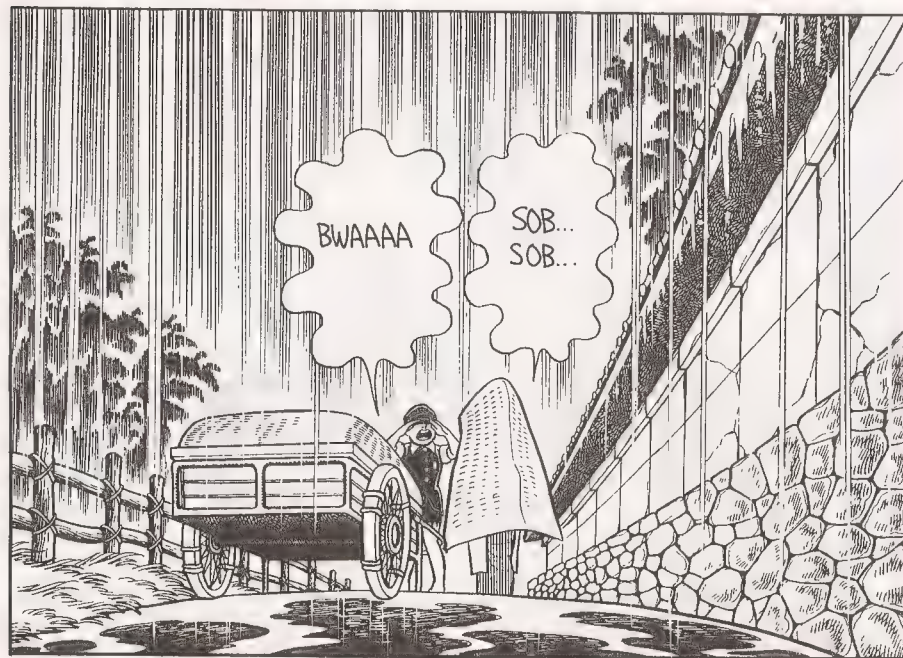
WH...
WHAT
HAPPENED
?!

... YOUR MOTHER
WOULDN'T HAVE
TO BEAR SUCH A
DISGRACE...

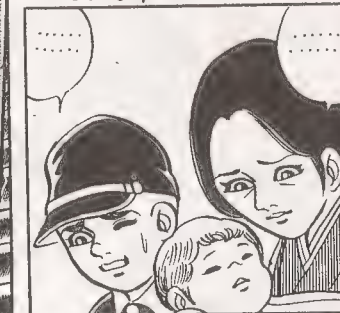






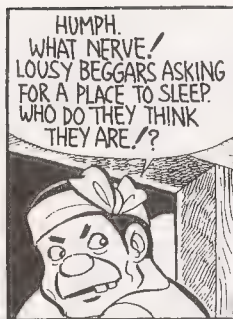


SIGN: ROOMS FOR RENT

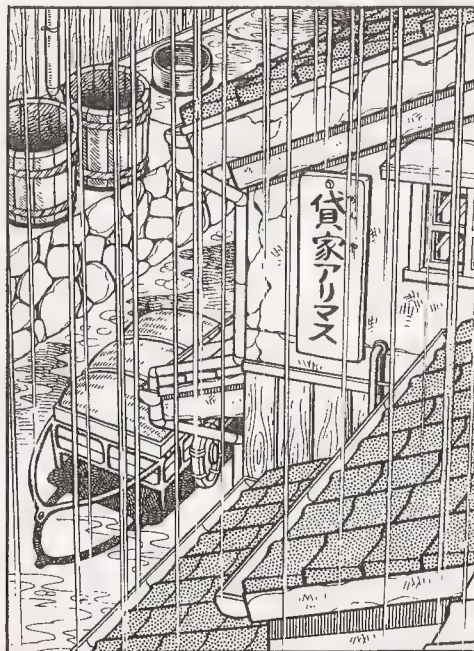
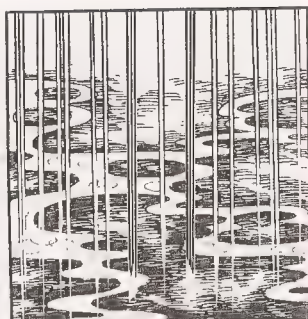




THEY WON'T
HELP US
HERE EITHER,
GEN.
LET'S GO.



HUMPH.
WHAT NERVE!
LOUSY BEGGARS ASKING
FOR A PLACE TO SLEEP.
WHO DO THEY THINK
THEY ARE!?



SIGN: ROOMS FOR RENT



FORGET IT!
I'M NOT GOING TO
RENT A ROOM TO
SOMEONE WITHOUT
ANY MONEY!

PLEASE,
SIR.



D...
DAMN!

GO AWAY,
AND DON'T
COME BACK!



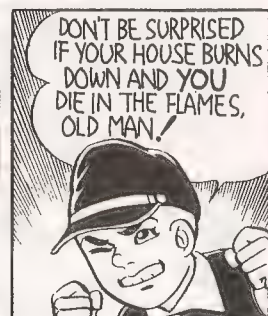
HEY,
MISTER

WHAT?



PEOPLE LIKE YOU WHO
ENJOY MAKING OTHER
PEOPLE SUFFER DON'T
DIE PLEASANT DEATHS.

W...
WHAT?



DON'T BE SURPRISED
IF YOUR HOUSE BURNS
DOWN AND YOU
DIE IN THE FLAMES,
OLD MAN!



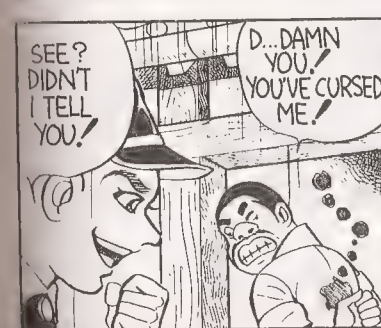
WHY... YOU ROTTEN
LITTLE BEGGAR!
TRY TO THREATEN ME
WILL YOU?
GO ON! GET OUTA
HERE!



AIEEE!



M... MY...
P... PIPE
B... BURNED
A HOLE!



SEE?
DIDN'T
I TELL
YOU!

D... DAMN
YOU!
YOU'VE CURSED
ME!



SALT!
GET ME
SOME SALT!



* IN JAPAN, SALT IS USED FOR RITUAL PURIFICATION.



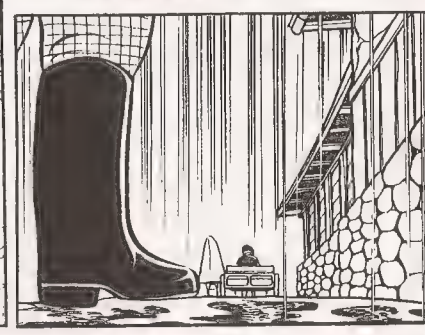
GET AWAY!
DON'T EVER
SHOW YOUR
FACE HERE
AGAIN!

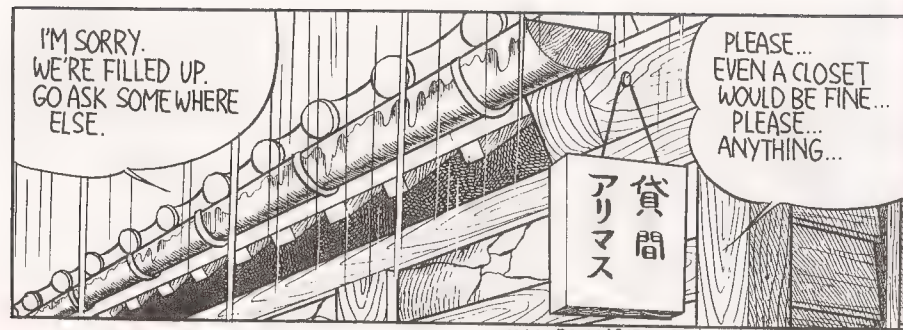
I HOPE YOUR
HOUSE BURNS!
I HOPE IT BURNS
DOWN!
YOU DESERVE IT,
YOU OAF!



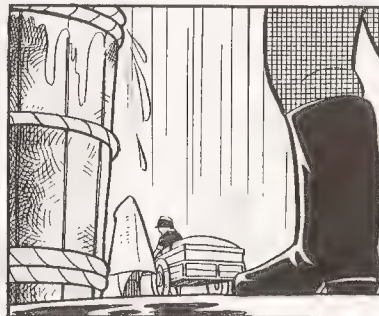
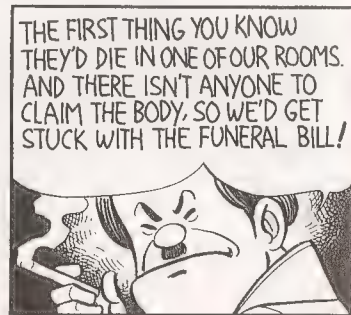
I CAN'T
STAND IT,
MAMA...

GEN...
STOP...
PLEASE...

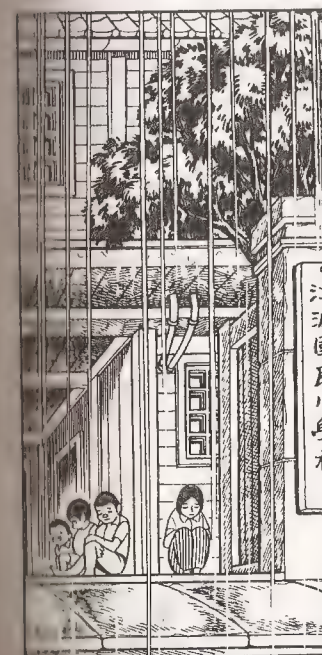
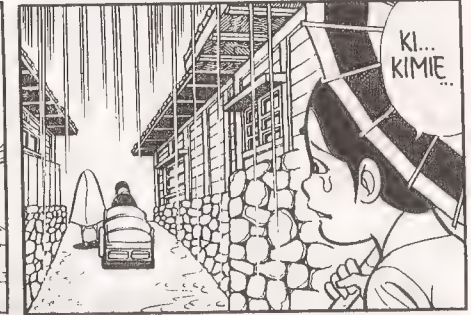




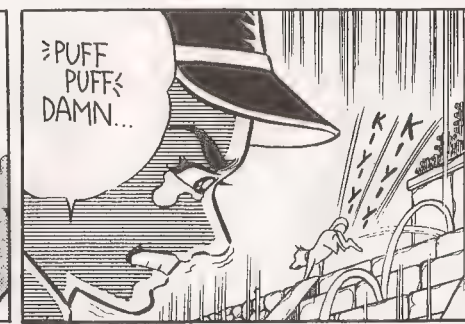
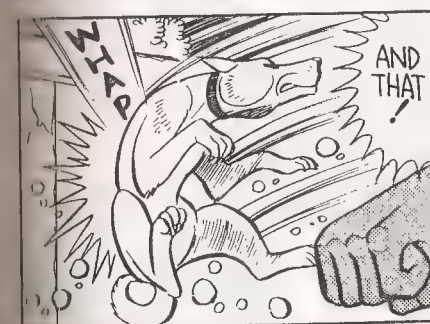
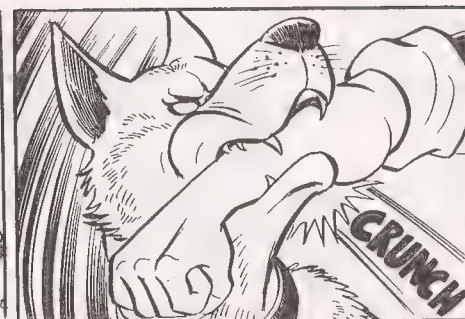
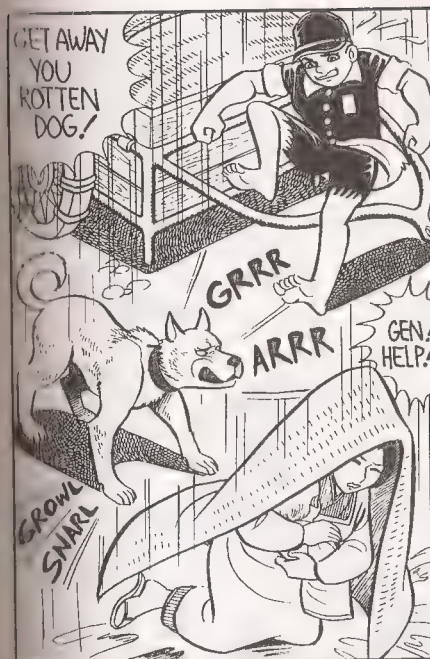
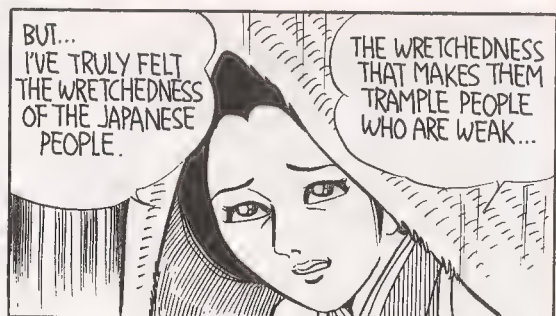
SIGN: ROOMS TO LET

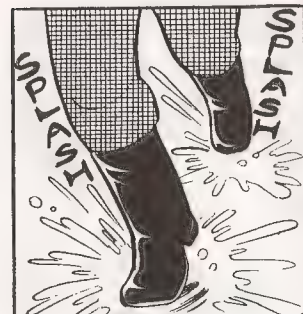
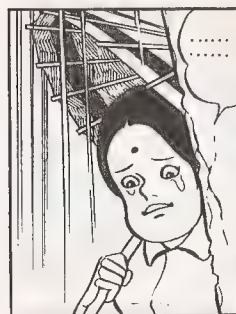
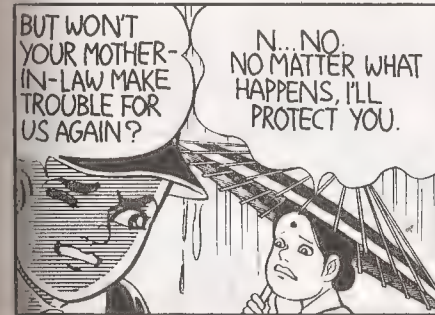
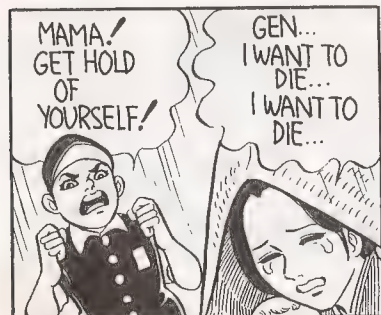
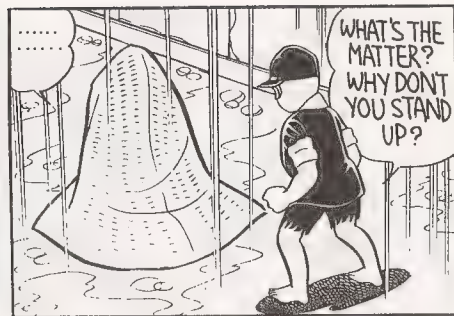


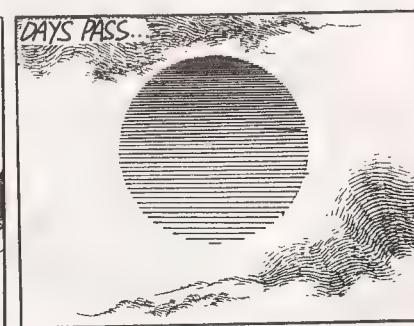
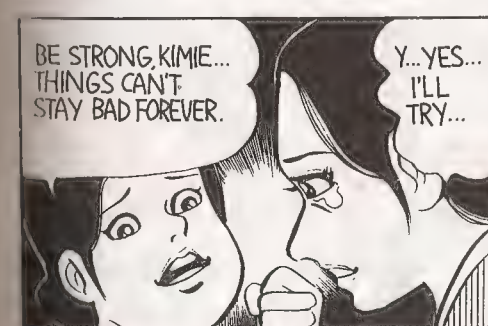
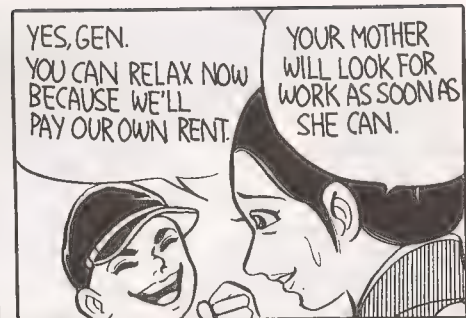
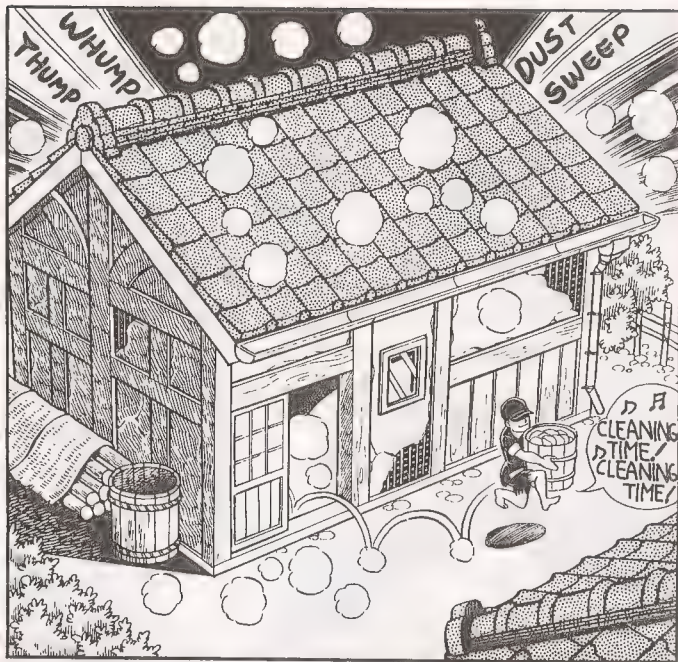
MEANWHILE...

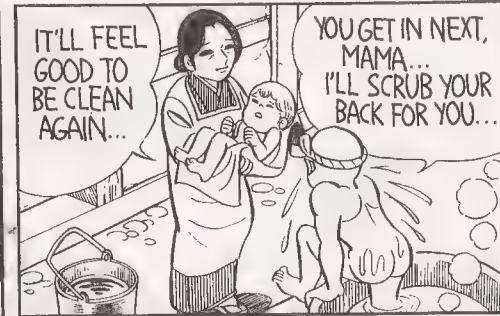
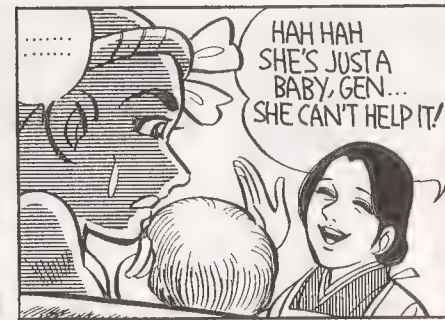
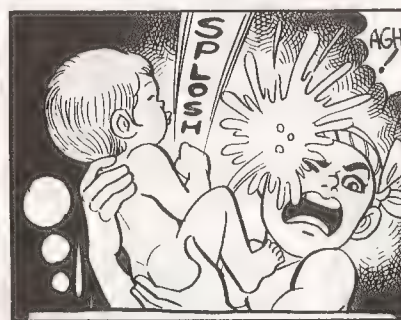
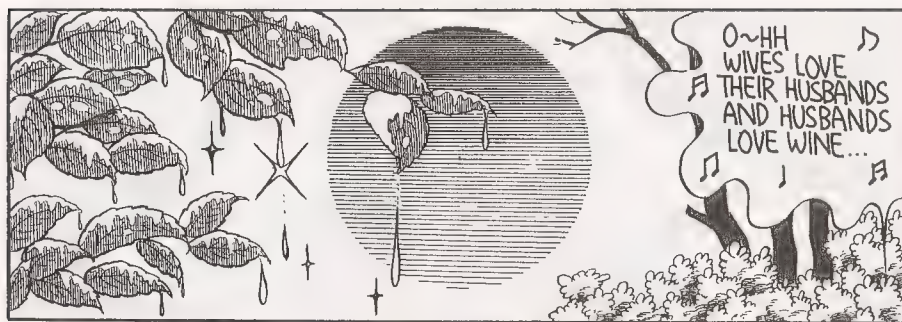


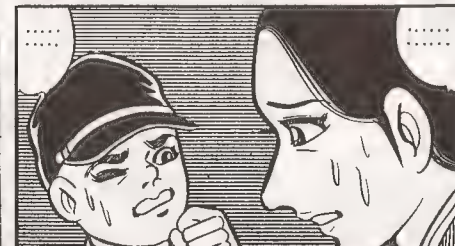
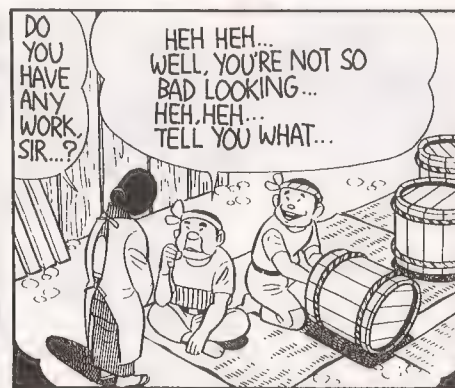
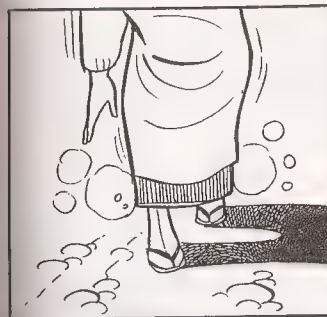
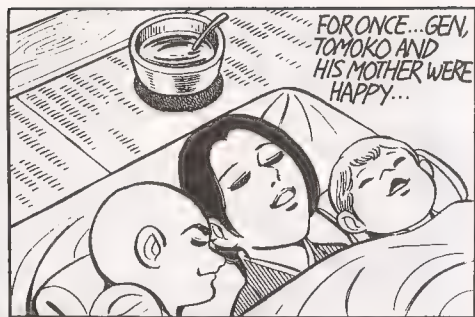
SIGN: EBA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

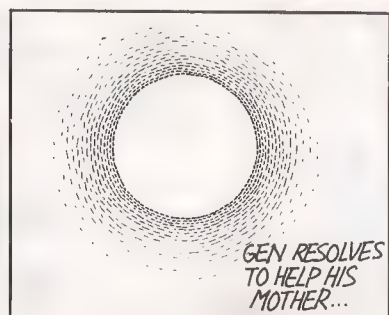
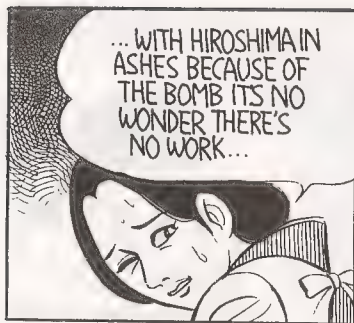




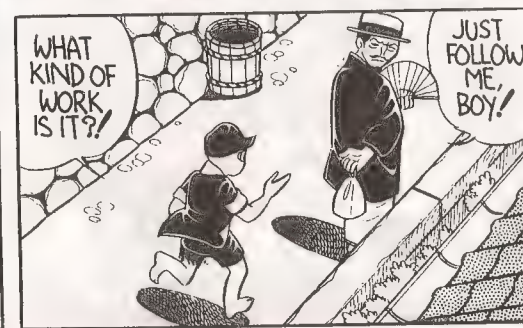
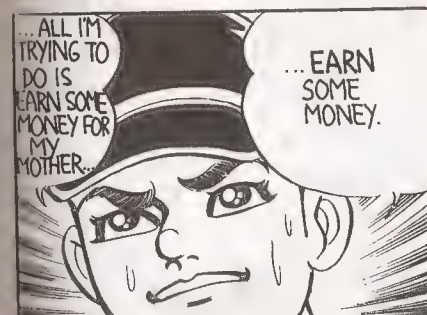


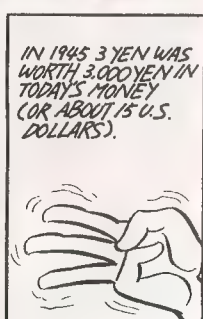
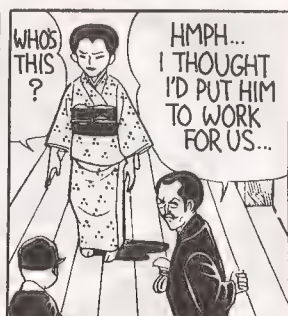
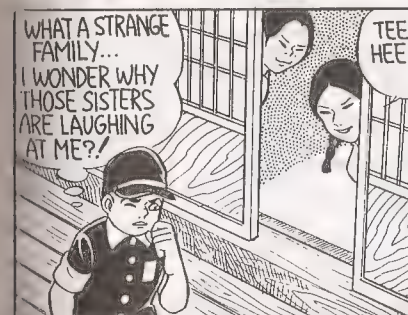
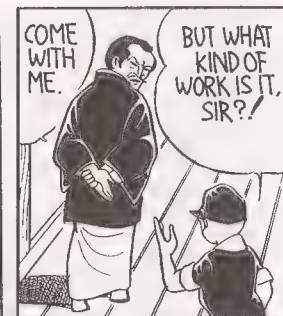
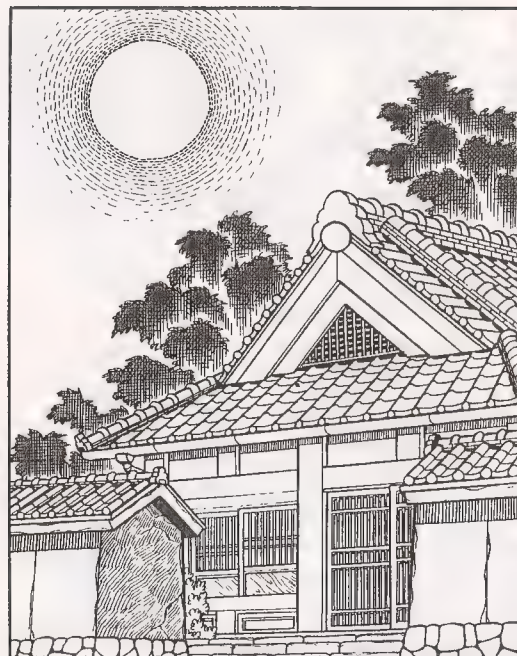




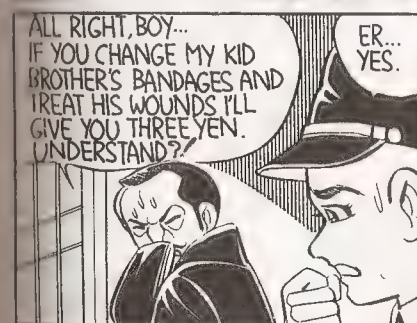
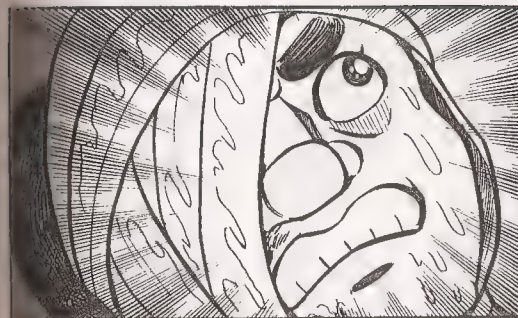
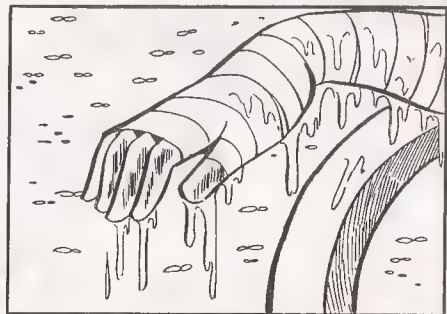
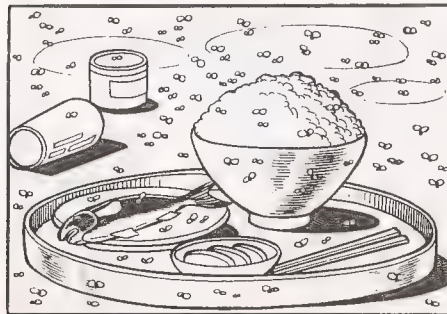
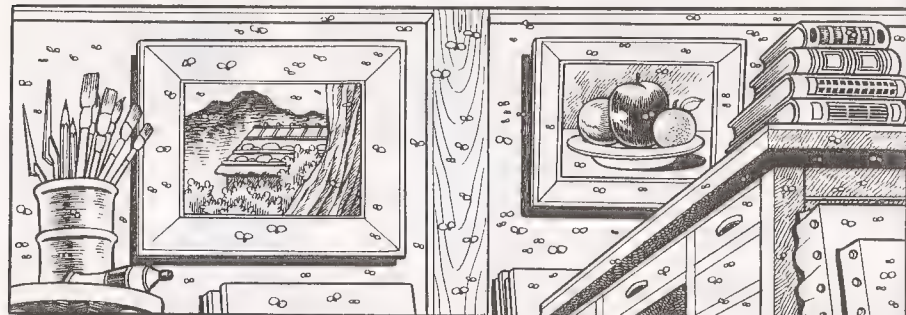
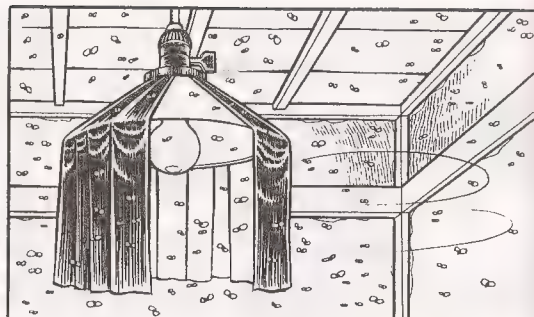


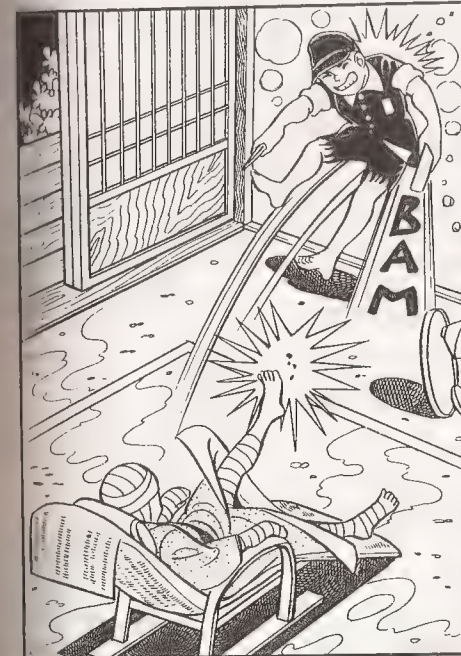
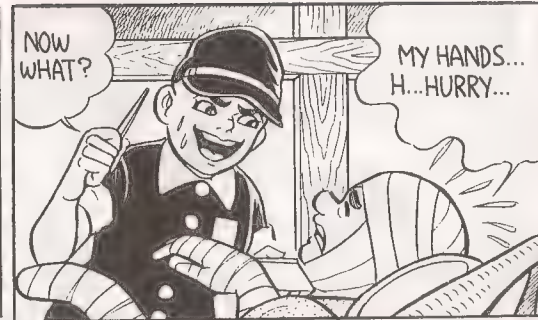
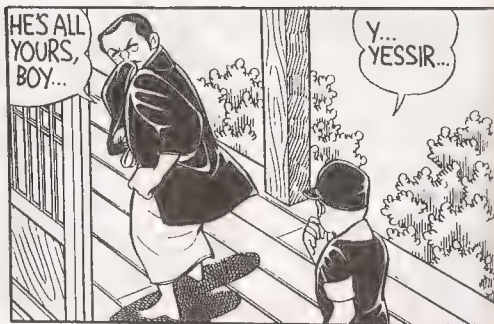
SIGN: PLEASE GIVE ME WORK!

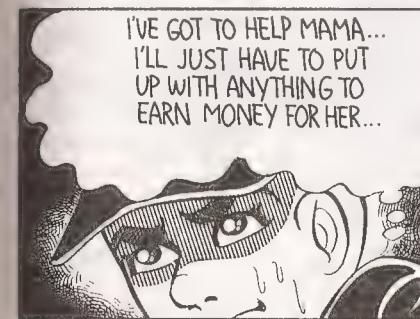
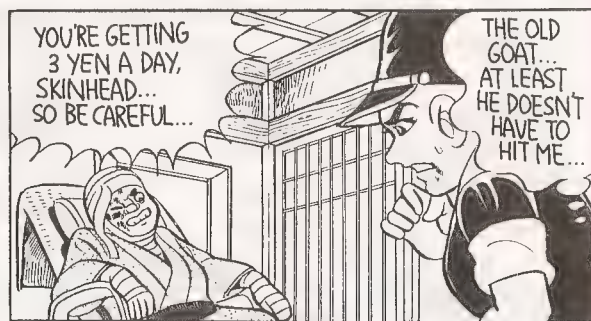
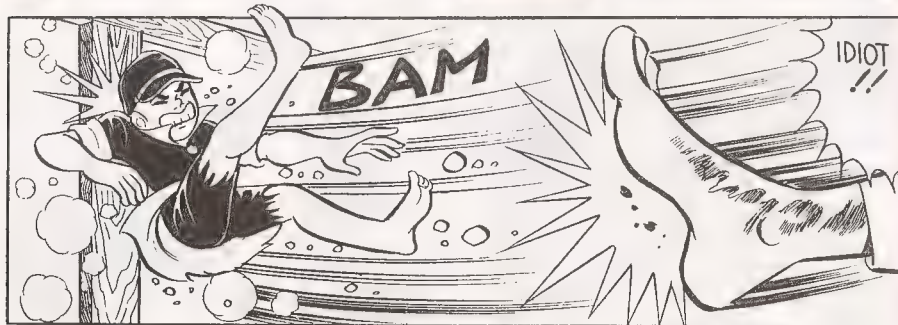
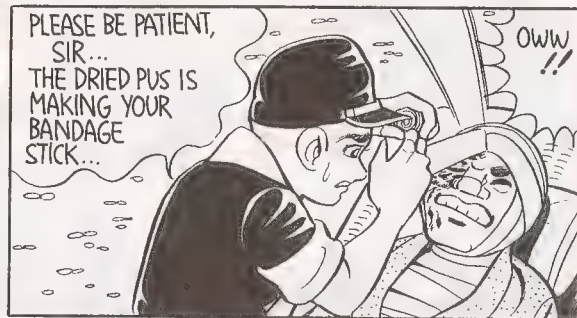
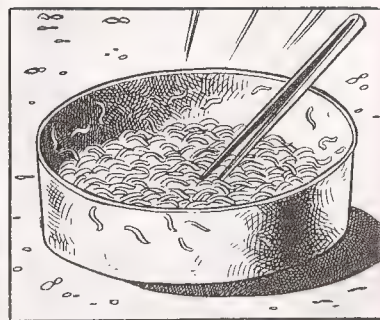
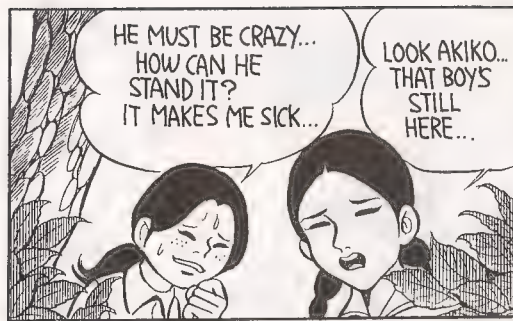


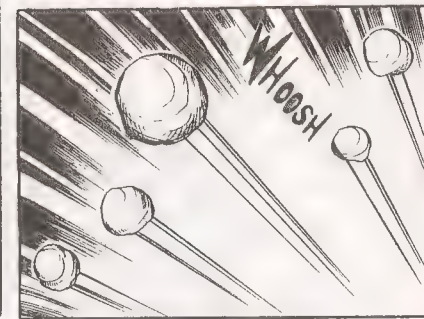
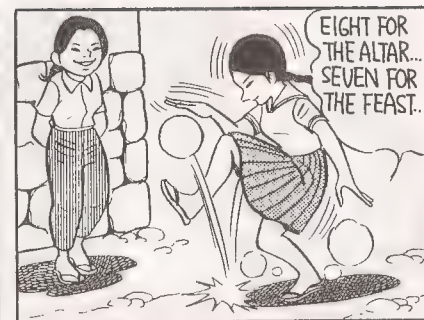
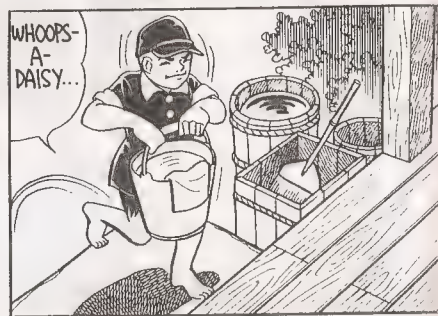
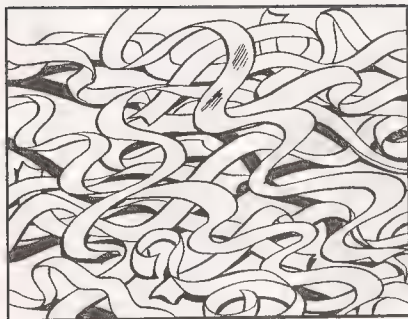


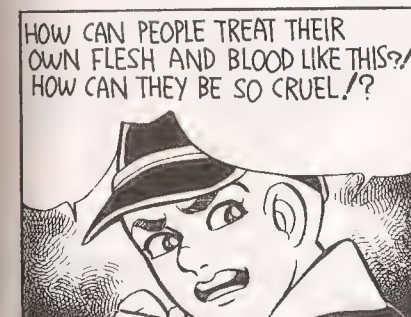
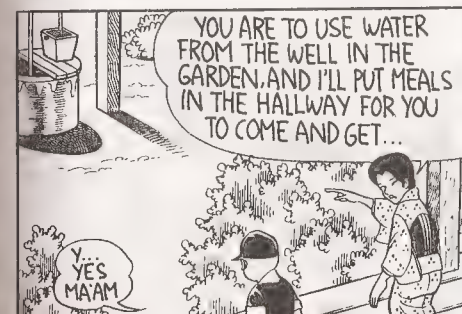
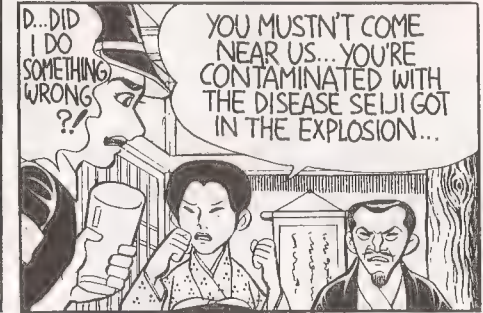
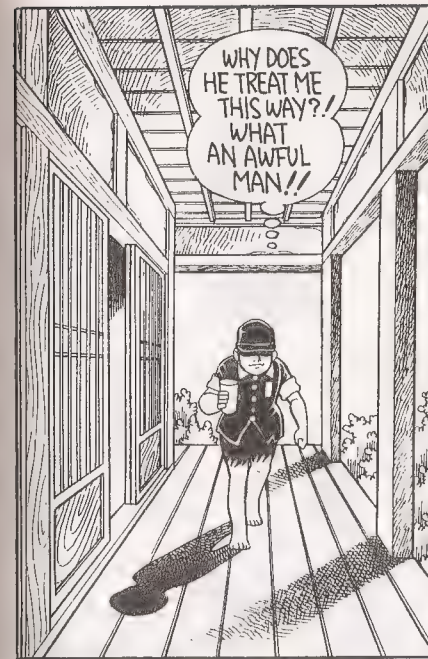
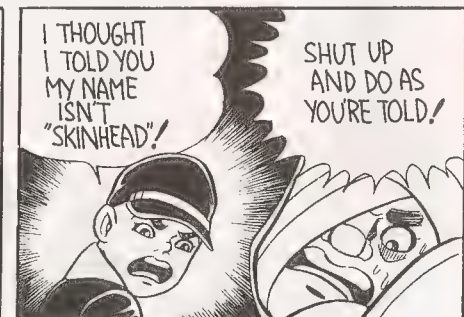
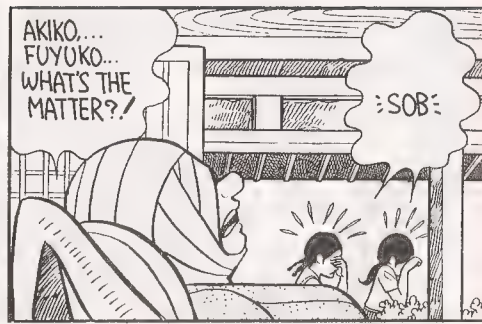
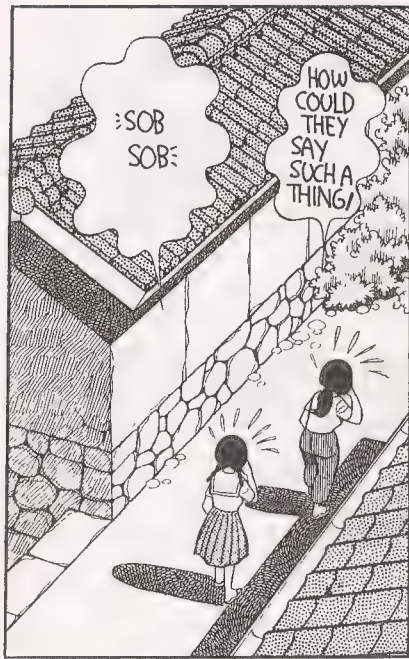


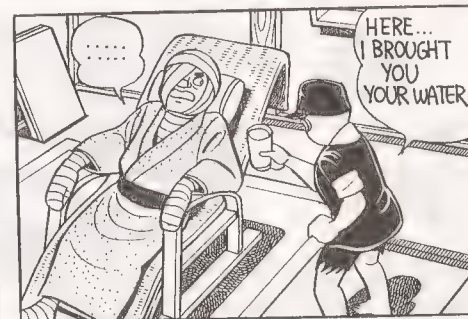
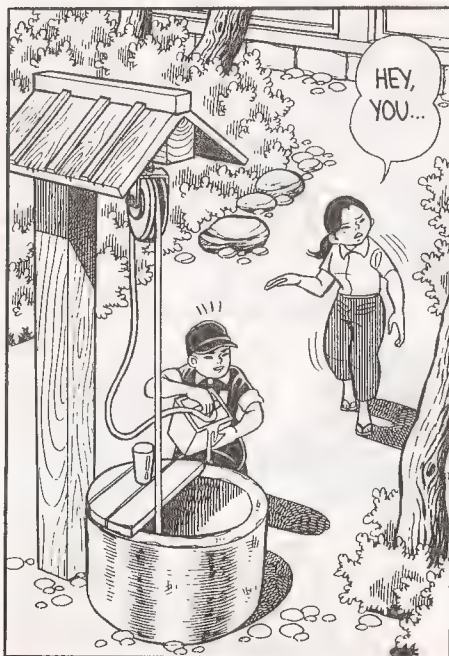
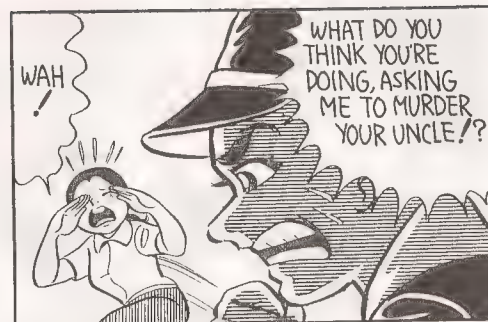
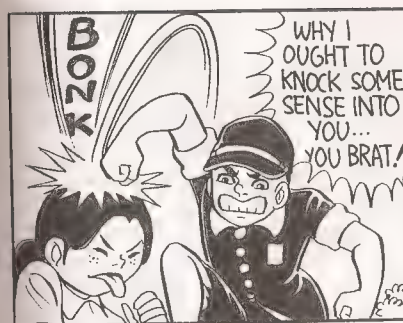
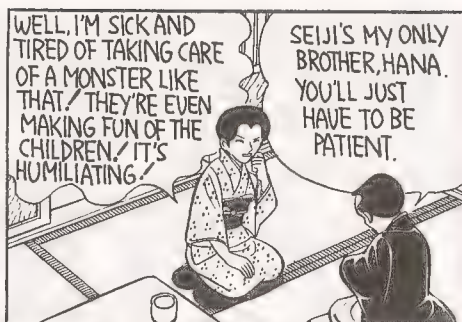
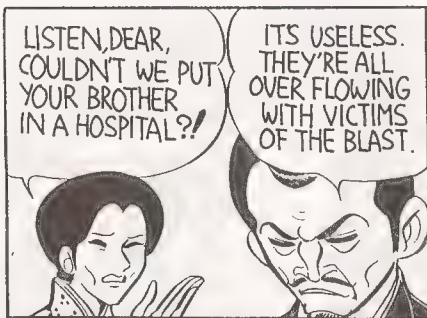


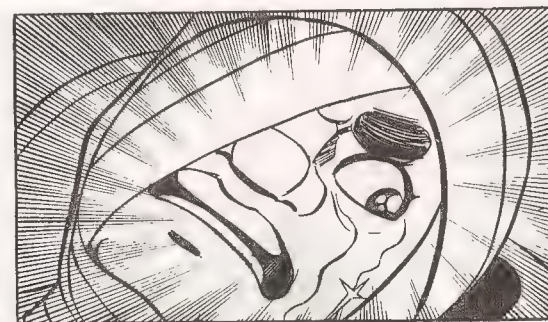
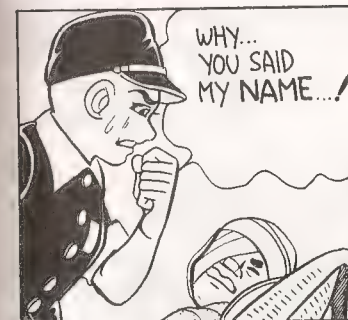
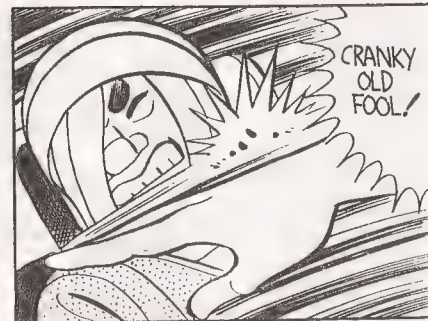
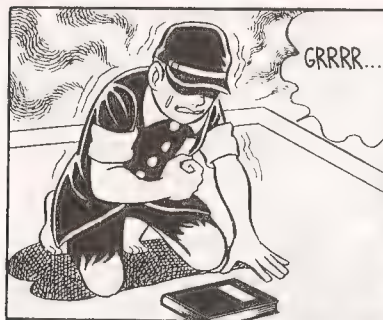
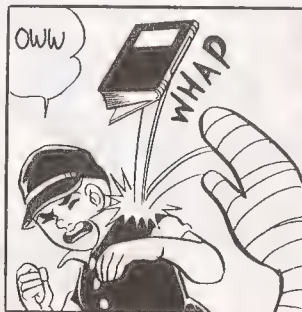
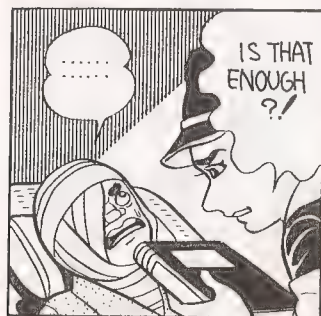
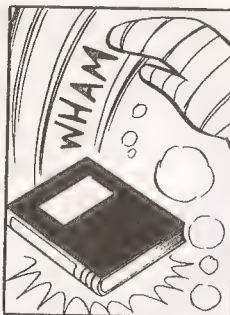
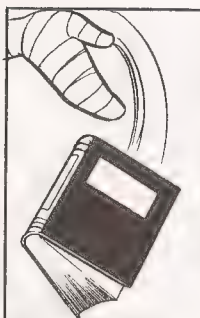


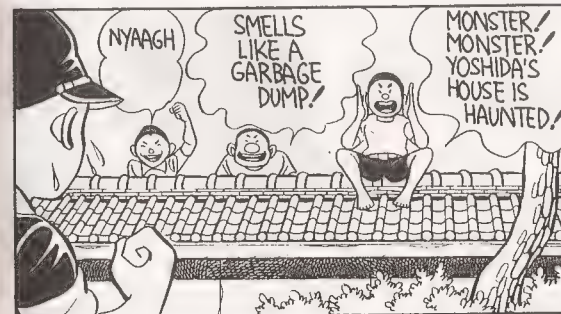
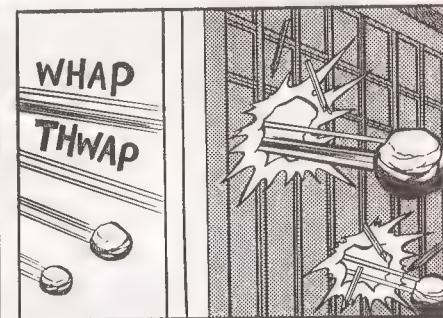
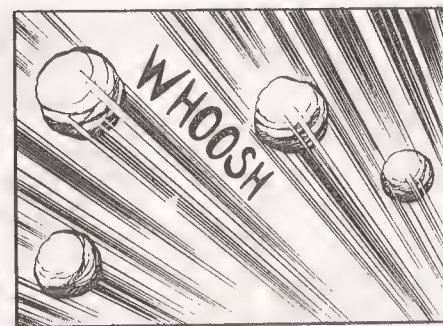
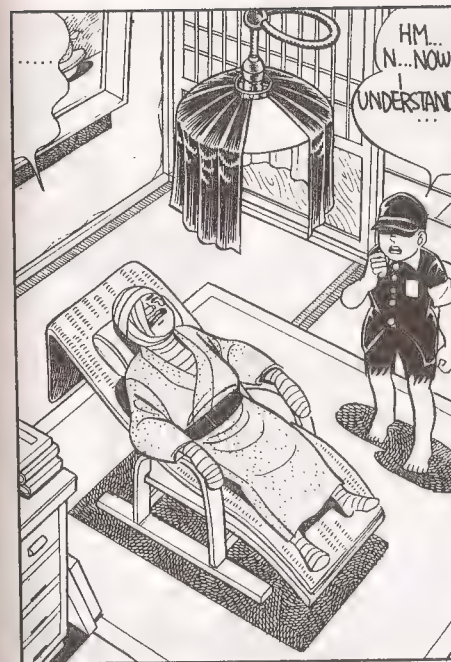
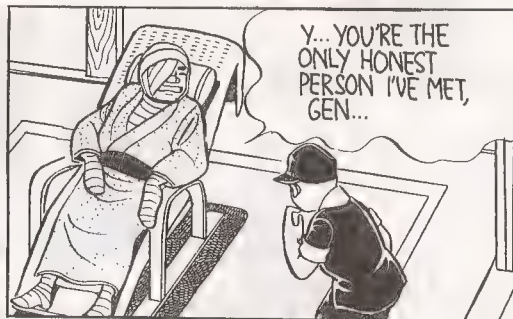
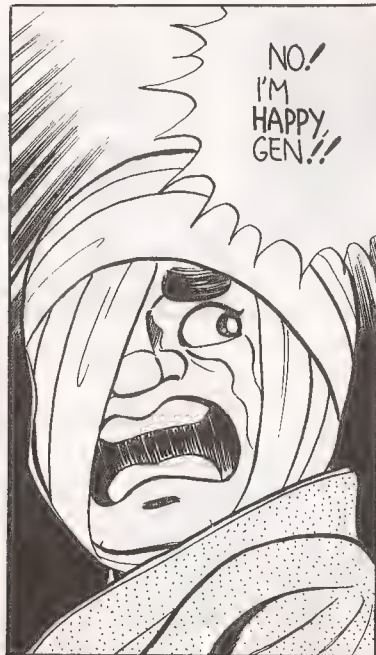






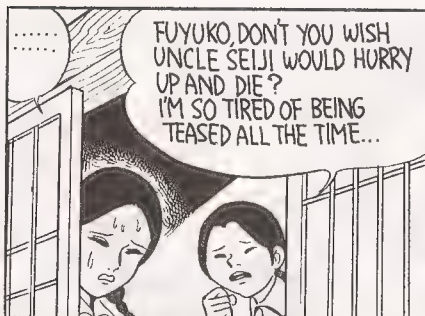








STUPID KIDS!



FUYUKO, DON'T YOU WISH UNCLE SEIJI WOULD HURRY UP AND DIE? I'M SO TIRED OF BEING TEASED ALL THE TIME...



YOU'VE GOT TO EAT TO GET WELL! HERE!



G... GEN...



HERE... THIS IS THE FOOD I WANT YOU TO GIVE SEIJI...



W...WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT NOW?!

Y...YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD FELLOW...



WHAT AN AWFUL WOMAN. AT LEAST SHE COULD TAKE THE FOOD TO HIS ROOM...

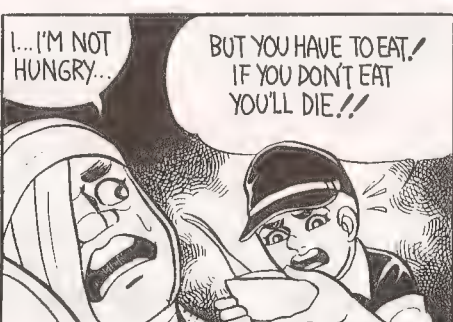


HE MUST BE LIVING IN HELL.

LIFE FOR ANYONE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST IS HELL...



HERE'S YOUR FOOD, MR. SEIJI...



I...I'M NOT HUNGRY...

BUT YOU HAVE TO EAT! IF YOU DON'T EAT YOU'LL DIE!!



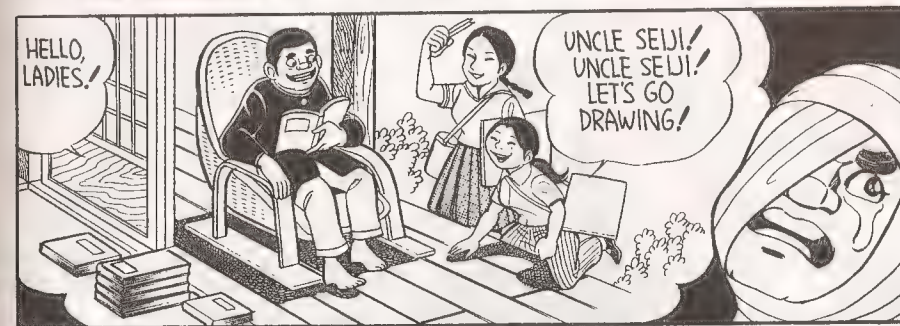
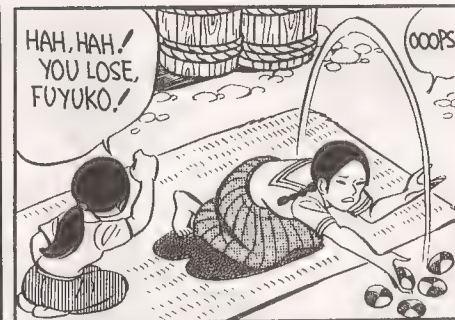
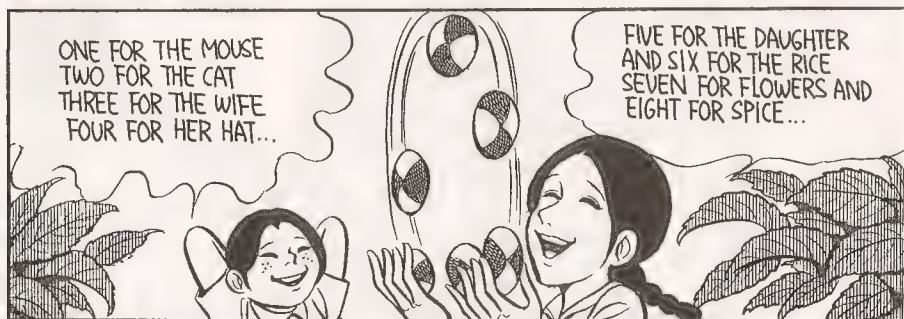
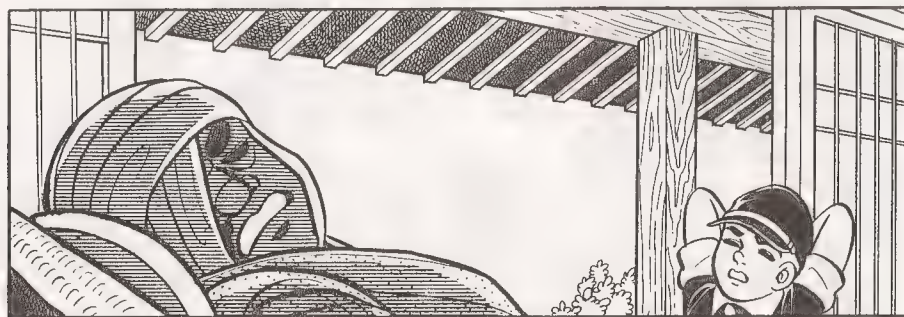
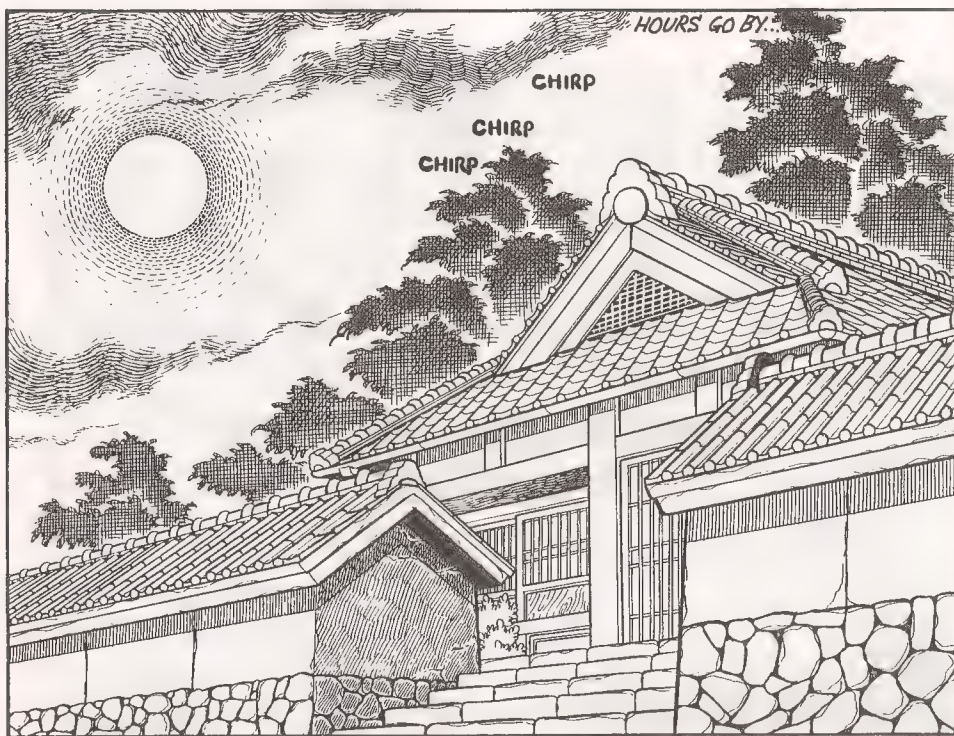
TAKE GOOD CARE OF SEIJI, SONNY...

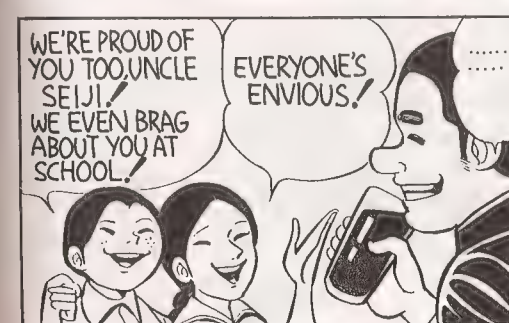
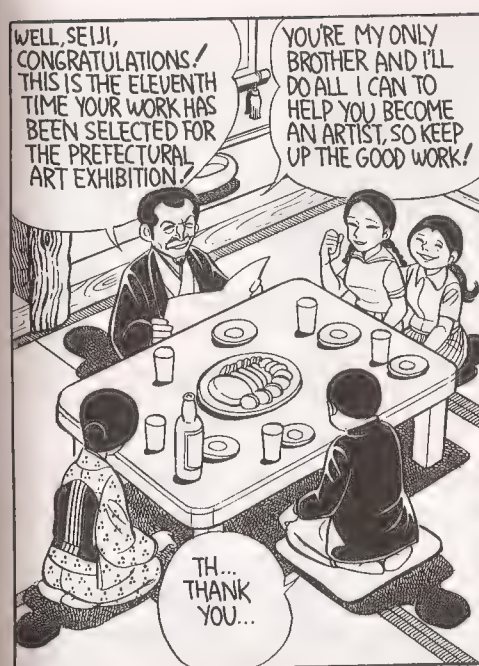


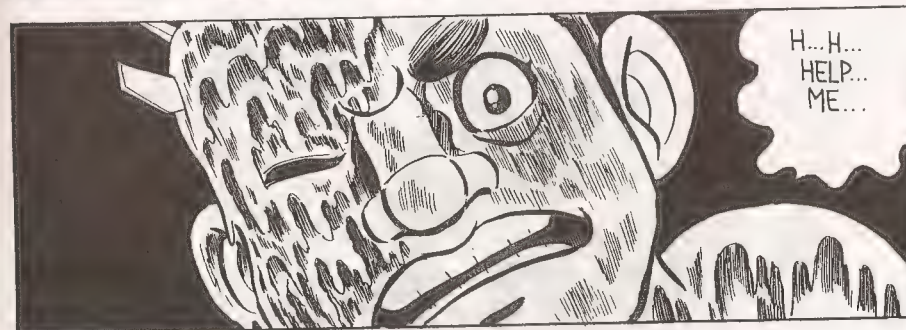
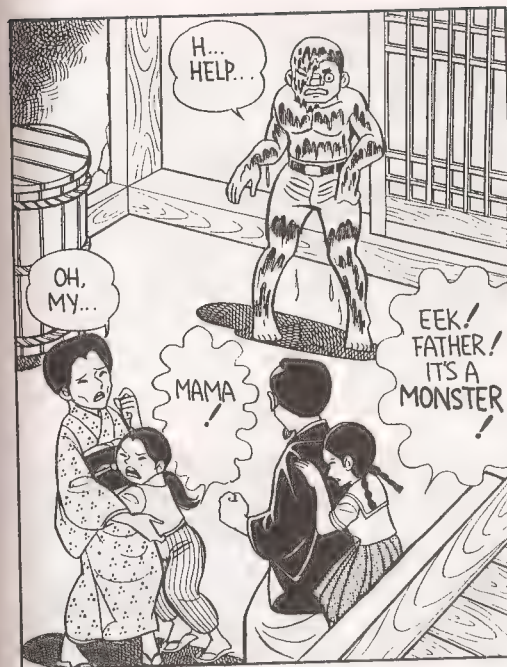
SEIJI... I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME...

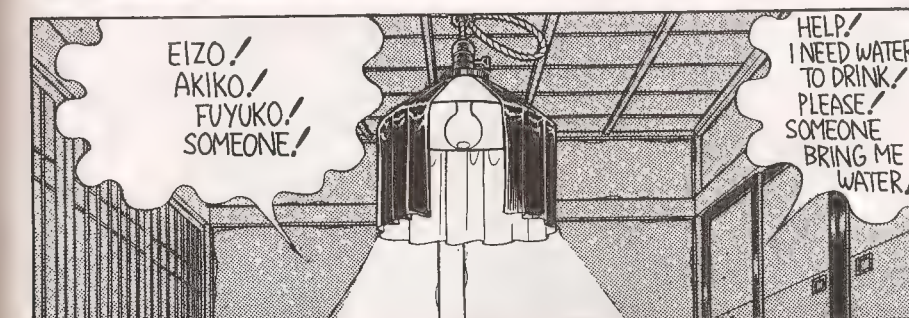
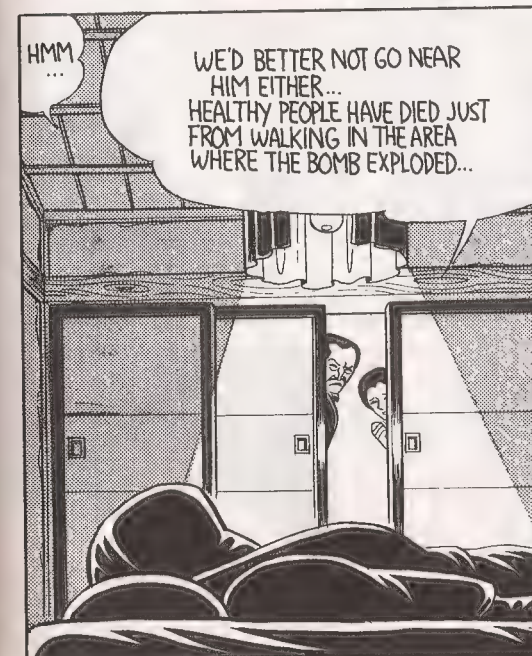
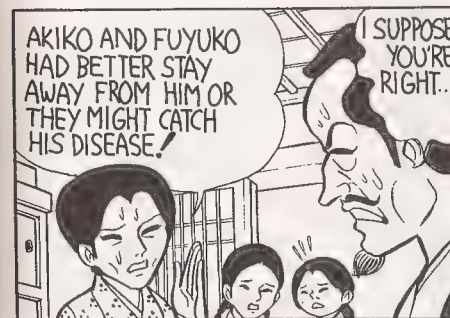
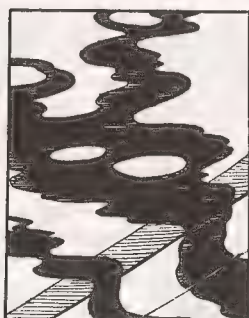
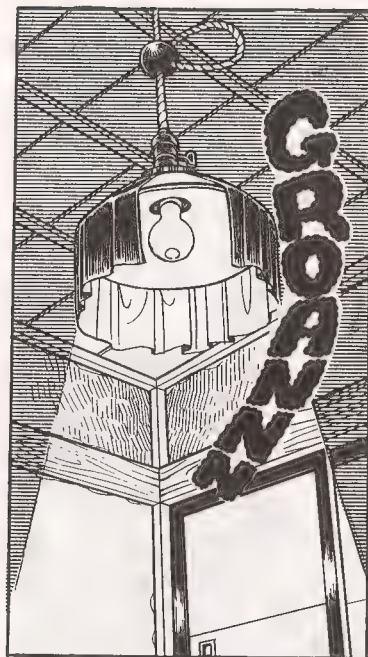
THIS IS THE BEST I CAN DO FOR YOU...

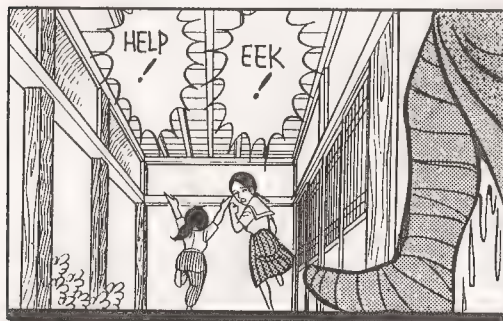


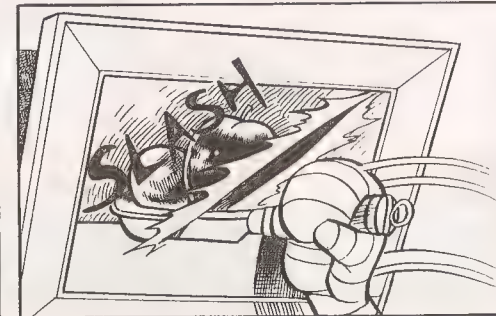
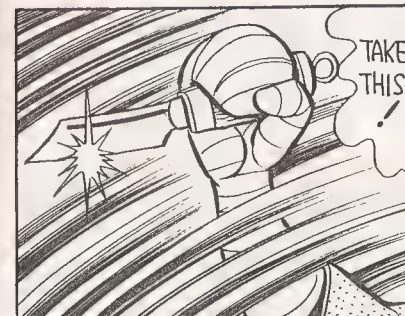
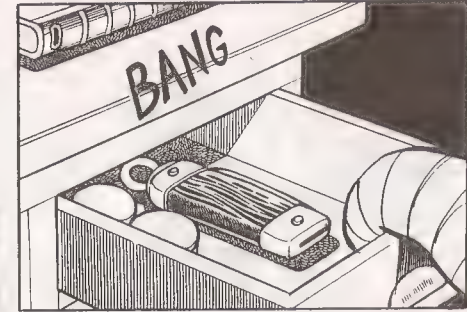
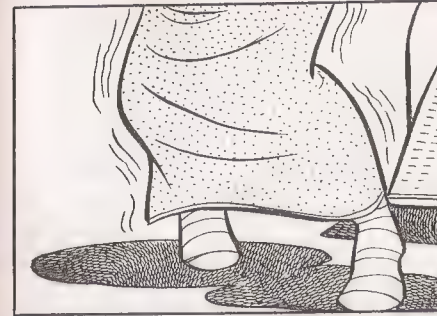
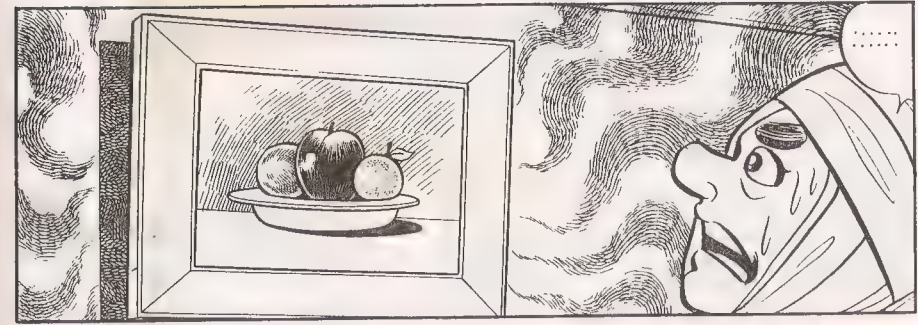
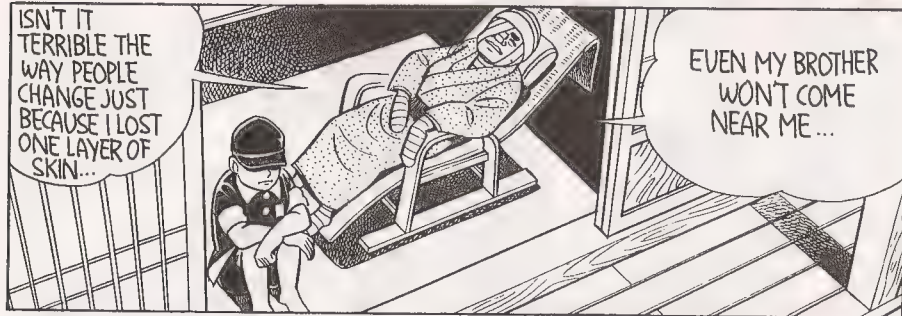
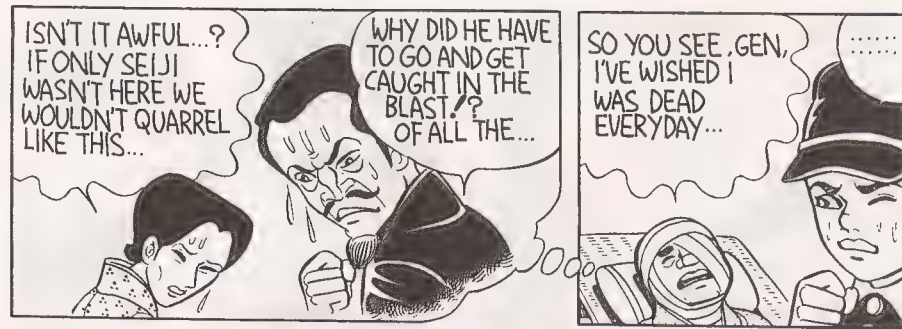


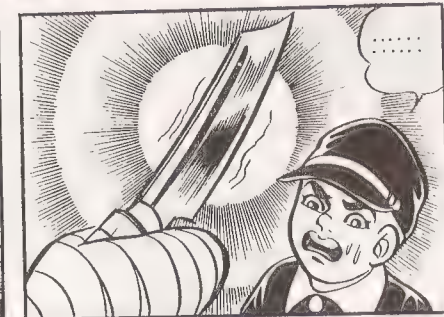
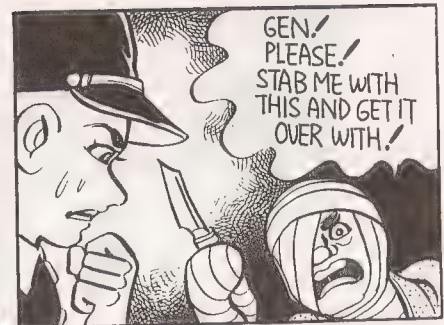
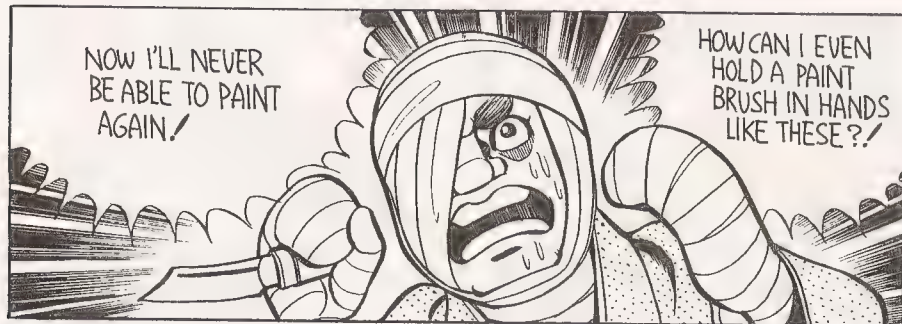
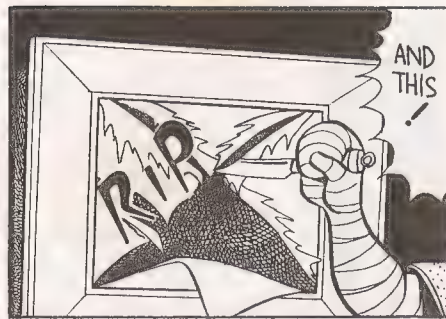
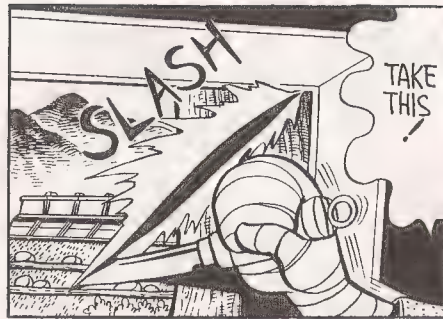


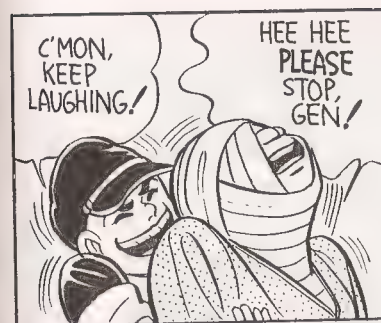




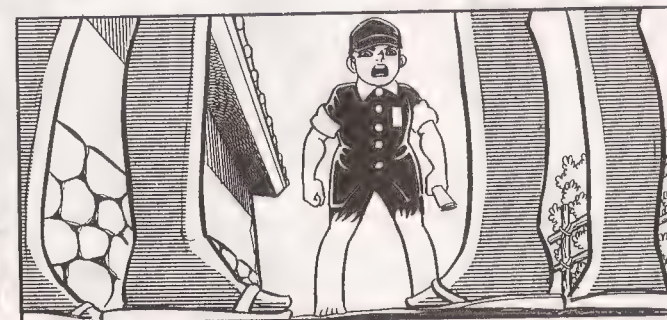
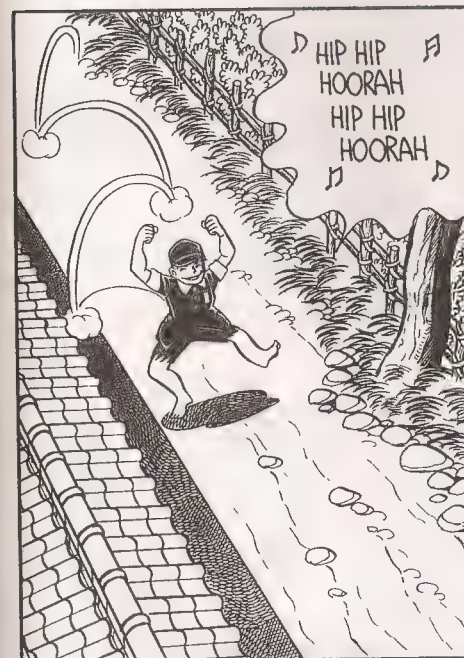
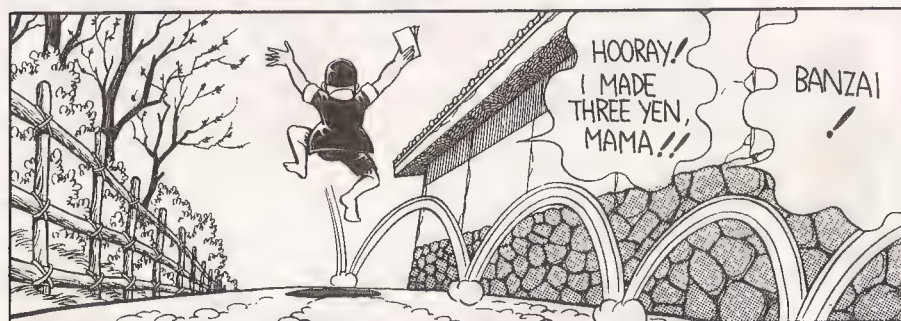
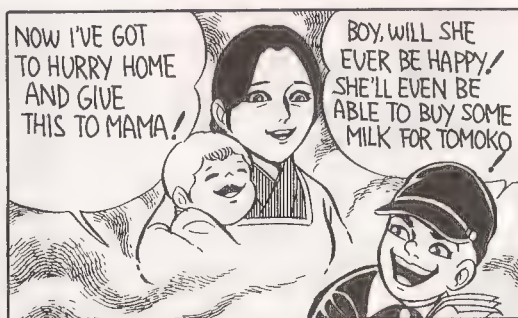


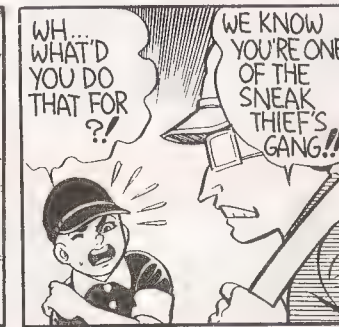
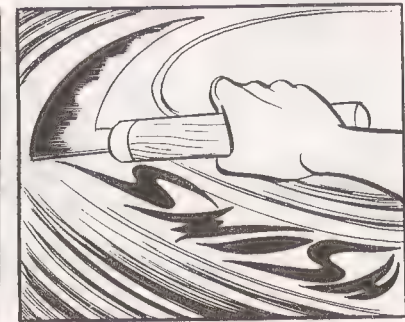
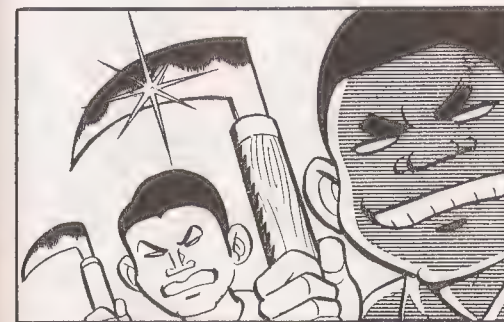
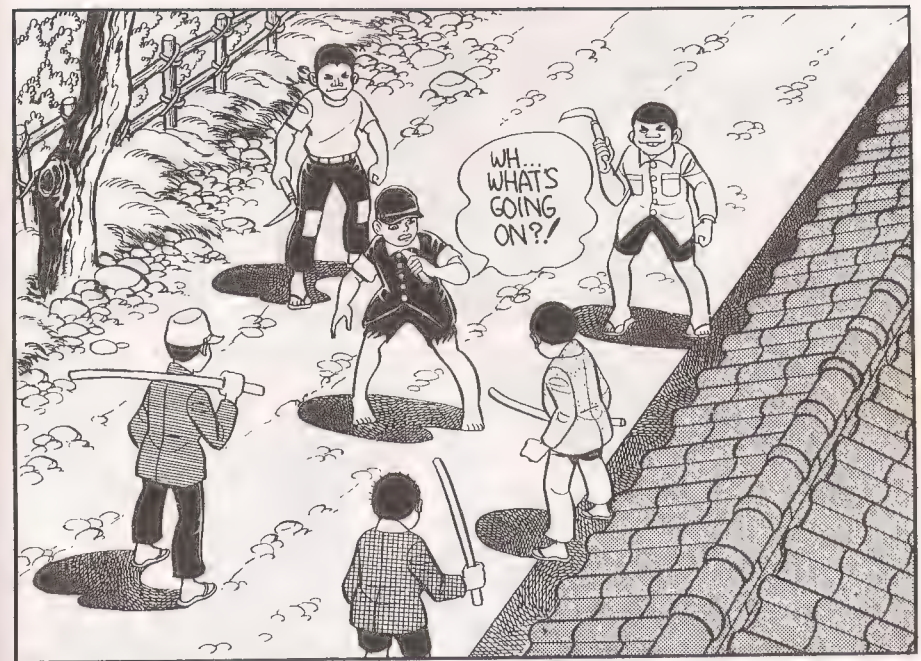
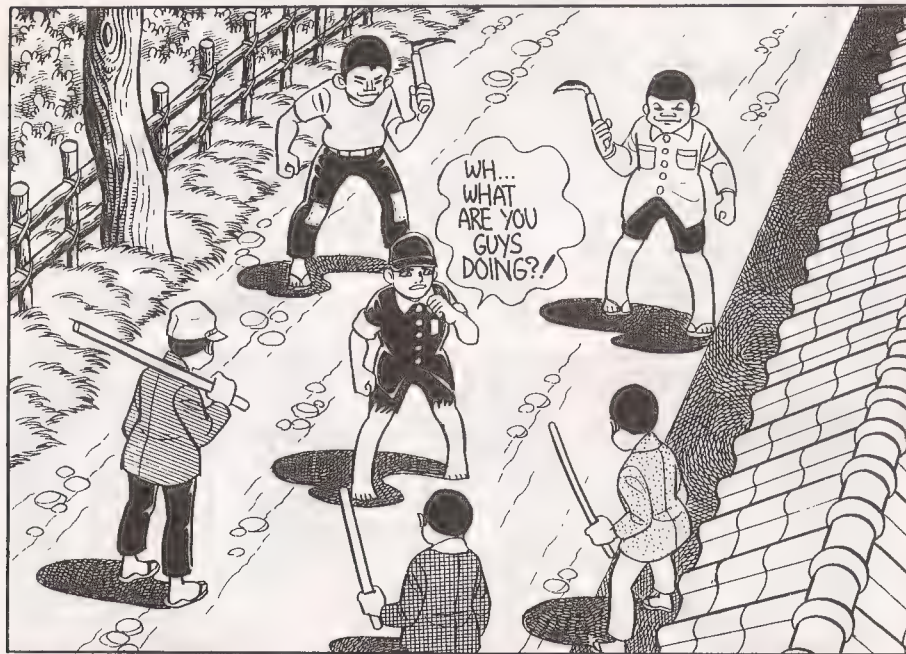
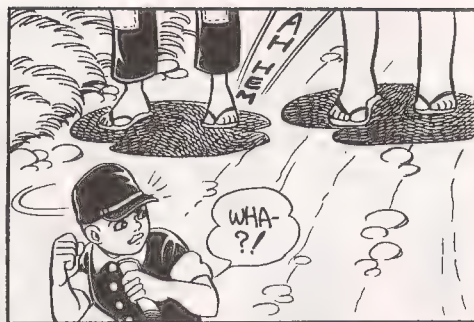


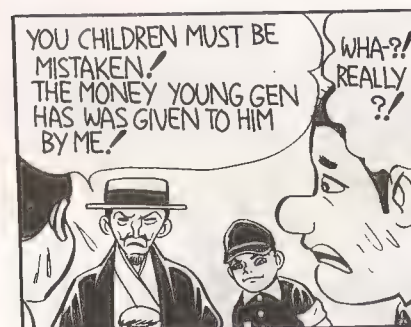
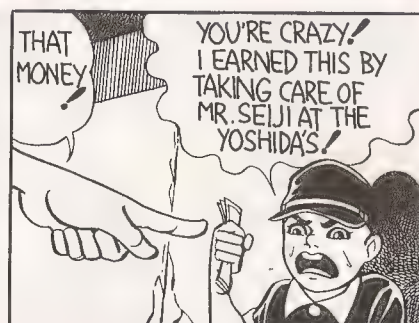
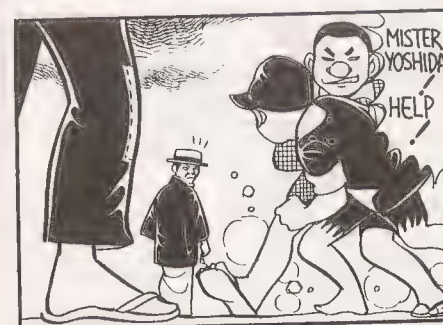
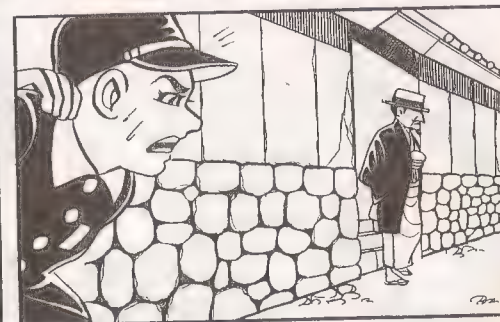
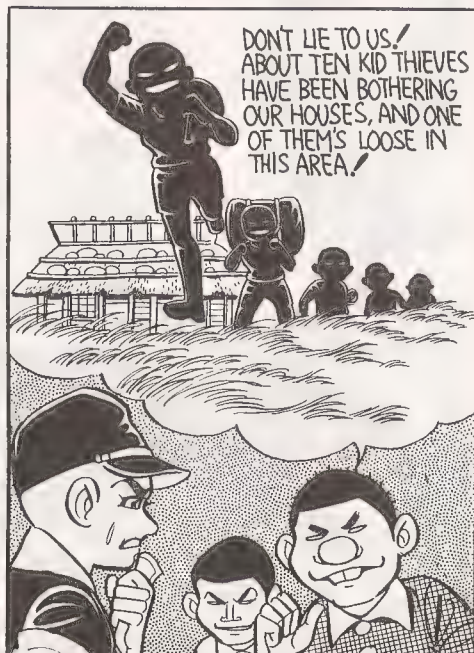


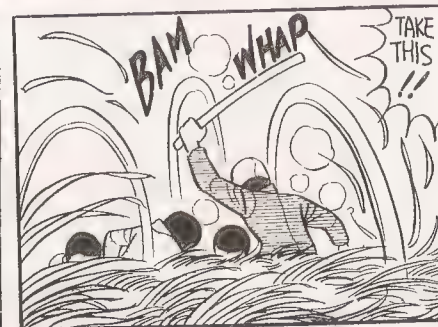
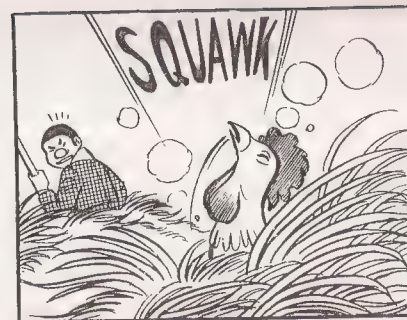
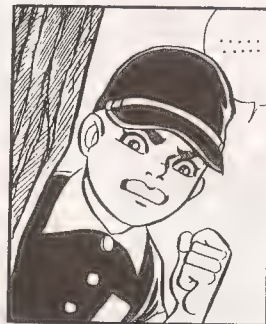
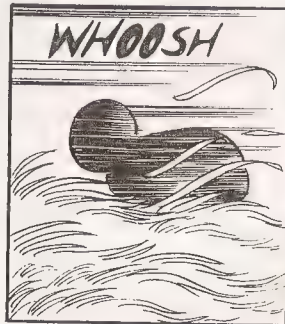
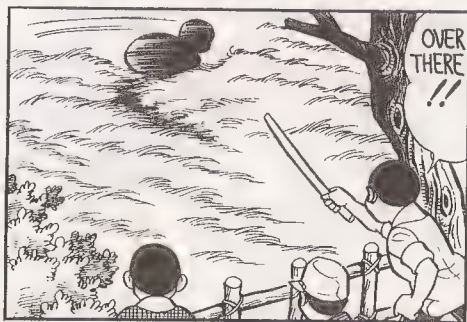
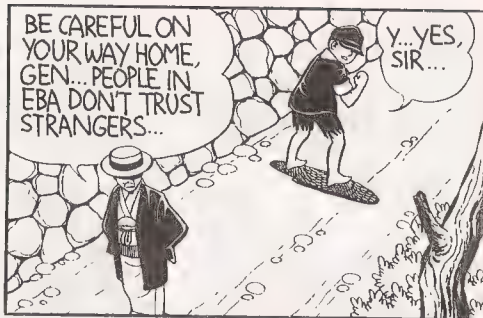
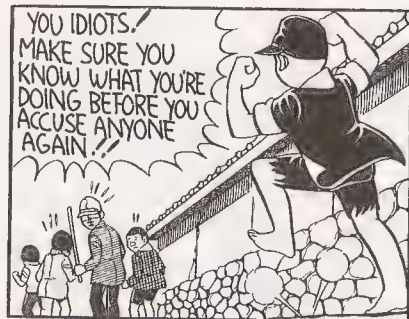


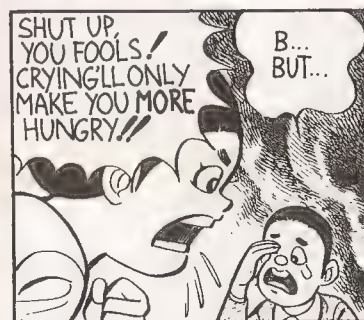
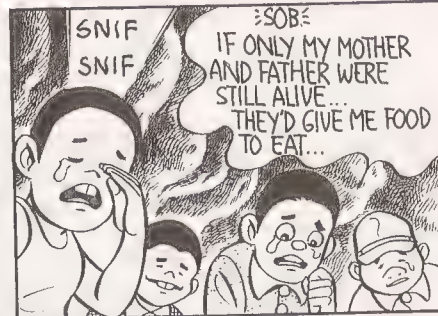
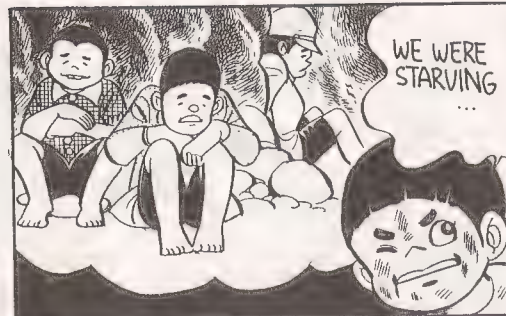
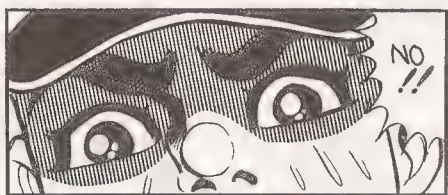
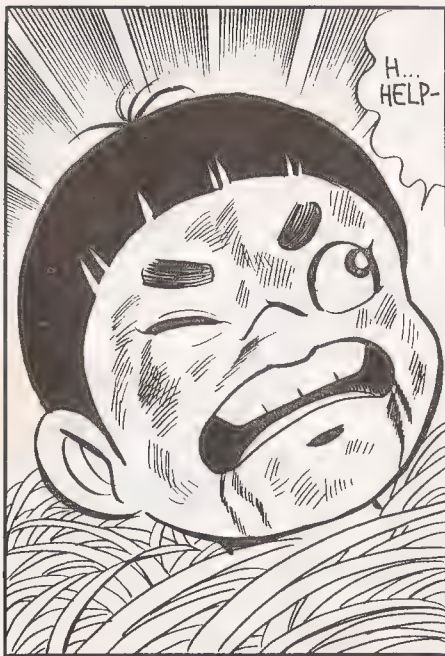
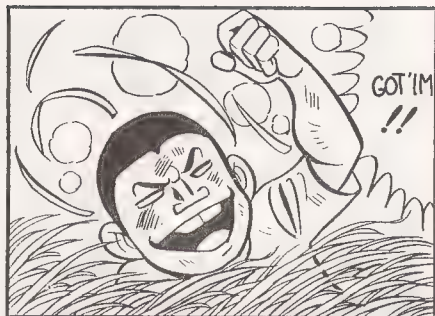
LATER

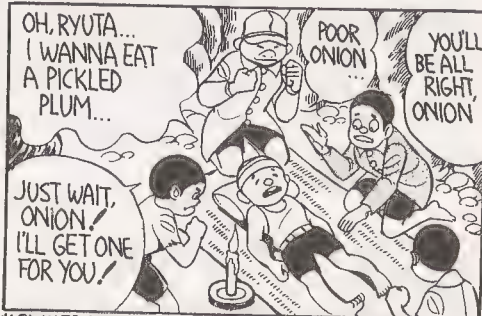
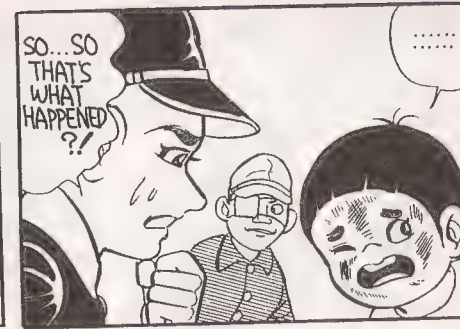
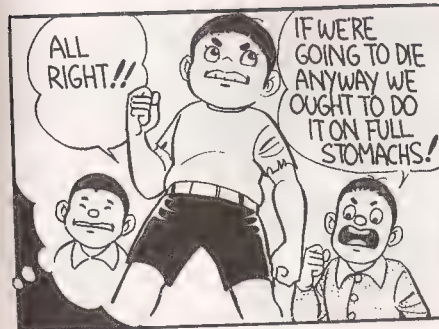
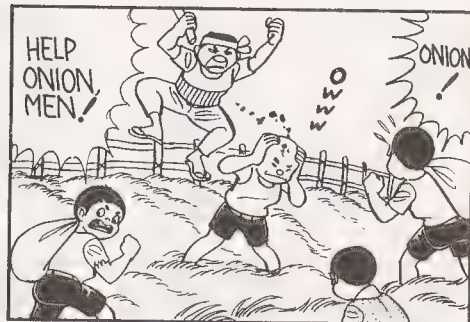
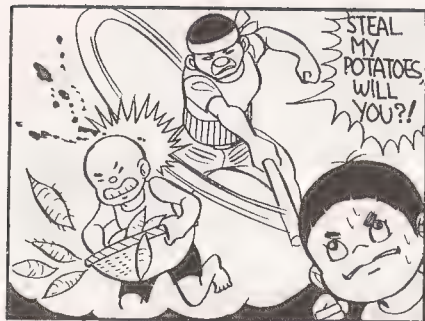




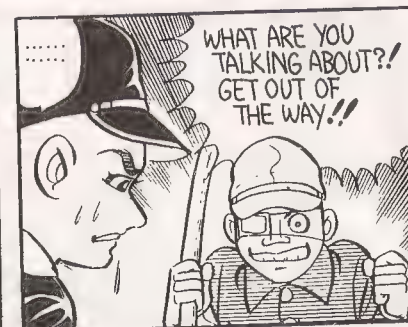
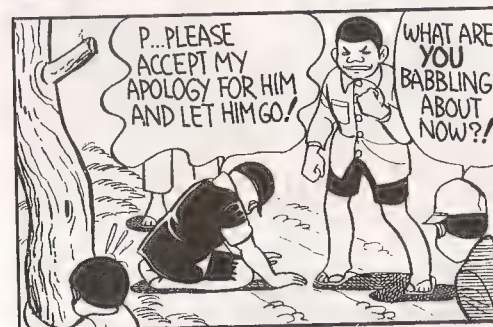
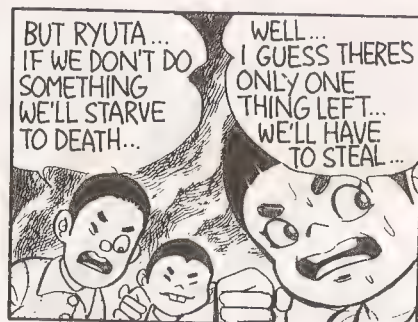
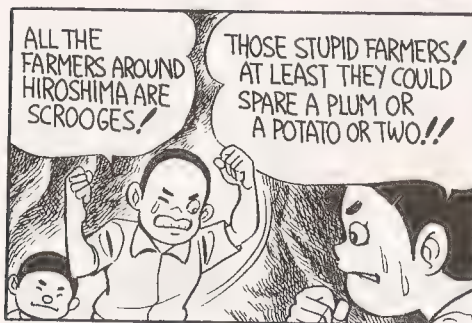
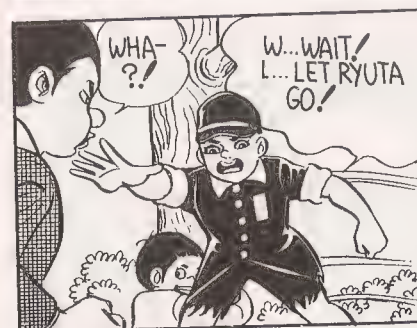
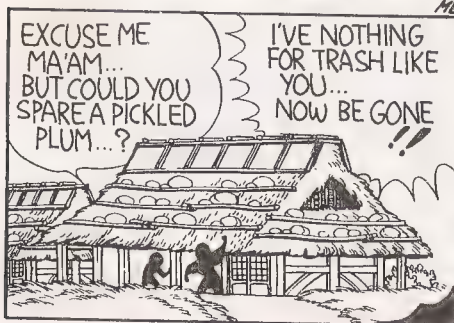
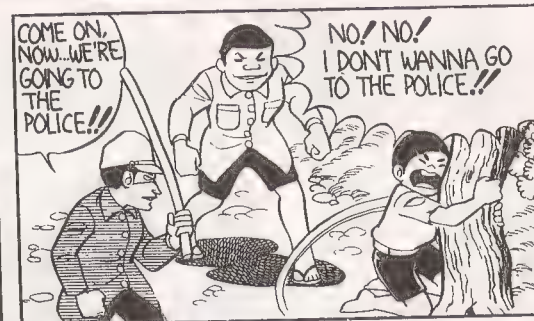


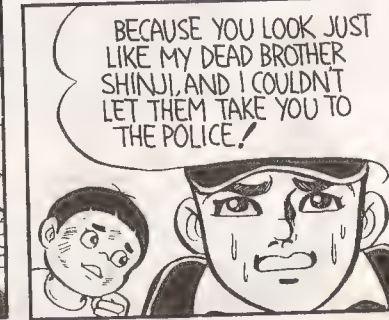
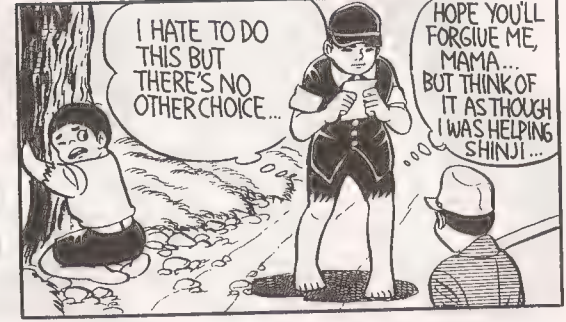
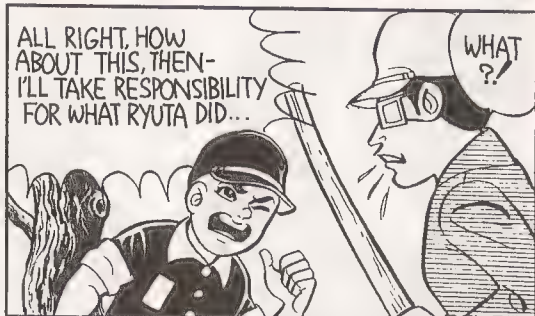
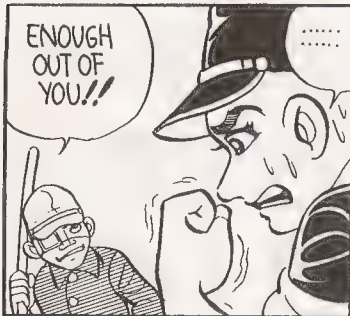


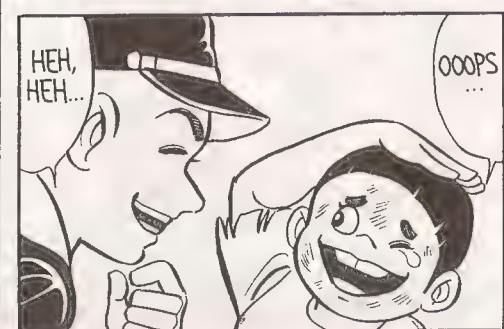
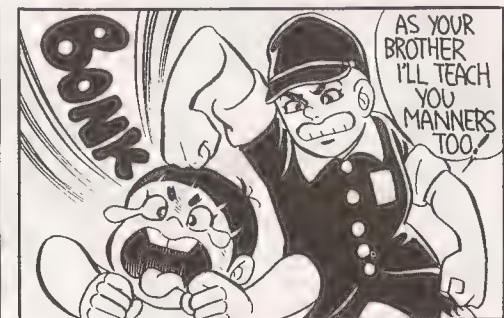
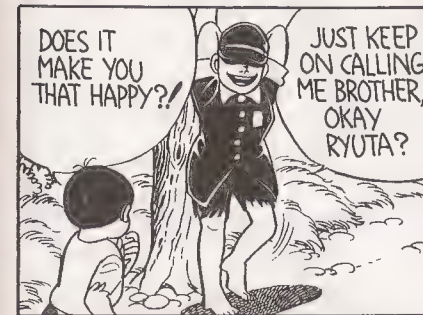
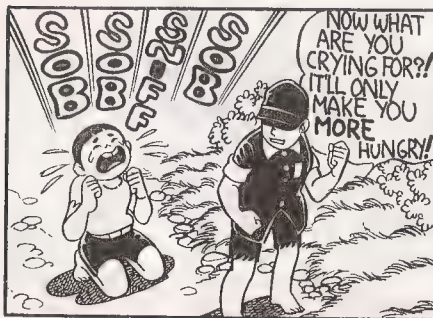
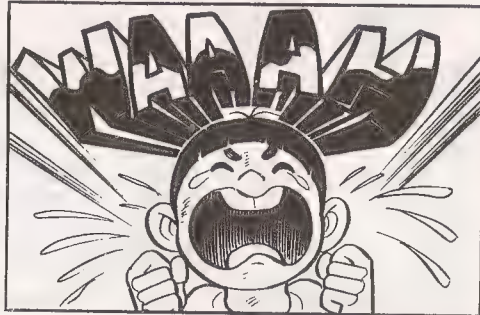
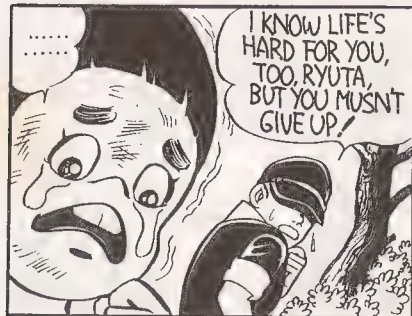
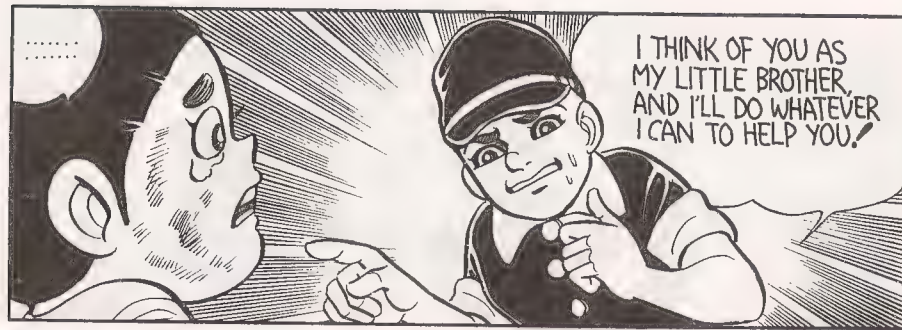


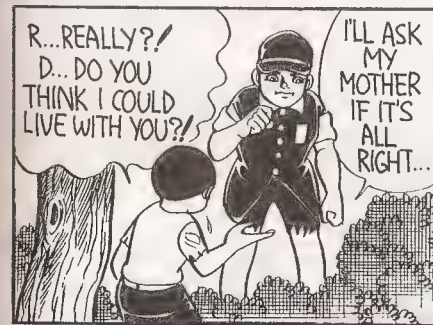
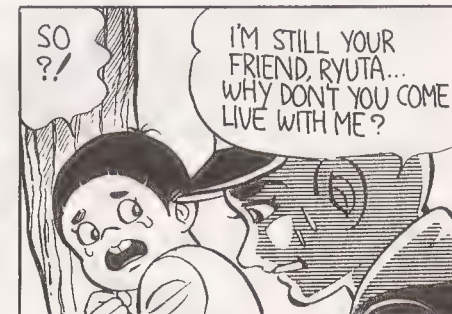
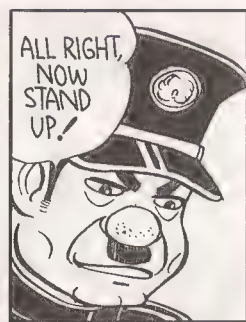
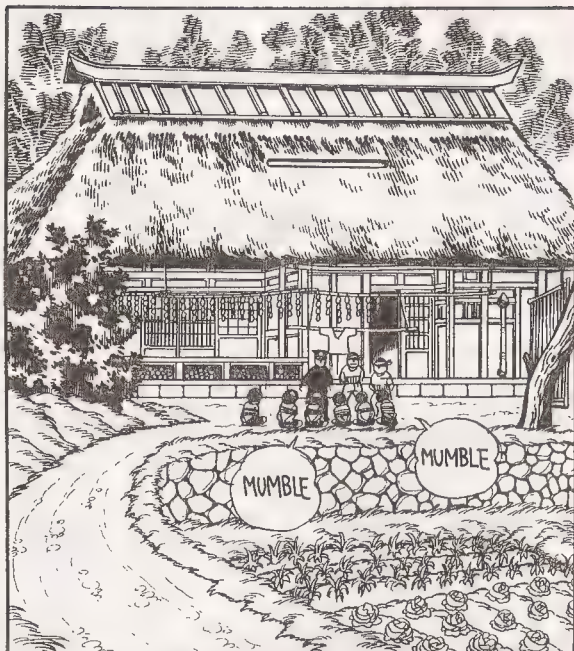


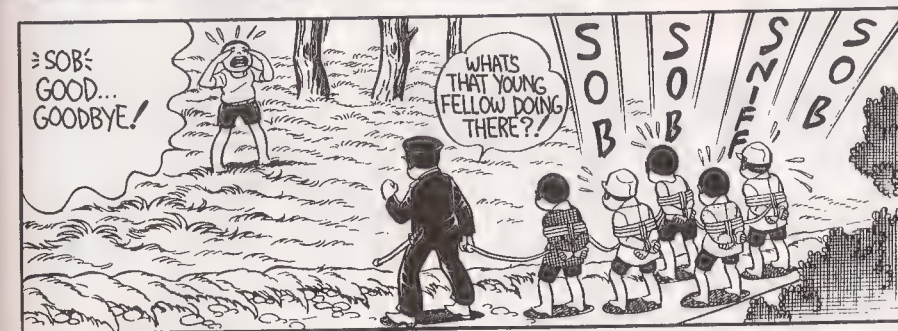
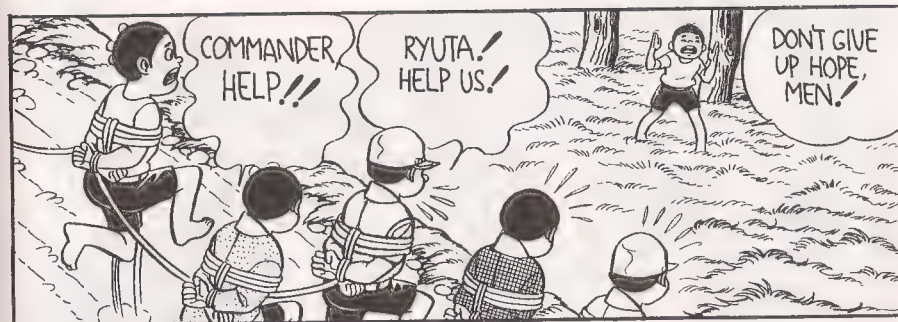
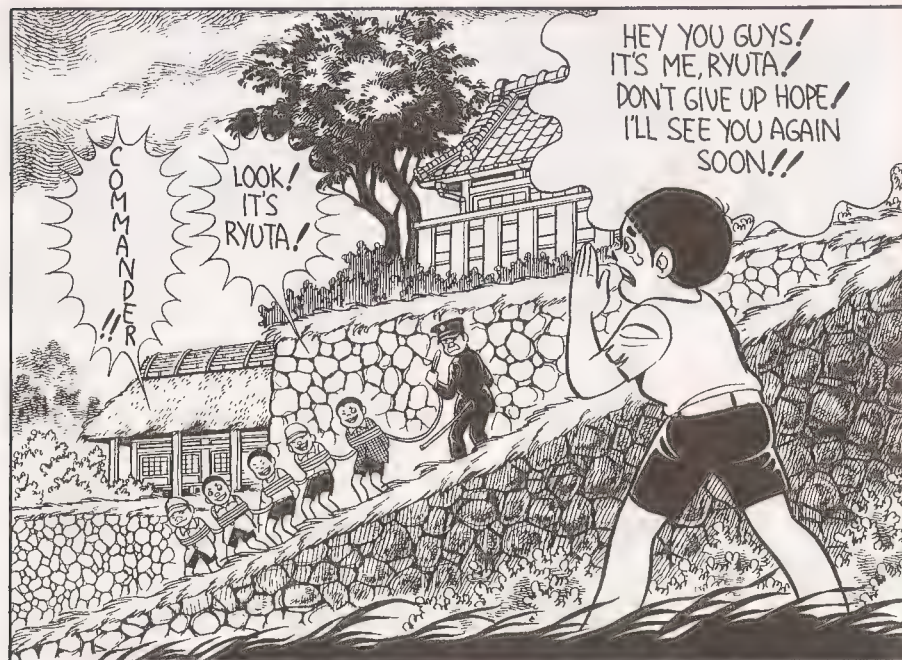
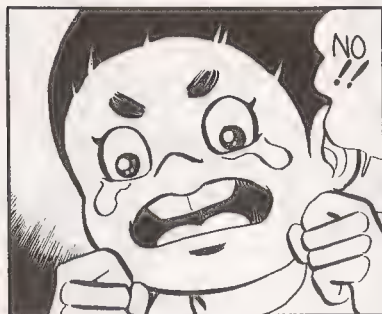
* PICKLED PLUMS ARE KNOWN IN JAPAN FOR THEIR MEDICINAL VALUE.

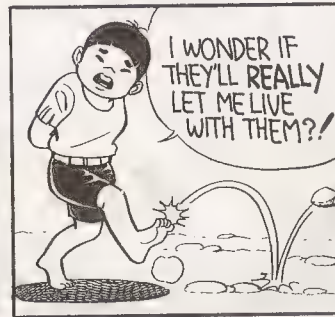
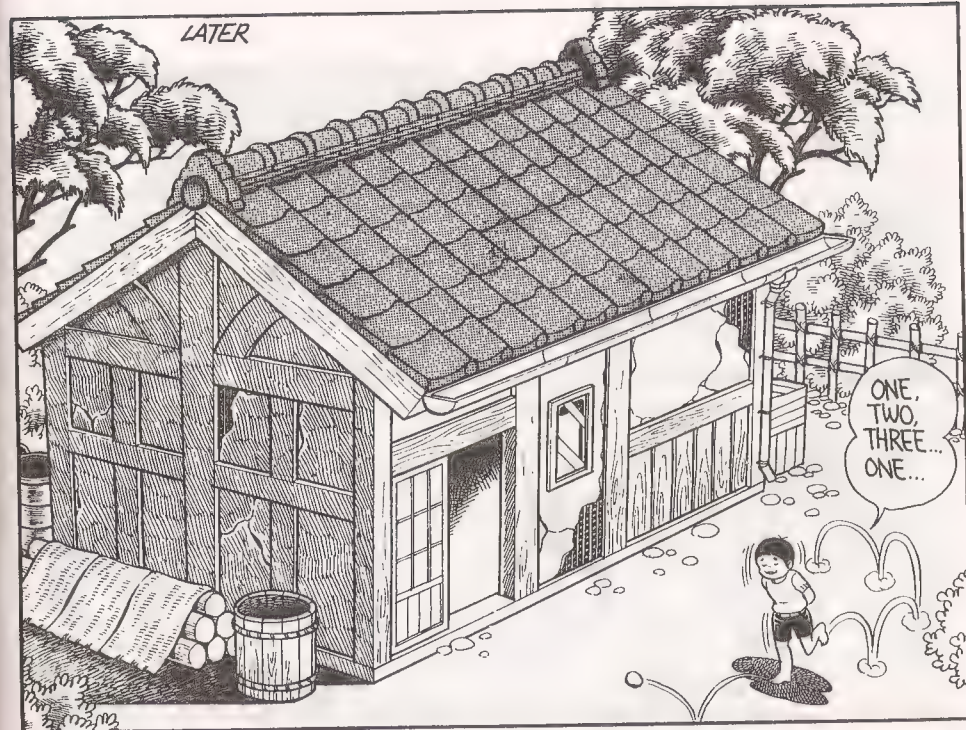
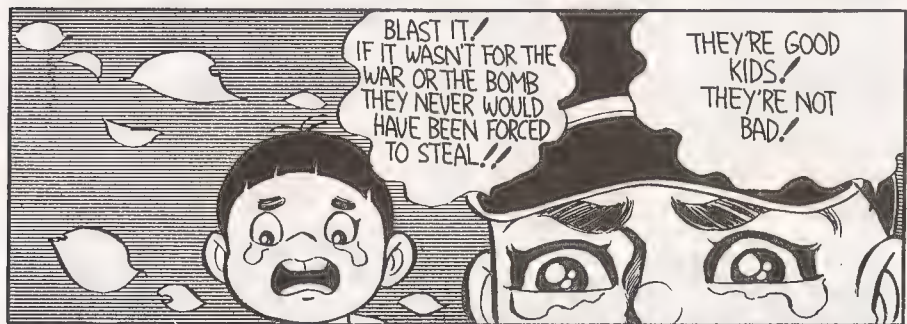
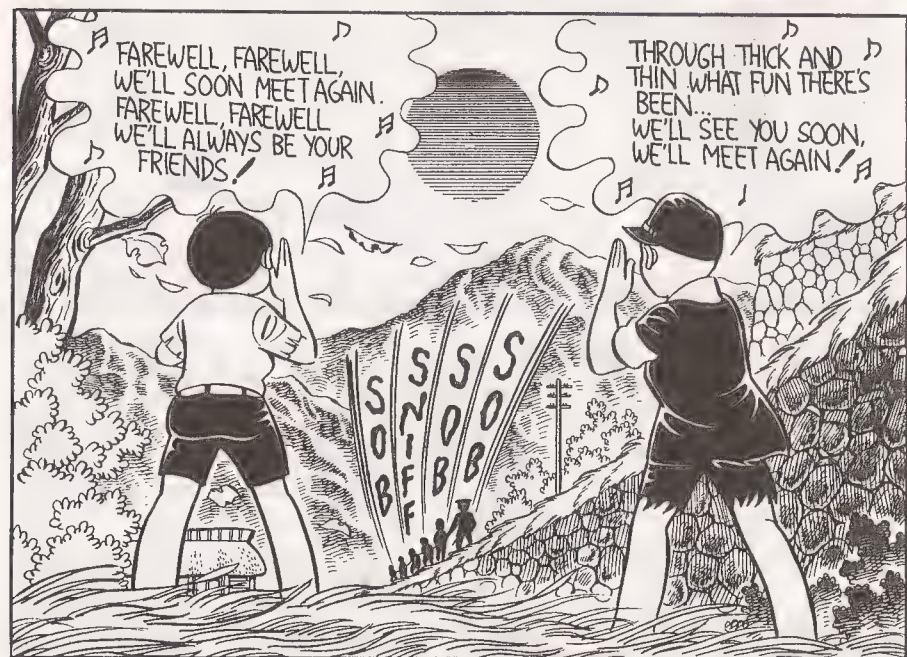
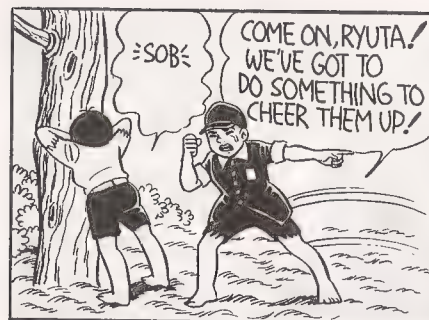


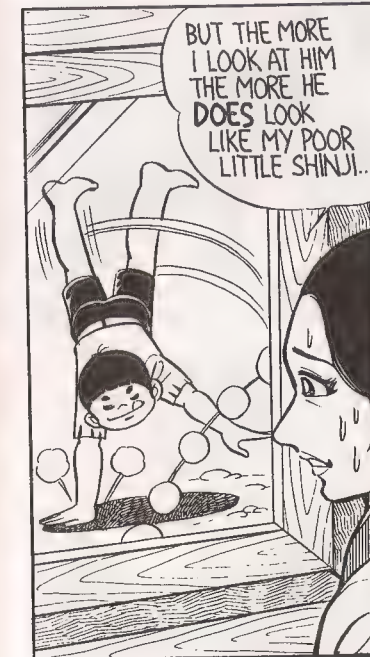
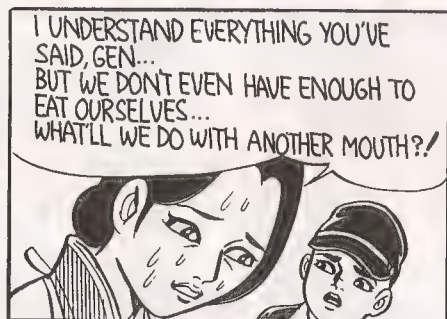
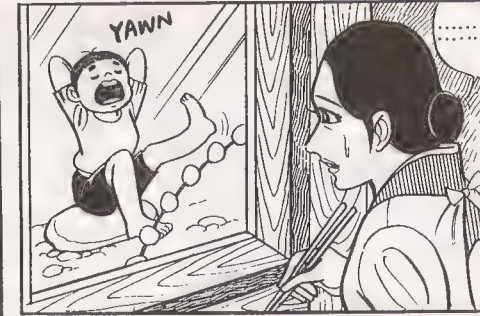
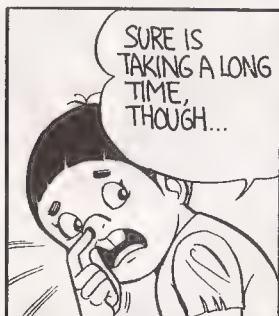
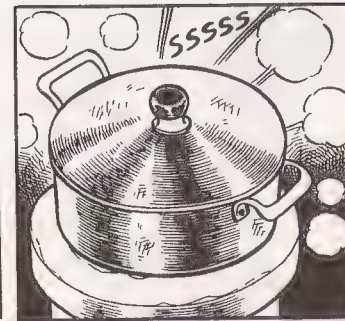
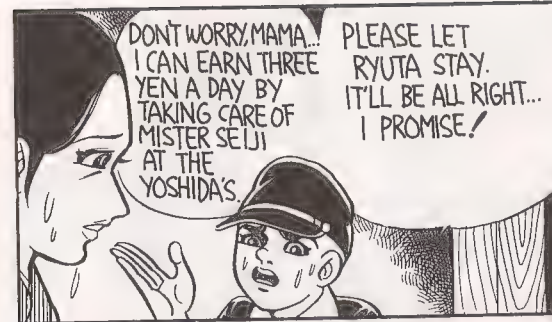
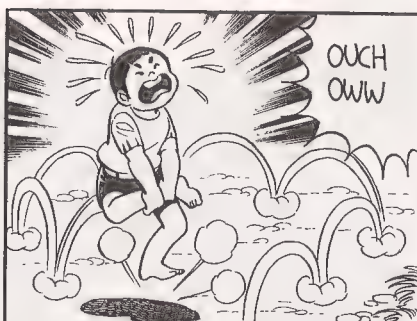
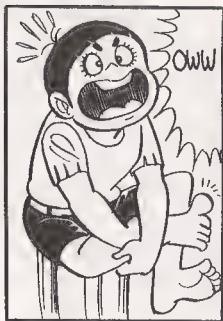
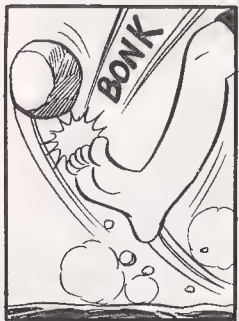


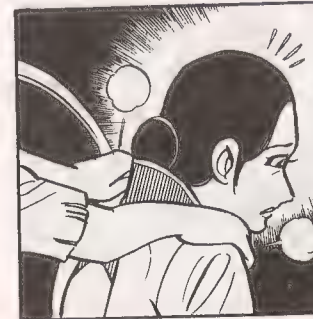
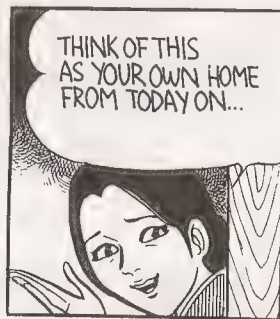
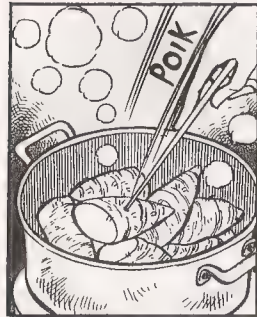
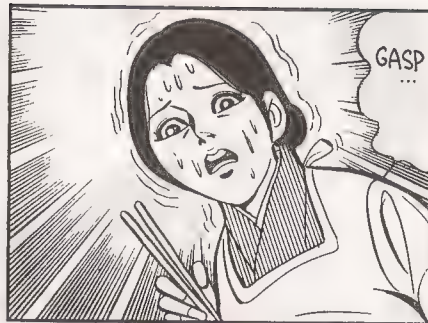
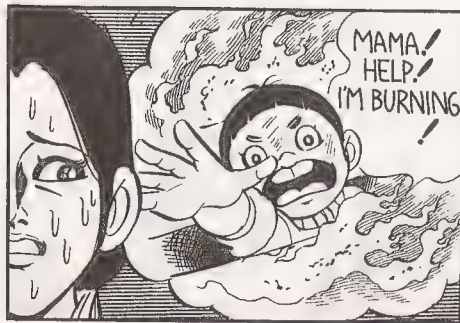


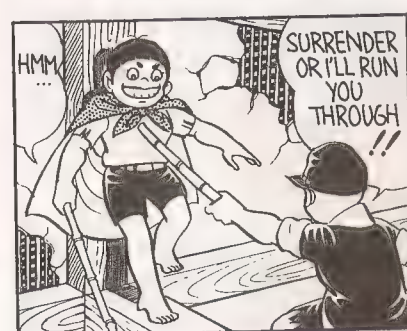
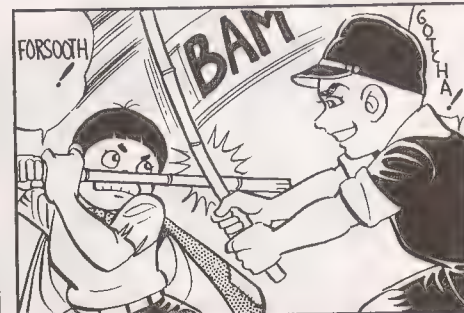
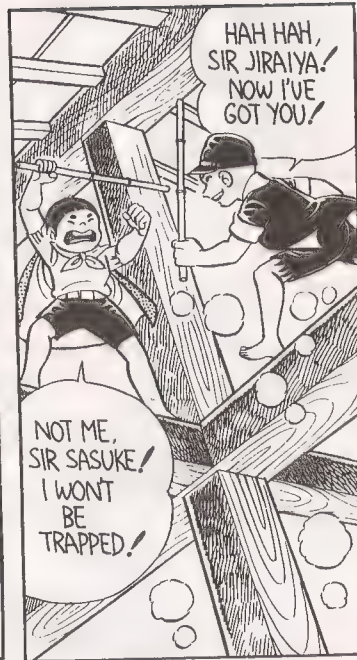
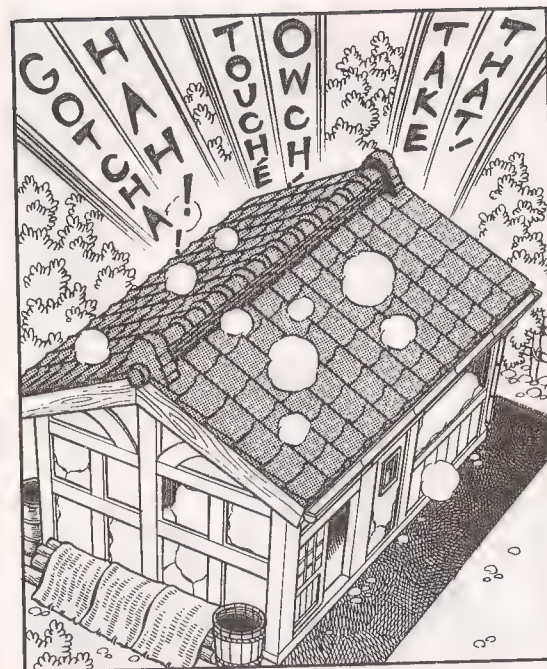
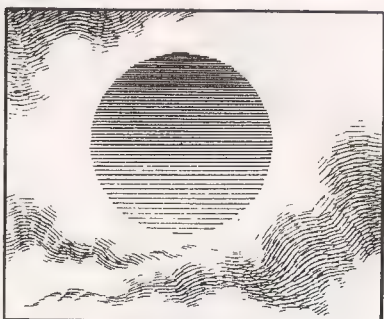
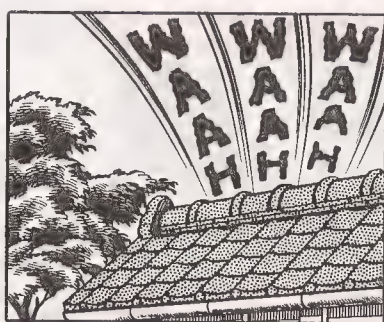
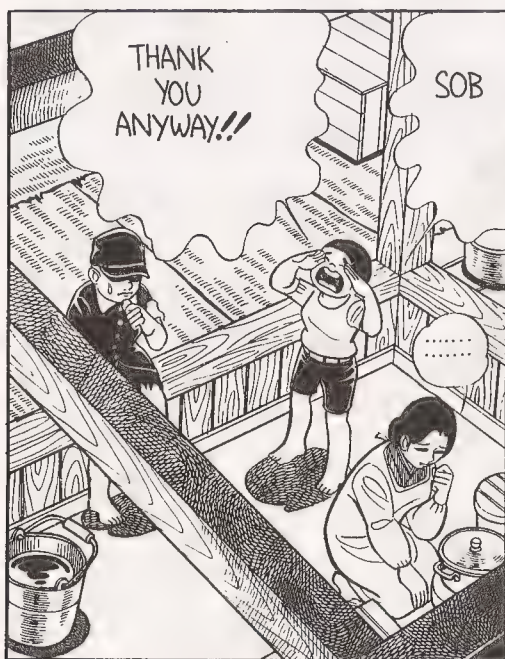
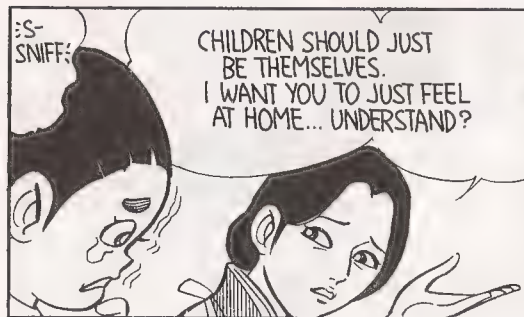












* NINJITSU: THE ART OF INVISIBILITY IN OLD JAPAN

